

VIRGIL

TRANSLATED BY

JOHN JACKSON

OXFORD

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

19832

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

AMEN HOUSE, E.C. 4

LONDON EDINBURGH GLASGOW

LEIPZIG NEW YORK TORONTO

MELBOURNE CAPE TOWN BOMBAY

CALCUTTA MADRAS SHANGHAI

HUMPHREY MILFORD

PUBLISHER TO THE

UNIVERSITY

Impression of 1930

First edition, 1908

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD
BY JOHN JOHNSON, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

PREFACE

THE following translation has been made from the text edited by Mr. Hirtzel in the Bibliotheca Oxoniensis, and the very few variations may be easily ascertained from a glance at his *apparatus criticus*. The same fact will account for the orthography of some proper names—e.g. Volcens, for Volsens, &c.

My best thanks are due to those gentlemen who kindly read the proofs and made many valuable suggestions and corrections: the President of Magdalen, Vice-Chancellor of the University, Mr. Clark of Queen's College, Mr. Godley of Magdalen, and the staff of the Clarendon Press. It is hardly necessary to add that any inherent blemishes are the undivided property of the translator.

J. J.

June 1908.

19832

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THE ECLOGUES

I

Meliboeus, Tityrus

MELIBOEUS. Tityrus, thou liest, canopied beneath
thy spreading beech and wooing the silvan Muse on
thy slender oat, while we—we quit our country's bounds and
her sweet fields. *We* fare forth into exile: Tityrus, in shaded
ease, teaches the responsive woods to call Amaryllis fair! 5

Tityrus. O Meliboeus, it was a god gave us this peace.—
For a god he will ever be to me, and full many a tender lamb
from my folds shall stain his altar. By his boon my kine range
as thou seest, and their master tunes what lays he will on his
rural pipe. 10

Meliboeus. As for me I grudge thee not—rather I marvel!
Misrule so lords it on every hand and in every field. Lo,
here am I, sick at heart, driving these goats on and on.—Nay,
Tityrus, here is one that scarce I can lead! For, but a little
space ago, among these thick-set hazels, she yeaned and left
—alack!—her twin kids, hope of my flock, on the naked 15
flint! Full oft, I bethink me, had not my wit been dense,
oaks struck from heaven foreshowed this mischance.—But,
Tityrus, expound me this god of thine!

Tityrus. The town, my Meliboeus, that men call *Rome*,
I thought—simple soul!—was like this of ours, whither
we shepherds are wont to drive the tender weanlings of our 20
ewes. Even so I knew whelp was likest to dog and kid to
dam: even so I measured great by small. But, above all

other cities, this so far exalts her head as the cypress above
 25 the lissom osiers !

Meliboëus. And what cause so potent led thee to visit
 Rome?

Tityrus. Freedom, who—though late—yet deigned to
 mark my indolence, now that a whiter harvest fell beneath
 my razor. Spite of all she glanced on me at last, and came
 after many days,—after Amaryllis' reign began and Galatea
 30 cast me off. For—confess I must !—while Galatea swayed
 me I knew neither hope of freedom nor thought of thrift,
 and, though many a victim left my stalls and many a stout
 cheese was pressed for the thankless town, never did this
 35 hand of mine reach home silver-laden.

Meliboëus. In sooth, I marvelled, Amaryllis, whence those
 tearful prayers to heaven—for what swain thou didst leave
 thine apples to droop on their native boughs ! Tityrus was
 gone ! Ah, Tityrus, the pines and springs themselves, and
 these very orchards, called thee back !

40 *Tityrus.* What could I do? I might neither quit my
 chains nor prove elsewhere powers so kindly. Here, Meli-
 boëus, I saw that youth to whom, year after year, my altars
 smoke for twice six days. Here he gave answer, as none
 before, to my plea : *Feed, swains, your cattle as of yore ; breed*
 45 *your bulls !*

Meliboëus. Happy old man ! And so these fields will be
 left thine own—fields ample enough for thee, though bare
 stone lies everywhere and morasses choke thy meadows with
 slime and with sedge. No alien pasturage shall try thy
 heavy ewes, no malign contagion from a neighbouring
 50 flock infect them ! Here shalt thou court the cooling shade
 amid familiar streams and sacred founts ! Here, as erewhile,
 on one hand, that neighbouring hedge by thy boundary line,

on whose flowering willows the bees of Hybla banquet, shall, with gentle whisper, lull thee time and again to slumber : 55 and there, beneath yon frowning cliff, the woodman shall sing to the winds, while all the time the crooning pigeons, thy pets, shall never be dumb, and the turtle-dove shall make perpetual moan from that towering elm.

Tityrus. Therefore, sooner shall the nimble stag graze in mid-air, and ocean leave its fishes bare upon the 60 strand—sooner, each roving the other's realm, the Parthian shall drink of Arar, and Germany of the Tigris, than his lineaments fade from my heart.

Meliboeus. But we must hence—some to the thirsty Afric sands, some to stray through Scythia and along Oaxes' clayey 65 currents, or where the Briton dwells utterly estranged from all the world ! Oh, shall I ever, after many years, see my country's bounds again ? see my humble cot with its turf-clad roof ? see, next, astounded, the scant ears of corn that once were kingdoms to me ? Shall a godless soldiery tenant these 70 smiling fallows ? The savage these yellow fields ? Look to what civil strife has brought our unhappy people ! We have sowed that these may reap ! Ay, Meliboeus, go graft thy pear-trees and marshal thy ordered vines !—Forward, my goats ! forward, my once happy flock ! Never more, stretched 75 in some mossy dell, shall I watch you hanging far above from the shrub-clad cliffs : no songs will I sing, nor ever again shall you crop flowering lucerne or bitter willow with Meliboeus for your shepherd !

Tityrus. Yet, for this night, rest thou here with me, couched on green leaves . I have store of mellow apples, 80 mealy chestnuts, and well-pressed cheeses galore. Even now the smoke rises from the far cottage-roofs, and deeper shadows begin to fall from the hill tops.

II

SHEPHERD Corydon was all aflame for fair Alexis, his master's love : nor knew he what to hope. Day by day—his only solace—he came where the serried beeches reared shadowy summits, and there alone, with bootless passion, 5 flung his untutored strains to mountain and wood :

‘O cruel Alexis, hast no thought for my songs, no pity for me? Say, wilt thou have me die? Now even the cattle seek the cool shade ; now the green lizard hides in the brake, and Thestyliis pounds garlic and thyme—strong-scented herbs— 10 for the mowers spent by the pitiless heat. But under this fiery sun, as I scan thy footprints, the woods are shrill with the cicala’s raucous voice, and mine. Was it not better worth to abide Amaryllis’ shrewish anger and hot disdain,—better to 15 abide Menalcas, though he was swart and thou art fair? Sweet boy, trust not over much to thy hue ! The white privet fades and falls, the dark hyacinth is gathered ! Thou thinkest scorn of me, and, Alexis, thou askest not what manner of man I am 20 —what stock of cattle I have, what store of milk white as the snow ! A thousand ewe-lambs of mine stray over the Sicilian hills ; my new milk fails me not, summer or frost. I sing even as Amphion, the Dircaean, sang, when he called his flocks together on Attic Aracynthus. Nor am I so unbeau- 25 tiful ! Of late I stood on the strand, when the winds had soothed the seas, and surveyed myself. Be thou our judge, and I fear not Daphnis, if the mirrored semblance cannot lie !

‘O let it but content thee to live with me in our humble fields and dwell in our lowly cots, to lay low the stag and 30 drive the herded goats to the green hibiscus ! In the woodland with me thou shalt mimick Pan in song :—it was Pan

who taught us to join reed to reed with wax ; it is Pan who cares for the sheep and the shepherds of the sheep ! And let it rue thee not that a reed should have chafed thy lips ! To learn this same art, what did not Amyntas do ? I have a pipe 35 compact of seven hemlock-stalks, uneven their length : that pipe Damoetas gave to me long ago, and said, as he lay a-dying : *Now it owns thee for its second lord !* Damoetas said ; the fool Amyntas heard and envied. Nay, more, two roes—in no safe vale did I find them—their skins still dappled with 40 white, drain each day two ewe-udders : and these I keep for thee. Long has Thestylis prayed to take them home : and now she shall, since my gifts are vile to thee !

‘Come, live with me, fair love ! See, for thee the nymphs bring baskets heaped with lilies : for thee the winsome Naiad, 45 plucking pale violets and poppy-heads, weds jonquil to scented fennel-flower, and anon, enweaving them with casia and all sweet herbs, gilds the velvet hyacinth with the yellow marigold ! My own hands shall gather thee quinces, gray with 50 tender down, and chestnuts such as my Amaryllis loved. Waxen plums I will add (for plums, too, shall have their meed) ; and you, O laurels, I will pluck, and thee, their neighbouring myrtle—for so set side by side ye blend your sweet fragrances.—

55

‘Ah, Corydon, thou art but a clown ! Alexis cares naught for gifts, and, if gifts were all the battle, Iollas would not yield. Alack, alack, what hope—poor fool !—have I been nursing ? Self-undone, I have called the scirocco to my blossoms, the wild boar to my crystal springs ! Ah, madman, whom dost thou flee ? Even gods have dwelt in woods, and 60 Dardan Paris. Let Pallas tenant herself the towers herself has built, but be the woodland my only love ! The grim lioness pursues the wolf, the wolf himself the goat, the

wanton goat the clover-blossom, and Corydon thee, Alexis !
 65 Each draws to his best-beloved.—Look, the oxen drag home
 the plough with uptilted share, and the parting sun doubles
 the lengthening shadows ; but love still flames in me ! For
 what term shall be set to love ?

‘Ah, Corydon, Corydon, what madness is this ? Thy vine
 70 hangs half-pruned on the leafy elm ! Or why not prepare, at
 least, to plait some little thing thou needest from osiers and
 pliant reeds ? Thou wilt find another Alexis, an this disdain
 thee !

III

Menalcas, Damoetas, Palaemon

Menalcas. Say, Damoetas, whose the flock ? Meliboeus ?

Damoetas. Nay, Aegon’s. Aegon but now gave it me to
 tend.

Menalcas. O, ever luckless flock ! While your master
 woos Neaera, and trembles lest she favour me, this hireling
 5 shepherd milks his ewes twice an hour, and the sheep are
 robbed of their strength, and the lambs of their milk !

Damoetas. Remember, none the less, to be more chary
 of thy gibes to *men* ! We know both who it was, who, while
 the goats looked squinting on—and whose the shrine, though
 the complacent Nymphs did naught but laugh !

Menalcas. That day, methinks, when they saw me in
 10 Micon’s vineyard, notching the shoots with malicious knife !

Damoetas. Or was it when, by these old beeches, poor
 Daphnis’ bow and arrows were broken, which perverse
 Menalcas raged to see given the lad, and needs must harm
 15 him by fair or foul—else had he died !

Menalcas. What will not masters do, when their knaves are thus pert? Did I not see thee, rascal, trapping Damon's goat, while Lycisca barked, and barked again? And when I shouted, 'Where is this fellow running? Tityrus, muster the flock!' Damoetas was skulking behind the sedge! 20

Damoetas. And was he not beaten in song? And was he not to pay the goat my pipe had won by its strains? If it is news to thee, that goat was mine: so Damon himself confessed; only he swore he could not pay!

Menalcas. *Thou* beat him in song! *Thou* ever own a wax- 25 jointed pipe! Was't not thy dunce-ship, whose use it was to haunt the cross-roads and murder a doleful tune on a screeching straw?

Damoetas. Then, shall we make trial between ourselves, turn by turn, what each may avail? I stake this cow.—Nay, never cry off! She comes twice a day to the milking-pail, and her udder suckles twins. Say thou for what pledge thou wilt 30 enter the fray!

Menalcas. From the herd I durst not venture aught. I have a father at home, I have a shrewish step-dame; and twice a day one numbers the kids, and both the flock. But—and thyself must own it a deeper wager—I will stake, to 35 indulge thy madness, two beechen cups, the graven work of divine Alcimedon. On these a clinging vine, chased by the master's ready chisel, mantles spreading clusters of pale ivy. And in the midst are two figures, Conon and—who that 40 other, whose rod mapped out the whole heavens for man, what seasons are sacred to the reaper, what to the stooping ploughman?—And never have I touched them with my lips, but safely I keep them stored.

Damoetas. For us, no less, that self-same Alcimedon wrought two cups: round the handles he clasped the soft 45

acanthus, and in the centre placed Orpheus and his obsequious woods. And never have I touched them with my lips, but safely I keep them stored ! But look on my cow, and never a fair word wilt thou give to thy cups !

Menalcas. Shalt never escape to-day ! Appoint thy place and there I will be. Let but our judge be . . . why
50 not Palaemon ? See, here he comes ! I will teach thee henceforth to challenge no singing-bouts !

Damoetas. To work, if a note be in thee ! I shall not lag : I shun no umpire ! Only, neighbour Palaemon, lend thy dearest heed ; for this is no paltry matter.

55 *Palaemon.* Sing on ! For soft is the grass that cushions us : now every field and every tree is a-burgeon ; now the woods are green, and the year is loveliest. Begin, Damoetas : and thou, Menalcas, follow in turn. Verse for alternate verse ye shall sing. Verse by verse is the Muses' law !

60 *D.* From Jove my lay begins : for of Jove all things are full. He bids the earth give fruit, and he cares for my song.

M. And me Phoebus loves ! With me Phoebus has his offerings ever sure—laurels and sweet-blushing hyacinths.

D. Galatea, wayward girl, pelts me with apples, then
65 runs behind the willows—and hopes I saw her first !

M. But my own love, Amyntas, comes to me unsought, and now not Delia is better known to my dogs !

D. Gifts I have for my darling : for my own eyes marked where the wood-pigeons have builded close to the sky.

M. I have sent my boy—'twas all I could—ten golden
70 apples, plucked from a tree of the forest. To-morrow will I send a second ten.

D. O how many and how sweet the tales that Galatea

whispers ! Carry, ye winds, some portion to celestial ears !

M. What boots it, Amyntas, that thy heart disdains me not, if, while *thou* pursuest the boar, *I* must guard the nets ? 75

D. Send Phyllis to me, Iollas ; it is my birthday ! When I slay my heifer for the harvest, come thou thyself !

M. Phyllis is my only love ; for she wept when I went away, and, with halting voice : ‘ Fare thee well,’ she said, ‘ fare thee well, my fair Iollas ! ’

D. Terrible the wolf to the stalls, the rains to the 80 ripened crop, the tempest to the trees, and Amaryllis’ frowns to me !

M. Sweet the shower to the corn, the arbuté to the new-weaned kids, the lithe willows to the heavy ewes, and Amyntas alone to me !

D. Pollio loves my Muse, country-bred though she be ! Pierian maids, feed fat a calf for your student ! 85

M. Pollio makes new songs himself ! Feed ye fat a bull that butts already and spurns the sand with his hooves !

D. He who loves thee, Pollio, let him come where he joys to see thee come ! Let honey distil for him, and the ragged bramble bloom with spices !

M. He who hates not Bavius, O Maevius, let him 90 love thy songs ; and let him yoke the fox to boot, and milk the he-goat !

D. Ye boys, who cull flowers and earth-born strawberries, hie you hence : a cold snake lurks in the grass !

M. Venture not over-far, my sheep : it is ill trusting to the bank ! The ram himself still dries his fleece ! 95

D. Tityrus, turn back the grazing goats from the stream. When the season is come, myself shall wash them all in the spring.

M. Drive in the ewes, my swains ! If the heat over-
take the milk as erst, our palms will press the teats in vain !

100 *D.* Alack, alack, how fat are these vetches ! how
lean is my bull ! The same love is fatal to the herd and
to the master of the herd !

M. With these, at least—nor is love to blame—
the skin scarce clings to the bone. Some evil eye blights
my tender lambs !

D. Say, in what land—and to me be great Apollo—
105 Heaven's vault extends three ells, nor farther !

M. Say, in what land—and have Phyllis for thyself—
flowers spring inscribed with royal names !

P. Not ours to decide such high dispute ! Both
thou art worthy of the heifer, and he, and whosoever shall
110 shrink not from Love's sweets nor taste his bitterness.
Swains, close now the springs. The meadows have drunk
enough !

IV

SICILIAN Muses, let us raise a somewhat loftier strain.
Not all do orchards and the lowly tamarisk delight. If
the woodland be our theme, let our woods be worthy of a
consul's ear !

The last age, heralded in Cymaeon song, is come, and
5 the great march of the centuries begins anew. Now the
Virgin returns ; now Saturn is king again, and a new and
better race descends from on high. Only do thou, pure
Lucina, deign to smile on the nascent babe, by whose grace
our iron breed shall at last cease, and the age of gold dawn
10 on all the world. Now thy Apollo reigns !

And thou, too, Pollio—thou shalt be consul when that glorious day is ushered in and the mighty months move on their course; and under thy auspices, if any trace of our old blood-guiltiness still linger, it shall be made vain, and the peoples shall be loosed from their age-long fear.—To him shall be given the life divine: he shall see heroes 15 mingling with gods and be seen of them, and sway the world to which his father's good sword gave peace. On thee, child, at every turn the unlaboured earth shall shower her gifts. The ivy-tendrils shall wanton with the fox-glove, and the bean with the laughing briar. The goats, uncalled, 20 shall bring home their udders big with milk, and the cattle shall not fear the great lion. Thy cradle, even, shall blossom with smiling flowers: the serpent shall perish and the herb that hides its poison be no more, and Assyrian spices shall 25 spring in every field. But so soon as thou hast learned to read the annals that tell of heroes' deeds and thy father's prowess, and to know virtue, what it is, hour by hour the plains shall grow more yellow with ripening corn, the blushing grape shall hang on the uncouth bramble, and the sturdy oak drip with honey-dew. 30

Yet shall some few stains of the old-time sin live on, to bid man tempt the sea in ships, girdle his towns with walls, and cleave his furrows in the soil. Another Tiphys shall then arise, and another Argo convey her chosen heroes. The old wars shall be fought anew, and great Achilles shall 35 fare again to Troy. But soon, when the strong years have made thee man, the seaman himself shall quit the wave, nor shall any ocean-going barque pass to and fro with merchandise; for every land shall be rich with the fruits of all. Earth shall not groan under the harrow, nor the vine under the pruning-hook; the hardy ploughman shall 40

loose his oxen from the yoke ; wool shall be taught no more
to counterfeit an alien hue, but the ram in his meadow
shall himself change his fleece—now for the sweet blush of
purple, anon for the saffron's yellow—and scarlet shall
45 clothe the feeding lambs at will.

Such were the ages the sister Fates bade run, as they
sang over their spindles, all three in concord uttering the
stable will of Destiny !

And thou, dear offspring of the gods, mighty seed of
a Jove to be—enter thou on thy great office, for the time
50 is all but here ! Behold, the world's ponderous sphere
bows before thee—earth and the tracts of ocean and the
empyrean vault ! Behold how all things exult in the days
that are drawing nigh ! And oh, that in the twilight of life
I may draw my breath so long that time may be vouchsafed
55 me to hymn thy deeds ! Then shall neither Thracian
Orpheus nor Linus vanquish me in song, though his mother
aid the one and his sire the other—though Calliope stand
by Orpheus and fair Apollo by Linus. Let Pan dispute
the prize with me, let Arcady be our judge, and with Arcady
for his judge Pan shall confess him conquered !—Begin,
60 baby boy, to know thy mother with a smile—through ten
weary moons has that mother travailed for thee ! Begin,
baby boy ! Him who had never a smile for a parent, no
god honours with his board, no goddess with her bed !

V

Menalcas, Mopsus

Menalcas. Mopsus, now that we meet, good men both—
thou to inspire the slender reed, I to sing my rhymes—why
not seat us amid these elms and intermingled hazels ?

Mopsus. Thou art my elder, Menalcas : it fits that
I obey thee, whether we move under these shades that
shift to the breathing Zephyrs, or—if it like thee—into the 5
cave. See how that wild vine decks it with infrequent
clusters !

Menalcas. In our hills Amyntas alone may challenge
thee.

Mopsus. What, were he to dispute the palm with Phoebus
also !

Menalcas. Mopsus, strike up the first, if thou hast aught
to say of Phyllis' latest love, aught to Alcon's praise, or 10
any gibes at Codrus. Strike up ! Tityrus will tend the
grazing kids.

Mopsus. Nay, rather I will try these lines that I carved
the other day on the green beech-bark, and set to music,
marking words and tune alike. Then go bid Amyntas
compete with me !

15

Menalcas. Far as the lithe willow is beneath the pallid
olive, far as the lowly lavender is beneath the crimson rose-
bower—so far, to Menalcas' mind, is Amyntas beneath
Mopsus !

Mopsus. But stay, friend : no more ! We are in the
cave !—' For Daphnis the Nymphs wept, Daphnis cut down
by a ruthless death—ye hazels and streams bear witness 20

to the Nymphs!—when clasping her son's piteous clay the mother cried out on the cold gods and stars. In those days, Daphnis, was none who drove his pastured kine to
 25 the cool waters, and no four-footed creature tasted of the river or touched a blade of grass. Daphnis, the shaggy hills and forests proclaim that Afric lions made moan for thy taking-off!

'Daphnis taught man to yoke even Armenia's tiger beneath
 30 the car, to lead in the Bacchic rout, and wreath in soft leaves the stubborn spear. As the vine gives glory to her servant-trees, as the grape to the vine, as the bull to the herd, as the standing corn to the fruitful land, so thou to thy people! Since Fate swept thee from us, Pales' self
 35 hath left our fields, and Apollo at her side. In the furrows, whereto so oft we entrusted the big barley-grains, nothing springs save luckless darnel and barren straws. In lieu of the soft violet, in lieu of the bright narcissus, rise thistles and sharp-spiked thorns!—Strew, shepherds, the turf with
 40 leaves, shroud the springs in shadow: Daphnis commands this tribute! And make a tomb, and on the tomb write this rhyme: *Daphnis I was of the woods, Daphnis whose fame has scaled the stars! Fair my sheep, but fairer their shepherd!*'

Menalcas. As sleep on the grass to the weary, as a bubbling brook of sweet water to assuage our thirst in the heat,
 45 such was thy song, heaven-sent singer, to me! In voice, not on the pipe alone, thou art thy master's compeer. Happy swain, now thou shalt be next to him! Yet in quittance I will sing this lay of mine—feebly, as I may—
 50 and exalt Daphnis. To the stars will I exalt him: me, too, Daphnis loved!

Mopsus. And could I deem any boon greater than this?

The swain himself merited all song, and long ago Stimicon
praised to me that strain of thine. 55

Menalcas. 'Fair Daphnis marvels at Heaven's unfamiliar
threshold, and beneath his feet surveys the clouds and the
stars. Therefore frolic pleasures fill the woods and all the
country, and Pan, and the shepherds, and the sister Dryads.
And the wolf thinks no guile against the flock, nor the
hunter's net against the stag: good Daphnis is a friend to 60
peace! The very mountains unshorn lift their voices star-
ward for joy; the very rocks, the very copses sing loud:
A god is he, a god, Menalcas!

'O be thou kind, be thou gracious to thy people! Lo,
here are four altars—two, Daphnis, for thee; two for 65
Phoebus! On these, year by year, I will set two foaming
cups of fresh milk, two bowls of rich olive oil, and, for
my first care, cheering the feast with store of wine—in
winter, before the hearth; in harvest-tide, beneath the 70
shade—I will pour the Chian vintage, fresh nectar from
the flagon. Damoetas and Lyctian Aegon shall sing to me,
and Alphisiboeus mimick the Satyr-flings.

'To thee shall these rites be always paid, when we duly
acquit our vows to the Nymphs, nor less when we purify 75
our fields! So long as the boar shall love the mountain-
tops, and the fish the stream—so long as the bee shall feed
on thyme and the cicala on dew—so long shall thy honour,
and thy glory, and thy praises abide! As to Bacchus and
Ceres, so to thee, year after year, the husbandmen shall pay 80
their vows; and to their vows shalt thou, too, hold them!'

Mopsus. What gift shall I give thee—what, indeed?—for
such a song? Not so sweet to me is the rustle of the South-
wind's coming, nor the rollers thundering on the beach,
nor rivers rushing down rocky vales.

85 *Menalcas*. But first let me bestow on thee this frail reed.
This taught me 'Shepherd Corydon and his love'; this,
'Meliboeus and his flock'!

Mopsus. And take thou this crook, *Menalcas*, with its
fair brass rings and even knots. Oft did *Antigenes* ask it
but he asked in vain—and yet in those days he was well
90 worthy of love!

VI

My Muse first deigned to sport in Sicilian numbers, and
blushed not to make the woods her home. Kings and
captains I prepared to sing, when *Cynthius* plucked my ear
and warned me: 'Tityrus, the flocks a shepherd feeds
5 should be fat; thin-spun the rhymes he sings!' And
now—for enough, and more, my *Varus*, will be found eager
to hymn thy praises and chant thy stricken fields—now
will I woo the country Muse on my slender oat! For-
bidden themes I sing not: yet if one there be—one to
read and love even these lays of mine—with thee, *Varus*,
10 shall our tamarisks sound, with thee all our groves. No page
is there more grateful to *Phoebus* than that which writes
Varus at its head!

Onward, Pierian sisters! *Chromis* and *Mnasyllus*—two
swains—saw *Silenus* stretched fast asleep in a cave, his veins
15 swollen, as ever, with last night's wine. Not far away lay
the garlands that had slipped from his head, and his weighty
beaker drooped from its well-worn handle. Approaching
(for oft the greybeard had cheated them of his promised
song), they bound him in fetters fashioned from his own
20 wreaths. As third confederate *Aegle* came, and reassured

the timorous pair—Aegle, fairest of the Naiads—and, as his eyes began to uncloze, stained his brows and front with crimson mulberries. Then, smiling on their ruse: ‘To what end these fetters?’ he cried. ‘Loose me, swains; enough the show of power! Hear the songs ye list! Songs for you;—for her another boon is in waiting!’ And with²⁵ the word he began.

Then might ye see Fauns and all wild creatures sporting in measured dance, while sturdy oaks bowed their crests. Not so does Parnassus’ cliff delight in Phoebus: not so do Rhodope and Ismarus marvel at their Orpheus!

For he sang how, through the great void, the seeds of³⁰ earth, and air, and sea, and of liquid fire withal, were gathered together; how from these germs sprang the beginning of all things, and the sphere of the nascent universe waxed and took form; how, next, the earth grew harder, began to imprison the Sea-god in his deeps, and, little by little, to assume substantial shapes, till a new sun shone on an as-³⁵ tounded world, and the showers fell from greater heights as the clouds receded, what time the woods first began to rise, and, here and there, a wild beast wandered over mountains that knew him not.—He told of the stones that Pyrrha threw, of Saturn’s reign, of the eagles on Caucasus, and⁴⁰ Prometheus’ theft; told of Hylas, the fount where he was left, and how the seamen called on him, till all the strand echoed ‘Hylas, Hylas’; then solaced Pasiphae—happy, had the herded cattle never been known!—with the love of her snowy bull.—Ah, hapless maid, what madness has⁴⁵ taken thee? The daughters of Proetus filled the fields, with counterfeit lowings, but never one followed a bestial love, though each had feared to find the yoke on her neck,⁵⁰ and often had felt on her smooth brow for the expected

horns!—Ah, hapless maid, thou art straying over the hills
he, under some dark holm, his snow-white flank pillowed
on soft hyacinths, chews the pale grass, or courts some light-
55 of-love in the ample herd. ‘Nymphs, Nymphs of Dicte,
close ye now the forest-glades! It may be his vagrant
footsteps shall meet our eyes: it may be, the kine shall
bring him, lured by the green grass or following their com-
60 pany, to our Cretan stalls!’

Then he sings of the girl entranced by the apples from
the Western Garden; Phaethon’s sisters he shrouds in moss
of the bitter bark, and raises them—alders now—from
earth; and of Gallus he sings, wandering by Permessus’
65 stream—how one of the sister Nine led him to the Aonian
hills, how to do him honour all the quire of Phoebus arose,
how Linus, shepherd and singer divine, his brows cinctured
with flowers and bitter parsley, thus hailed him: ‘This
pipe—lo, take it!—the Muses bestow on thee, as erst on
70 the old Ascrean. With this would he sing till he drew the
unbowed ash from its hills: with this do thou rehearse
whence sprang the Grynean grove, till there be no wood in
which Apollo vaunts him more’!

What needs my tale, how he sang of Nisus’ Scylla, who—
75 fame still tells—her white waist girt with yelping monsters,
vexed the Ithacan’s barques, and, in the deeps of ocean, tore
—ay me!—the trembling mariners limb from limb with her
sea-hounds: how he told of Tereus and his changed frame,
the banquet Philomela served, and the gifts she gave; how
80 she flew to the desert, yet, hapless queen, first fluttered
awhile round her whilom halls!

All the songs he sang that once thrice-happy Eurotas heard
from the lute of Phoebus, and bade its laurels remember.
The resounding valleys flung them heavenward, till at last

the Even-star, bidding men house and number their flocks, 85
floated into a reluctant sky !

VII

Corydon, Thyrsis

It chanced that Daphnis had made his seat beneath a
whispering ilex, and Corydon and Thyrsis driven their flocks
together—Thyrsis his ewes, Corydon his big-uddered goats
—both in the springtide of life, both Arcadians, both ready
to sing in even contest, both ready to make reply ! Hither- 5
ward, while I was shielding my tender myrtles from the frost,
the he-goat, lord of my flock, took his truant way ; and
I caught sight of Daphnis. And he, espying me in turn :
' Make speed, Meliboeus, and come thou hither ! The goat
is safe, and thy kids ! Come, and if thou canst idle an hour
away, rest under the shade. Hither, across the meadows, 10
thy steers will come themselves to drink ! Here Mincius
fringes his green banks with waving rushes, and out from
yon hallowed oak comes the hum of swarming bees ! '

What could I do ? I had no Alcippe, no Phyllis, to pen my
weanlings at home ; and a great battle was abroad—Corydon 15
and Thyrsis. Spite of all, I postponed my business to their
play ! And so the pair began their bout, in alternate verse :
alternate verse their Muses chose to recall ! Thus Corydon
sang, thus Thyrsis countered in turn : 20

Corydon. Ye Nymphs that I love, Libethrian maids,
grant me such gift of song as ye granted my Codrus—Codrus,
whose lines are next Apollo's ! Or, if that power be not for all,
here my shrill pipe shall hang on the holy pine !

Thyrsis. Crown, ye swains of Arcady, crown with ivy 25

your rising bard, till Codrus' heart shall crack ! Or, should
 he praise to fulsomeness, wreath my brows in foxglove,
 that his felon tongue harm not the minstrel to be !

Corydon. 'Huntress of Delos, to thee young Micon offers
 30 this head from a bristled boar, and these antlers from a veteran
 stag of ten. If like fortune be assured him, thou shalt stand
 all of polished marble, thy ankles bound with buskin of
 crimson !'

Thyrsis. A bowl of milk, Priapus, with these cakes once
 a year, is all thou canst hope from us. A poor garden is that
 35 thou keepest ! Marble we have made thee now—all these
 days permit !—but let the lambs make full our flock, and
 gold thou shalt be !

Corydon. Galatea, child of the wave, sweeter to me than
 Hybla's thyme, whiter than the swan, lovelier than the ivy's
 pallor, if Corydon own any place in thy heart, so soon as the
 40 pastured bulls shall repair to the stalls, come thou to me !

Thyrsis. Nay, let me seem to thee more bitter than
 Sardinia's herb, rougher than the broom, viler than the
 drifted seaweed, an to me this day be not longer than all the
 year ! Home, my full-fed steers, get ye home for very shame !

45 *Corydon.* Ye mossy founts and lawns softer than sleep,
 with your protecting arbute and its scant canopy of green,
 ward the solstice beams from my cattle ! For now Summer's
 drouth is on the way, and now the vine-buds begin to swell
 on the lithe tendrils.

Thyrsis. With me you will find a hearth and pitchy brands
 of pine ; with me, a mighty fire ever blazing, and beams
 50 black with many a layer of soot ! Here we reck as much of
 the icy North as the wolf of the sheep, how many they be,
 or the rushing spate of its banks !

Corydon. The junipers stand fair, and the shaggy chest-

nuts ; strewn beneath each tree lies its native fruit ; now all is smiling : but let fair Alexis quit these hills, and thou'lt 55 see the very rivers dry !

Thyrsis. The ground is parched ; the grass thirsts and dies in the poisoned air ; the Wine-god has grudged the shade of his vines to the hills : but, when my Phyllis comes, every copse shall be green and Jove shall descend, unstinting, in gladsome showers ! 60

Corydon. Dearest the poplar to Alcides, the vine to Bacchus, the myrtle to lovely Venus, and his own laurel to Phoebus ! Phyllis loves the hazels, and, so long as Phyllis shall love them, nor myrtle nor laurel of Phoebus shall outvie the hazel-tree !

Thyrsis. Fairest the ash in the woodland, the pine in the 65 garden, the poplar by the stream, and the fir on the mountain-tops ; but if thou, sweet Lycidas, come often to me, the ash in the woodland, and the pine in the gardens, shall yield to thee !—

So far I remember, and how Thyrsis strove bootlessly against defeat. From then it is Corydon—Corydon for me ! 70

VIII

THE shepherds' Muse—the Muse of Damon and Alphesiboëus, at whose strife the wondering heifer forgot to graze, at whose melody lynxes stood entranced, and rivers were changed and stayed their currents—the Muse of Damon and Alphesiboëus will I sing ! 5

But thou, whether already thou art scaling the crags of great Timavus or skirting the shores of Illyria's sea, say, will that day ever dawn when I may tell thy deeds ? Say,

will it ever be mine to spread thy songs through all the
 10 globe—thy songs, that alone are worthy of Sophoclean
 buskin? From thee shall my verse begin; in thy honour
 shall I end. Accept the lays I assayed at thy bidding, and
 grant that, amid the conqueror's laurels, this poor ivy may
 creep about thy brows!—

The cool shade of night had scarce left the heavens, what
 15 time the dew on the tender blade is sweetest to the
 cattle, when Damon, leaning on his smooth olive-staff, thus
 began :

'Wake, star of morning, forestall the bright day, and
 bring it in thy train, while I, betrayed by that love which
 my promised Nysa scorned, make my plaint, and—though
 20 their testimony availed me nothing—yet, in my last hour,
 call on the gods, a dying man !

Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus !

Maenalus hath ever whispering copses and speaking pines ;
 ever he lists to the shepherds' loves, and to Pan who first
 employed the idle reed !

25 *Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus !*

Mopsus takes Nysa ! Lovers, is there aught we may not
 hope? Griffins anon shall mate with mares, and, in the coming
 days, the timorous deer shall troop with the hound to drink !

Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus !

Mopsus, go cut thee new torches ! They are bringing a wife
 to thee ! Scatter the nuts, fair bridegroom : to do thee
 30 grace, Hesper is leaving Oeta's height !

Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus !

O wedded to a worthy lord !—the while thou scornest all
 men, the while thou loathest this pipe of mine, loathest my
 goats, loathest my shaggy eyebrows and unshorn beard, nor
 35 thinkest there is one god to care for mortality !

Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus !

Within our orchard's walls I saw thee—for I was there to point the way—a little maid gathering dewy apples with my mother ! Eleven years I had numbered, and the twelfth already claimed me ; from the ground already I could reach 40 the frail boughs. Ah, how I saw ! How I fell ! How that fatal blindness swept me away !

Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus !

Now do I know what Love is ! Tmaros, or Rhodope, or farthest Garamantia, bare him from their flinty loins, a child of no mortal lineage—a child of no mortal blood ! 45

Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus !

Merciless Love it was bade a mother dye her hands in her children's blood.—Hard too was that mother's heart !—Harder the mother's heart, or blacker that child-god's ? Black-hearted he, and, mother, hard-hearted thou ! 50

Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus !

Now let the wolf turn and flee the sheep, let shaggy oaks bear golden apples, let alders bloom with daffodils, let tamarisk stems distil rich amber, let the owl sing against the swan, let Tityrus be Orpheus—Orpheus amid the woods, 55 Arion amid the dolphins !

Begin, my flute, with me a song of Maenalus !

Ay, and let all become mid-ocean ! Farewell, ye woods ! Headlong from some skyey mountain-peak will I fling me to the waves : take this for my last dying gift ! 60

Cease now, my flute, cease thou the songs of Maenalus !

Thus Damon. How Alpheisiboeus made reply, tell ye, Pierian sisters ! All power is not to all.

Alpheisiboeus. 'Bring water forth, and crown this altar with soft garlands of wool ; burn rich vervain and male 65

frankincense, that I may assay with magic spell to turn my lover's cold mood to passion. Here naught lacks, save only song !

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town !

Song can draw down the moon from the skies ; by song Circe
70 changed Ulysses' crew ; and by song the cold snake in the meadows is burst asunder !

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town !

Round thee, first, I fling these three threads, gay with three several hues, and thrice round this altar draw thy image—in
75 uneven numbers Heaven delights !

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town !

Weave, Amaryllis, three hues in three knots ; weave, I pray thee, Amaryllis, and say : ' Chains of love I am weaving ! '

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town !

80 As this clay hardens, as this wax melts, in one and the selfsame flame, so may Daphnis beneath my love ! Sprinkle meal, and kindle the crackling bays with tar. Me cruel Daphnis burns : for Daphnis burn I these bays !

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town !

85 Such yearning let Daphnis feel as the heifer feels, when, wearied with the quest of her mate through grove and deep forest, she sinks forlorn among the green rushes by the water brook, nor thinks to retreat before the deepening night ! Such yearning possess him !—and be mine no care to heal !

90 *Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town !*

These relics, once on a day, he left with me—dear pledges of his traitorous self ! Now on the threshold's floor, Earth, I commit them to thee—these pledges that make Daphnis mine !

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town !

95 These herbs and poisons, culled in Pontus, Moeris himself bestowed on me—in Pontus full many they grow ! With

these to aid him, I have oft seen Moeris turn wolf, oft summon the dead from the deeps of the grave, and charm the standing corn into alien fields !

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town ! 100

Bear forth the ashes, Amaryllis, cast them over thy head into a running stream, and look not back. With these arms will I assail Daphnis : he recks naught of gods and songs !

Bring me, my songs, bring me Daphnis home from town !

See, the very ashes, while I delay to bear them forth, have 105 fastened self-prompted on the altars with flickering flames ! May this bode good ! *Something* it needs must bode—and Hylax is barking at the door ! Can I believe ? Or do lovers coin their own dreams ?

Cease, my songs, cease ye now : Daphnis comes home from town !

IX

Lycidas, Moeris.

Lycidas. Whither afoot, Moeris ? By the road to town ?

Moeris. Ah, Lycidas, we have lived to see the day, when—mischance unhoped !—an alien holds our farm, and says : ‘ Here I am master : ye ancient tenants begone ! ’ So, now, beaten and sad, since Chance sways all, we send him these 5 kids—ill-luck attend them !

Lycidas. But surely I had heard that, from where yon hills begin to bend away, then descend, in gently sloping ridge, right down to the water-edge and those time-worn beeches with their ragged summits, your Menalcas had saved every inch of ground with his songs ! 10

Moeris. So thou didst hear, and so it was bruited. But

in the clash of arms, Lycidas, our songs avail no more than, they say, Dodona's doves avail against the eagle's onset ! In sooth, had not a raven on my left forewarned me from off
 15 a hollow oak to cut short—whatever the mode—this fresh-risen dispute, thy Moeris were gone, and gone were Menalcas himself !

Lycidas. Alas, and can man be guilty of crime so black ? Alas, and had a single stroke so nearly swept from us both thee and the solace of thy songs, my Menalcas ? Who would hymn the Nymphs ? Who would strew the turf with
 20 flowers, or dress the springs in verdure and shade ? And then the notes I caught from thy lips of late—and held my peace !—the while thou didst journey to our darling Amaryllis ! 'Tityrus, the way is short, feed my goats till I return ; and, 'Tityrus, when they are fed, drive them to the water, and, driving, give heed that thou cross not the he-
 25 goat's path : he is ready with his horn !'

Moeris. Say, rather, these lines to Varus—still unfinished ! 'Varus, thy name, if but Mantua be left us—Mantua, neighbour (alas !) over-nigh to ill-starred Cremona—singing swans shall bear aloft to the stars.'

30 *Lycidas.* An thou wouldst have thy swarms 'scape the jews of Corsica, an thou wouldst have thy kine clover-fed and mighty-uddered, begin if thou hast aught ! Me, too, the Pierian sisters have made a singer ; I, too, have songs : ay, and the shepherds dub me *poet*, but I trust them not !
 35 For as yet, methinks, my strains befit not a Varius nor a Cinna, but, goose-like, I cackle amid quiring swans !

Moeris. In truth, Lycidas, I do my best, racking my wits in silence, in hope that I may remember. And no mean song it was !

'Come thou to me, Galatea ! What sport is in the waves ?

Here spring is rosy ; here, by the river's brim, Earth scatters 40
her flowerets of thousand hues ! Here the poplar hangs white
above the cave, and clinging vines weave arbours of shade !
Come thou to me, and leave the wild rollers to lash the beach !'

Lycidas. And the verses I heard thee singing alone under
the cloudless night ! The music I remember, had I only the
words. 45

' Daphnis, why look'st thou to the rising of those old-time
constellations ? Behold, the star of Caesar, child of Love's
empress, fares forth—the star that bids the fields laugh with
corn, and deepens the blush of the grape on sunny hills !
Graft thy pear-trees, Daphnis : thy children's children shall
pluck the fruit thy hands have sown !' 50

Moeris. Age robs us of all—memory with the rest !
Often, I mind me, in my boyhood, I would sing the summer
sun to his couch ; and now every line is forgot ! Nay,
voice itself begins to forsake Moeris ! The wolves have
seen him first ! Still, thou shalt hear thy songs, oft as
thou wilt, from Menalcas' lips. 55

Lycidas. Thy pleas but prolong my desire. Now all
the main lies hushed to listen, and, lo, every breath of the
sighing wind is still ! From here half our journey—no
more—awaits us : for Bianor's tomb is rising to view.
Here the husbandmen are thinning the rank leafage—here, 60
my Moeris, let us sing ! Set down thy kids : we shall
reach the town with it all. Or, if we fear lest the night
gather over soon to rain, we may still go singing on our
way—song abridges every road. Sing and go, and I will
ease thee of thy burden ! 65

Moeris. Stay ; no more, friend ! Let us about our
business : our songs will sound the better when *he* is home
again !

X

ONE task, and the last, Arethusa, do thou vouchsafe me !
My Gallus claims a song—few the verses, yet such as Lycoris'
self may read ! Who could deny a song to Gallus ? An
thou wouldst, when thou glidest beneath Sicilian seas, that
5 salt Doris blend not her floods with thine, begin ! Let us
tell of Gallus and Love's pangs, while these flat-muzzled
goats crop the tender underwood ! We sing to no deaf
ears ; the forests echo every note.

What groves, what glades, held you, Naiad girls, when
10 Gallus lay a-dying of unrequited love ? For not Parnassus'
steeps, nor any heights of Pindus, nor Aonian Aganippe
bade you linger ! For him even the laurels, even the
tamarisks wept. For him, as he lay beneath the desert cliff,
15 pine-crowned Maenalus wept, and the crags of cold Lycaeus.
The sheep, too, stood around :—they think no shame of
us, and think thou no shame of the flock, heaven-sent bard !
Even fair Adonis fed his sheep by the river's brink !

The shepherds came, and the sluggish swine-herds came ;
20 and Menalcas came, dripping from the winter's mast.
' Whence,' all ask, ' this love of thine ? ' Apollo came, and
' Gallus,' he said, ' what madness is this ? Thy love, Lycoris,
hath followed another through snows and through grisly
camps.' Silvanus came, with woodland bravery on his head,
25 nodding with fennel-blossoms and great lilies. Pan came,
Arcady's god, whom our own eyes saw encrimsoned with
blood-red elderberries and cinnabar ; and ' Shall there be
no end ? ' he said, ' Love cares naught for this. Love is
insatiate of tears, as the grass of the brook, as the bee of the
30 clover, as the goat of the leaf ! '

But sadly he : ' Yet will ye sing, Arcadians, my story to
your mountains : out of Arcady there is none can sing !
Ah, then how softly my dust would sleep, if, in coming
days, pipe of yours should discourse my love ! And would
that I had been one of you, were it a watcher of your herds 35
or vintager of the ripened grape ! For, certes, whoe'er
my flame, Phyllis, or Amyntas, or whom ye will—and what
though Amyntas be dark ? violets are dark, and hyacinths
are dark !—my love would be lying by my side with the
willows about us, and the creeping vine above—Phyllis 40
gathering flowers for my brows, and Amyntas singing songs !
Here are cool rills, Lycoris, here soft meads and a springing
copse. Here with thee would I grow old and fade away !
As it is, Love's frenzy holds me accoutred for war's alarms,
amid clashing steel and fronting foes ; while thou, afar 45
from thy native soil—could I but give that thought the
lie !—gazest (o heart of flint !) on the snowy Alps and the
frozen Rhine, away from me, and all alone ! Ah, may those
frosts harm not thee ! Never may the rugged ice maim
thy tender feet !

I will away ; and the songs I framed in Chalcidian verse 50
I will tune anew on the pipe of Sicily's swain. My purpose
stands ! In the woods, amid wild-beasts' dens, it is better
to endure, and carve my loves on the tender saplings !
They will grow, and, my loves, ye too will grow.—Mean-
time I will scour Maenalus amid the intermingled Nymphs, 55
or hunt down the savage boar. With my hounds will I circle
Parthenius' glades, nor shall any rigour of winter say me
nay ! Even now, meseems, I sweep past crags and echoing
woods : joyously I loose the Cretan shaft from my Parthian
bow !—As if this could heal my frenzy ! As if that god 60
could learn mercy from mortal woe ! Once more Hama-

- dryads, and Music's self, have lost their charms : once more,
ye very woods—fare ye well ! We may toil, but Him we
shall not change—not though, when frosts are keenest, we
65 drink the waters of Hebrus and brave the snows of Thrace's
sleet-laden winter—not though, when the bark thirsts and
dies on the tall elm, we tend the Aethiop's flock under
Cancer's star ! Love is lord of all : yield we, too, to Love ! '
- 70 Enough these lines, ye heavenly Sisters, for your bard to
have sung, the while he sits weaving his little basket of
slender hibiscus ! Such as they are, ye will make them
great in Gallus' sight—Gallus, for whom my love grows
from hour to hour as fast as the green alder shoots up when
75 spring is young !—Let us arise. The shade is perilous to
the singer—perilous the juniper's shade, baneful the shadow
even to the crops ! Get ye home, my full-fed goats, get ye
home—the Evening-star draws on !

GEORGICS

I

THE cause that gladdens the cornfields, the star, Maecenas, beneath whose influence it fits to turn the soil and wed the vine to the elm, what care the oxen need, what skill must go to the breeding of the herd, and experience how great to the thrifty bee—hence shall my song begin ! And, oh, ye shining lights of the firmament, that guide the 5 smooth-sliding year through Heaven, Liber and life-giving Ceres—since by your grace Earth changed Chaonia's acorn for the full ear of wheat, and tempered the waters of Achelous with the new-found grape—and ye, oh Fauns, the 10 countryman's ever-kindly gods (Fauns, trip it hither ! trip it hither, ye Dryad girls !), your bounties I sing ! And come thou, Neptune, by whose pleasure the pristine earth, at thy mighty trident's shock, sent forth the champing steed : thou, too, the Grove-dweller, for whom thrice an hundred 15 snowy steers crop the rich glades of Ceos : yea, Pan thyself, guardian of the sheep, if thine own Maenalus be dear to thee, quit thy native woods and the dells of Lycaeus—be gracious and come, O Tegea's lord ! And come, Minerva, giver of the olive : and thou, the young in years, who didst shew to man the crooked plough : and thou, Silvanus, with 20 the tender cypress uprooted in thy hand : and ye gods and goddesses all, whose pleasure it is to guard our fields—both ye who nurse the new-born fruits, as they spring without

a seed, and ye who send down from Heaven plenteous
showers on the harvests our hands have sown! And thou,
before all, CAESAR, whom we know not what divine assem-
25 blage shall claim anon—whether thou wilt choose to bear
watch over the cities of men and to assume the care of earth,
so that the great globe receive thee to give increase to her
fruits and to sway her seasons, wreathing thy brows in thy
mother's myrtle—whether thou wilt come as deity of the
boundless deep and the mariner shall serve thy godhead
30 alone, while farthest Thule is thy handmaiden and Thetis
buys thee for her son with the dower of all her waves—or
whether thou wilt add thee, a new star, to mark the slow
passage of the months, where, between the Virgin and the
pursuant Claws, a place awaits thee (lo, even now the
35 blazing Scorpion contracts his arms, and has left thee a
portion of heaven greater than thy claim!)—whatever thy
choice shall be—for Tartarus hopes thee not for king, and
may never such fell desire of empire touch thee, though
Greece extol her Elysian fields, and Proserpine reclaimed
40 care not to follow her mother!—grant me a calm voyage,
look assent on my bold emprise, and, pitying with me the
errant husbandmen, enter on thy kingdom and learn even
now to hearken to mortal vows!

When Spring is young, while chill streams are trickling
from snow-capped hills, and the crumbling glebe relaxes
45 beneath the Zephyr's breath, then would I see the ox already
begin to groan under the deep-driven plough, and the worn
share glitter from the furrow! That field alone responds to
the expectant farmer's vow, which has twice felt the sun and
twice the frost: that field it is whose unsummed harvests
swell the granaries to bursting. But first, ere with rash
50 share we cleave an unknown soil, be it our study to learn

the fickle moods of wind and of sky, with the old-time tillage and habitude of the ground, and the fruits each region will yield or withhold. Here the corn, there the grape, springs more bountifully : yonder are fruit-trees and grass growing green at will ! See ye not how Tmolus 55 sends us the saffron's fragrance, India her ivory, and the mild Sabaeans their native frankincense ; while from the naked Chalybes comes steel, from Pontus the fetid castor, and from Epirus steeds that Elis crowns ? These laws and eternal covenants Nature forthwith laid on each several 60 land, what time in the beginning Deucalion cast into a tenantless earth those stones wherefrom men are sprung, hard as they.—Come, then, and, if the soil is rich, let the sturdy oxen straight upturn it, from the year's earliest months, so that dust-laden Summer may bake the exposed 65 glebe with mellowing suns : but, should the land be unfruitful, 'twill suffice to raise it lightly with shallow furrow, hard before Arcturus rises. Thus, with the one, the tares shall work no harm to the gladsome corn : with the other, the scant moisture shall not desert the sterile sand ! 70

In alternate seasons, too, thou wilt suffer thy shorn lands to lie fallow, and the idle plain to harden with scurf ; or, under another star, thou wilt sow the yellow corn in those fields whence thou tookest erewhile the pulse luxuriant with quivering pod, or the yield of the slender vetch, or the fragile 75 stalks and rattling growth of bitter lupine. For crops of flax and oats parch the ground, and poppies parch it, steeped in the sleep of Lethe : but if thou plough in alternate seasons, the strain is light. Only deem it no shame to saturate the arid soil with rich dung, and to scatter grimy 80 ashes broadcast through the exhausted fields. Thus, by

VIRG.

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such change of crop, the land gains equal rest ; nor yet, meanwhile, is the unploughed earth utterly thankless.

Often, too, it profits to fire fields that are barren and
85 consume the light stubble in crackling flames—whether it
be that earth draws therefrom some hidden force, some
enriching nutriment ; or whether, in the flame, all dis-
temper is burned out, and the useless humours come sweating
forth ; or whether, again, the heat opens fresh paths and
90 loosens pores we see not, by which the sap may attain the
tender blades ; or whether, perchance, it rather hardens
the soil, tightening all gaping veins, that so neither the
searching showers, nor the blazing sun's too tyrannous
force, nor the North-wind's gripping cold, may enter and
paralyse !

Good service, moreover, does he render to the land, who
with harrow breaks up the stolid glebe, and drags over it
95 hurdles of osier : nor is it with purposeless regard that
golden Ceres views him from the Olympian heights ! Good
service, too, is his, who turns back his plough and again
bursts slantwise through the ridges he raised when he cleft
the surface, and labours the earth time and again, and bends
the fields to his will.

100 Pray, ye husbandmen, for humid summers and cloudless
winters ! When there is dust in winter, the corn is gladdest,
and glad is the field of corn : nor ever has Mysia equal
glory in her crops, or Gargarus equal wonder for the harvests
himself has borne !

Why tell of him, who, his seed flung forth, closes incon-
105 tinent with the field and lays low the ridges of sterile sand ;
then guides to his crops the river-waters that follow
where he bids ; and when the parched ground is weltering
in heat, and green things are dying, lo, from the brow of

a channeled slope, entices the flood? Down it falls, and, waking hoarse murmurings along the smooth stones, slakes the thirsty soil with its bubbling rill! What of him, who 110 grazes his too rank crop while the blade is green, lest the stem droop and fall under the overweighting ears? Or of him, who, by the help of absorbent sand, draws off the water that foregathers in marshy ground—chief of all, if, in the unsettled months, some river issues in spate, and, 115 far and wide, cloaks all in mud, till every hollow is steaming with the tepid moisture?

Nor yet—though man and ox may have toiled, and turned the glebe, and made all trial—is the plundering goose, or Strymon's crane, or the bitter-fibred succory impotent 120 for mischief, or the shade for harm. The universal Sire himself willed that the course of husbandry should not run smooth, and He first bade art invade the fields, sharpening the wit of man on the whetstone of care, nor suffering His kingdom to lie benumbed in leaden sloth! Before Jove 125 held sceptre, no toiler subdued the land; even to mark the plain, or apportion it by boundaries, was crime; all that men gained was gained for the common stock; and Earth, unbidden, gave the more freely of all her store, in that none asked her bounty. Jove gave the black serpent his deadly venom, bade the wolf turn robber and the ocean 130 to swell, scattered the honey from the leaf, swept the fire away, and stayed the wine that once streamed in every brook, that experience, by taking thought, might evolve, step by step, all manner of arts—seeking the blade of corn in the furrow, and striking the hidden flame from its vein 135 of flint. Then, nor till then, rivers felt the hollowed alder; then the mariner numbered the stars and named them, Pleiads, and Hyads, and the glittering bear, Lycaon's child;

140 then the mode was found to take the wild beast in the
 toils, to cheat the bird with lime, and to circle the vast
 glades with hounds: and already one lashed the broad
 stream with his casting-net, and, on the high-seas, another
 tugged at his dripping meshes! Then came the iron's
 rigour and the blade of the rasping saw: in the old days
 145 men cleft their facile timber with the wedge! Then art
 followed hard on art. Never-flinching labour proved lord
 of all, and the stress of need in a life of struggle!

Ceres first showed mortals how to turn the earth with
 iron, what time acorn and arbuté began to fail the holy wood,
 and Dodona gave not food for the asking. Soon the very corn
 was burdened with its trials; and the law went forth that
 150 the baneful mildew should feed on its stem, and the idle
 thistle rear its spiked head in the fields. The fruits of earth
 began to perish, and a bristled jungle sprang in their stead—
 burr and caltrop, luckless darnel and barren straw, all lording
 155 it over the yellow plains. And unless thy hoe is prompt to
 persecute their growth, thy voice to terrify the birds, thy
 hook to minish the shade that broods over the darkened fields,
 and thy prayer to invoke the shower—alas for thee! thou
 shalt gaze in vain on thy neighbour's high-piled stacks, and
 assuage thy hunger in the forest from the shaken oak!

160 Sing we, moreover, the weapons which the hardy farmer
 wields, without aid of which the harvest could neither be
 sown nor reared—the share, first, and heavy wood-work of
 the curved plough, the slow-rolling wains of Eleusis' Queen,
 threshing-sledges, drags, and the all-too-ponderous harrow;
 165 nor less, Celeus' homely wicker-work, hurdles of arbuté, and
 the mystic fan of Iacchus! All of which thou wilt provide
 with heedful thought, and store away long time beforehand,
 if the glories of the divine country are to be thine in worthy

sort.—While still in its woods, the elm is bent by sheer strength, trained to the beam's semblance, and given the form of the crooked plough. To the stock of this a pole is 170 fitted, eight feet in length, two mould-boards, and a share-beam with double back. A light linden, moreover, is hewn down betimes for the yoke, and a tall beech for the handle, which is to guide the extreme carriage from the rear; and the searching smoke explores the timber sus- 175 pended above the hearth.

Many are the precepts of an earlier age, which I might rehearse, didst thou not start, impatient of lending ear to thus trivial cares! Above all, level the threshing-floor with ponderous roller, knead it with the hand, and bind it with tenacious clay, lest grass spring up, or, failing, it break into 180 dusty rifts, and all manner of plagues make it their mock. Under ground the tiny mouse will often pitch his abode and build his storehouses, or the sightless mole dig its sleeping-place: often the toad may be found in crevices, and all the thousand pests else which earth produces: or the weevil will ravage a vast pile of grain, or the ant, ever fearful of 185 penurious age.

More, observe the season when the walnut-tree in the woods most bedecks itself in blossom, and bends low its scented branches: if the fruit prevails, corn will follow in like measure, and a great threshing come with a great heat; 190 but if the leaves are luscious and lavish of shade, in vain shall thy floor thresh stalks that are rich but in chaff! Many sowers I have seen medicate their seeds, steeping them first in nitre and black olive-lees, that a richer fruit might distend 195 the traitorous pods, and, however small the fire, still be quick to boil. I have seen those selfsame seeds, long-chosen and tested with all pains, degenerate none the less, if toiling man

failed year after year to single out the largest by hand ! Thus
200 all that is is fated to move towards the worse, to falter and be
swept backward :—even as the rower, who impels his barque
inch by inch against the adverse current, pauses, it may be, to
rest his arm, and incontinent the eddy whirls him headlong
down the rushing stream !

No whit less, moreover, must we observe the star of Arc-
205 turus, the days when the Kids are risen, and the glittering
Serpent, than they, who, seeking their fatherland over a wind-
swept sea, brave the Euxine and the jaws of oyster-teeming
Abydus.—So soon as the Balance shall have made equal the
hours of sun and sleep, and is consigning half the sphere to
210 light and half to shadow—then, friends, to work with your
oxen ! sow your fields with barley right to the verge of in-
tractable Winter's showers ! This is the season, no less, to
entrust thy crop of flax to the earth with Ceres' well-loved
poppies, and now—if not before—to stoop over the plough,
while the soil is yet dry and the clouds yet aloft. In spring
215 the bean must be sown : in spring, too, the crumbling
furrows welcome thee, plant of Media ; and the millet
claims its yearly care, what time the shining Bull with his
gilded horns ushers in the year, and the Dog retreats before
him with averted fires. But if it is for a wheaten harvest and
220 the hardy spelt that thou wouldst labour the earth, and the
full ear claims all thy thought, then let Atlas' daughters of
the Morn vanish, and the Cretan star and her blazing
coronal wend their way, ere thou commit the due seed to
the glebe and hasten to trust a reluctant soil with the hope
225 of the year ! Many there are have begun ere Maia was set ;
but them the looked-for harvest has mocked in the guise of
barren straws ! But if thou wouldst sow the vetch and the
lowly kidney-bean, nor despise the care of Egypt's lentil,

setting Boötes will give thee no uncertain token : begin, and sow on and on till the frosts have attained their height. 230

To this end the golden sun guides the circling year, meted out into settled portions, through the world's twelve constellations. Five zones comprise the heavens ; whereof one is ever ruddy under a fiery sun, and ever weltering in its flames. Round this, and farthest removed, stretch, on the right 235 hand and the left, two that are bound in steely ice and glooming rains : while, between these and the central belt, celestial clemency has vouchsafed two others to weary mortality ; and a path is cut between them both, along which the order of the Signs may turn athwart. Sheer as the universe rises towards Scythia and the Rhipaeen peaks, 240 so sheer it sinks sloping towards Libya and the South. One pole ever towers above us : one night-clad Styx and the prisoned dead view beneath their feet. Here the great Serpent shoots forth, river-like, with his sinuous coils, about and between the two Bears—the Bears that fear to be 245 merged under Ocean's floor. There, men tell, is either the unbroken silence of midnight and darkness gathering deeper under sable pall ; or the Dawn returns from us and brings back the day, and, when the orient sun has but breathed 250 on us with his panting steeds, there the red star of evening is kindling his belated fires ! Hence we can read the coming change on the dubious sky : hence the day and the hour for sowing the harvest, when it skills to part the faithless deep with the oar, when to launch the vessels we have rigged, and 255 when duly to fell the forest-pine.

Nor is it in vain that we watch the constellations—their settings and their risings—and the year, wherein four several seasons have equal part. If it chance that chill showers restrain the husbandman from his labours, much there is

260 which he may prepare betimes, that were else to do in haste
 under a cloudless sky. The ploughman hammers at the iron
 fang of his blunted share, hollows the tree into vats, marks
 his flocks, or numbers his piles of grain; while another
 sharpens stakes and double-pronged forks, or plaits the
 265 Umbrian willow into fastenings for his clinging vines. Then
 let the pliant basket be woven from briar-twigs; then parch
 your corn by the fire, then bruise it under the millstone!
 Even on holy days there are set tasks which may be plied
 without let or hindrance from man or heaven. No sacred
 270 ordinance ever forbade man to bring water to his fields, to
 fence his crops, to lay snares for the birds, to fire the brambles,
 or to plunge his bleating flocks in the health-giving stream.
 Often, too, one driving a slow-footed ass will burden its
 flanks with oil and common fruit; then, on his homeward
 way, bring back from the city a dented millstone or mass of
 275 black pitch in return.

The Moon herself has assigned her certain days, in certain
 degree, as propitious to toil. Flee thou the fifth! On that
 day pale Orcus and the Eumenids were born: on that day,
 Earth—fell motherhood!—gave life to Coeus, and Iapetus,
 and grim Typhoeus, with all the giant-brood that swore to
 280 break open the gate of Heaven. Thrice, in sooth, they
 assayed to pile Ossa on Pelion and roll leaf-crowned Olympus
 on Ossa; thrice, with his bolted thunder, the Father hurled
 apart their high-reared mountains!—But the seventeenth is
 fortunate, whether it be to plant the vine, to tame the new-
 285 yoked oxen, or to add the leashes to the warp. The ninth is
 good for the runaway; ill for the pilferer.

Much, too, there is, that is best done in the cool of night, or
 at the hour when the sun is young and Dawn is sprinkling
 the earth with dew. Night is the time to cut the light

stubble ; night is the time to mow the parched meadows : at night the soft moisture never fails ! One there is who will pass 290 the wakeful hours pointing torches with keen blade, till the wintry sun rekindles his tardy flames : his consort, meantime, beguiling her long toil by song, sweeps the shrill comb over her web, or seethes sweet must above the fire, skimming the 295 bubbling cauldron with leaves of the vine. But the blushing harvest is reaped in the midday heat : and in the mid-day heat the floor threshes the parched ears. Plough stripped, and sow stripped : winter is the farmer's holiday ! When the snows appear, the husbandmen chiefly enjoy their 300 gains, and ply their merry feasts each with the other : for the genial winter plays host and unbinds all burdens of care—even as when some heavy-laden fleet has at length reached haven, and the light-hearted crews deck the poops in flowers. Still, then is the season to strip the acorns and laurel-berries, 305 the olive and sanguine myrtle : the season to set snares for the crane and nets for the stag, and to pursue the long-eared hare : the season to bring down the fallow-deer and whirl the hempen thong of the Balearic sling—when the flakes are lying deep, and the rivers roll their sheets of ice. 310

What need to tell of Autumn—its tempests and stars—and all that demands the farmer's care, when the days grow shorter and the summer more soft ? Or, when the spring descends in showers, what time the bearded harvest has already begun to bristle in the plains, and the milky corn is 315 a-burgeon on its green haulm ? Full often when the farmer was bringing the reaper into his yellow fields, himself in act to gather the frail-stalked barley, I have seen the embattled winds close in universal conflict, tear the heavy corn far and wide from its deepest roots, and fling it aloft : such the ease 320 with which the storm and its gloomy whirlwind uses to

sweep away light stems and flying stubble ! Often, again,
a vast and watery array invades the heavens, and clouds
marching from the deep roll up the tempest, black and
hideous with rain : the sky comes falling from its heights,
and a great deluge washes away the smiling corn and the
325 labours of the oxen. The dykes fill ; the rivers in their
channels swell and roar ; the ocean boils, and its creeks
pant. The Sire himself, throned in the midnight of
the clouds, speeds from his right hand the flaming bolts.
At the shock, Earth quakes for all her greatness ; the beasts
330 of the field turn and flee ; and the heart of man is abased in
fear and lowliness throughout all the world : he with his
blazing javelin smites down Athos, or Rhodope, or the
Ceraunian peaks. The winds redouble their ire and the
rains fall thick and fast ; and now the woods, now the
strands, moan under the blast.

335 Then, in dread of this, observe the heaven, its seasons and
stars ; whither Saturn's chill planet retires, and in what
skyey circles the Cyllenian orb may stray. Above all,
revere the gods and pay to great Ceres her annual rites,
rendering sacrifice amid the smiling blades when Winter
340 verges to his close and Spring is already fair. Then the
lambs are fattest and the wine is mellowest : then sleep is
sweet and the shadows are thick on the hills ! And see that
all the country youth worship Ceres. For her lave the
honeycomb in milk and soft wine ; for her let the victim that
345 is to find grace thrice circle the young crops ; and with it go
all thy quire of comrades rejoicing, calling aloud on Ceres
to enter their home ; nor let any swain set sickle to the full
ears, ere—his brows crowned with oaken wreath—he dance
350 his untutored measures and sing his hymns to Ceres !

More, that we might have unfailing signs to disclose these

perils—sun, and rain, and winds that herald the cold—the great Father himself decreed what should be the warning of the moon, month by month ; what signal should foretell the falling gale ; and what oft-repeated sight should bid the farmer keep his herds nigh their stalls. When wind is rising, 355 either the channels of Ocean begin to heave and swell, and a dry, crashing sound is heard from the mountain-peaks ; or else, in the distance, the beach rings with echoing confusion, and the whispering of the woods comes more frequent to the ear. Soon the wave can scarce refrain from assailing the 360 crooked keel, when the fleet cormorant comes flying back from mid-ocean and its shriek nears the shore—when the sea-coot is sporting on dry land, and the heron quits her familiar marsh to soar above the clouds of heaven. Often, again, when rain impends, stars will be seen falling precipitate 365 from heaven, and long wakes of flame gleaming white on the evening dusk : often light chaff and fallen leaves will flit about thee, and feathers dance as they float on the water-top.

But when it lightens from the region of the savage North 370 and thunder peals in the home of the East and the West, then all the countryside is flooded, and all the ditches are full, and on the deep every seaman is furling the dripping sails. Never man was harmed by rain, but he was forewarned. For either, as it rises from the hollows, the cranes on high flee 375 before it ; or the heifer looks up to heaven, snuffing the breeze with wide-opened nostrils ; or else the twittering swallow flits round her mere ; or the frog croaks his immemorial plaint in the mud. Often, moreover, the ant threads her narrow path and brings out her eggs from their inmost cells ; or 380 a great rainbow will stoop to drink ; or an army of rooks will quit its pasturage in long array, with the beating of a cloud of wings. Again, the manifold birds of the sea, with all that

search the Asian meadows as they stand in the sweet pools of
385 Cayster, may be seen, each rivalling other to shower the
copious spray over their shoulders—now dashing head-down-
ward under the flood, now running to front the wave, all
exultant in the wanton joy of their bathing. Then the
villainous raven stalks in solitary state along the dry strand,
390 and full-throatedly invokes the rain. Not even the girls,
as they card the midnight wool, are unaware of the rain,
whenever they see the oil flicker in the burning lamp and
a mushroom-growth gather on the wick.

Nor less, when the rain is past, mayest thou foresee the
sunlit days and cloudless skies, and know them by sure signs.
395 For then the stars' lucent edge seems unblunted, and the
rising moon un beholden to her brother's ray; nor do thin
cloud-fleeces traverse the sky. No more, on the strand, the
Halcyons, whom Thetis loves, spread their wings to the solar
heat, and the uncleanly swine forgets to toss the dishevelled
400 straw with his muzzle. The clouds descend from their hills
and rest along the plain, and the owl, as he eyes the setting
sun from his pinnacle, aimlessly repeats his evensong. Nisus
appears aloft in the limpid sky, and Scylla is amerced for the
405 purple tress. Wherever she flees, cleaving the unsubstantial
air with fugitive pinion, lo! Nisus follows amain, inimical,
ruthless, whirring through the breeze: and where Nisus
soars on high, there she scuds with fugitive pinion cleaving
410 the unsubstantial air!—Then, twice or thrice, the rooks will
utter a clear tone from narrowed throat; and, again and
again, glad with some unknown, unwonted pleasure, they
will caw in their æry home each to the other among the
leaves. For joy it is, when the rain is spent, to visit their
infant families and the nests they love:—not, I ween, that
415 Heaven has endowed them with reason, or the wisdom that

is greater than Fate ; but that when the weather and the fitful humours of the sky have reversed their course, and Jove, but now clad in the showers of the South, makes dense what was erstwhile rare, and rare what was erstwhile dense, the phases of their mind change in response, and impulses, other than reigned when the wind was chasing the clouds, 420 now fill their breasts : and hence all the symphony of the birds in the countryside, the rejoicing of the cattle, and the rooks' full-throated song of triumph.

But if thou wilt regard the rapid sun and the moons in their ordered march, the hour of dawn will not find thee 425 cheated, nor the snares of a calm night delude thee. When the moon begins to rally her returning fires, if her horns be dim, and the air they encompass dark, a great rain is in waiting for farmer and sailor. But if her face should be tinged with a maidenly blush, wind looms near : at the 430 wind's approach golden Phoebe blushes always. But if at her fourth rising—surest warrant of all !—she floats through the skies clear with crescent undimmed, then all that day, and all the days that follow until the month is sped, shall be rainless and windless ; and the seamen, safe home from 435 the deep, shall pay their vows on the beach to Glaucus and Panopea, and Melicertes, Ino's child.

The sun, too, will give sure tokens, both when he rises and when he sinks beneath the ocean-floor :—surest the tokens that attend him, whether he brings them with returning morn or shows them to the peeping stars ! When his 440 birth-hour sees him sicklied over with blemishes, cloud-cast, and half his orb withdrawn, suspect rain : for the South-wind, foe of tree and corn and herd, is driving from the deep. If either at dawn the rays break scattered through 445 dense clouds, or Aurora rises pale from Tithonus' couch of

saffron—alas, the vine-leaf will but feebly champion its ripened clusters : so thick on the roof dance the rattling
450 shafts of hail ! And this it will serve thee yet more to remember, when, with the traversed sky behind him, he is in act to depart ; for often we may see shifting hues flit across his countenance. If these are dark, rain is heralded ; if red, the storm-wind : but let specks begin to mingle
455 with his ruddy flames, and shortly thou wilt see all nature turmoiled with wind and cloud alike. On such night let none urge me to tempt the wave or pluck my cable from the land ! But if his orb is bright, alike when he brings back the day and when he veils the day he brought, then the storm-cloud's menace is vain and thou wilt see the woods
460 swaying before the bright North.

In brief, the Sun and his signs will teach thee all—what the message of the evening-shade, what the quarter whence the wind-driven clouds are rainless, what the purpose of the shower-laden South. And who dare say the Sun is false ? Full often he and none other admonishes us that war and war's alarms are stealing hard upon us,
465 and treachery and rebellion swelling unseen to the birth. He and none other showed compassion to Rome on the day that Caesar bled—when he veiled his shining face in grim darkness, and a godless age feared unending night. Yet, in that hour, Earth herself and the tracts of Ocean,
470 with many a foul-boding hound, and many a bird, the messenger of mischief, gave token of ill. How oft we saw Aetna, every furnace burst, whirling along balls of fire and molten rocks ! Germany heard the clash of arms hurtling through heaven ; and the Alps quaked with unwonted
475 tremors. A mighty voice spoke in the silent groves and was heard of many ; visions of unearthly pallor were :

seen at twilight ; and the beasts of the field—fell portent !—
gave tongue. Streams stood still and the earth yawned ;
in the temples the ivory sorrowed and wept, and beads of
sweat stood on the brazen images. Eridanus, king of 480
rivers, went forth sweeping whole forests in his mad eddies,
and in every field whirled away the cattle and the cattle's
stalls. In those days, with never a break, threatening lines
appeared in entrails that foretold but ill ; blood flowed in 485
the wells, and, all night through, towering cities echoed to
the wolf's howl. Never did the lightnings fall thicker from
unclouded skies ; never was the comet's fearful glare seen
so oft.—Therefore Philippi saw once more Roman lines 490
close, eagle against eagle, and Heaven thought it not crime
that Thessaly and the broad plains of Haemus should twice
be glutted with Roman blood. And, certes, the time shall
be, when the tiller of those lands, as he turns the soil with
crooked plough, shall find Roman javelins rust-eaten and 495
mouldering ; or his ponderous harrow will grate against
empty casques, and wonder will take him as he surveys the
giant bones through whose sepulture he has broken.

Gods of my country, heroes of Italian soil, Romulus, and
mother Vesta—thou who guardest Tuscan Tiber and
Rome's dearest hill—a young prince ye have left us : oh, 500
forbid him not to succour this ruined age ! *Caesar*, the courts
of Heaven have long grudged us thy possession, and they
murmur because thou carest for the triumphs our earth
can give : for in that earth we have made the good our 505
evil, and the evil our good ; there is war in all the world,
sin walks in many shapes, the glory is departed from the
plough, the fields are bare, for they that tilled them are
led away, and they beat the bent pruning-hook into the
straight sword. Here Euphrates—there, Germany—calls

510 to arms ; city breaks covenant with sister-city, and the steel is drawn between them, while the cursed War-god stalks infuriate through every land—even as the chariots pour forth from the barriers only to gather speed along the course, and the charioteer tugs at the reins in vain, for the steeds sweep on and the car lists not the curb !

II

THUS far the tillage of the fields and the stars of heaven : thee now, Bacchus, I sing, and, with thee, the young forest-trees and the tardy olive's offspring. Hither, Lenean Sire: here all is full of thy bounty ! For thee all the
5 countryside blossoms, teeming with the harvest of thy vine ; and the vintage foams in the brimming vat. Hither, Lenean Sire, and with me strip off the buskin and dip thy naked feet in the fresh must !

First, the generation and birth of trees is manifold. For
10 some spring of their own accord, at no man's constraint, and far and wide invest the plains and winding rivers : such the tender osier and pliant broom, the poplar, and the willow-groves, gray with hoar leaf. But some rise out of the fallen seed ; as the tall chestnut and the mast-tree—
15 lordliest of the wood, as he wears his leaves to the honour of Jove—and as the oak which Greece deemed prophet. With others, a serried forest of suckers breeds from the root. So with the cherry-tree and the elm : so, too, the bay of Parnassus, a little plant as yet, shoots upward beneath the mighty shade of its mother.

20 These are the primal modes which Nature ordained : by these every forest-tree, with every shrub, every sacred grove, is decked in verdure. But others there are, which

Experience, hand in hand with Method, has discovered, herself for herself. One man tears suckers from the tender mother-frame, and plants them in furrows : another buries stocks, cross-cloven truncheons, and pointed stakes in the 25 ground. Some trees await the deep-pressed arch of the layer, and the slips which draw life from their soil : others need no root, and the dresser fears not to take the topmost spray and restore it to its native earth. Nay, the stock may be cut, and—strange the tale !—an olive-root sprouts 30 from the arid timber. And, time and again, we may see the branches of one pass unscathed into those of another—the pear translated bring forth apples, and the stony cornel blush on the plum-tree.

Come, then, ye husbandmen, and learn the tillage that 35 each kind claims for its own, mellow your harsh fruits by culture, nor suffer your fields to lie idle ! There is joy in planting Ismarus with the vine, and joy in clothing great Taburnus with the olive.—And come thou, Maecenas, thou my chief, my justest title to fame ; come, and be with me 40 in the troubled course I have assayed ; come, and spread thy winged sails to the open sea ! Not mine the thought to enfold all within my verse—not though I spoke, with an iron voice from a hundred tongues and a hundred mouths ! Come, and skirt the edge of the shore : land is within our grasp ! Not here will I detain thee with tricks of rhyme 45 in by-paths of words and long-drawn preludes.

All trees that of free will lift head into the realms of day are barren, but rise full of vigour and strength ; for Nature is with them beneath the soil. And even these, if they are grafted, or transplanted and set in well-wrought 50 trenches, will resign their wild spirit, and, by dint of constant tilling, assume with readiness whatever character thou wilt

have them bear. So, too, will fare the unfruitful sucker which springs from the parent root, if it is taken and planted out in the uncumbered fields : for, as it now is, the mother
55 tree overshadows it with her deep foliage and branches, and condemns its youth to barrenness, or, if it bear, exhausts it. Again, the trunk which rises from chance-scattered seeds is slow of growth : its shade is for our children's children ; the apples degenerate and forget their lusciousness of old ; and the vine bears sorry clusters for the fowls of
60 the air to snatch !

So much is sure : toil must be expended on all ; all must be marshalled into line and drilled by the sweat of our brows. But the olive responds more generously if reared from truncheons, the vine if raised by layers, and the myrtle of Paphos if taken from the solid stem. The tough hazel
65 springs best from suckers, and, with it, the tall ash, the shady tree that lent its leaves to the brow of Hercules, and the acorns claimed by Dodona's Jove. Thus the palm rises sky-challenging, and the fir one day views the perils of the deep. The prickly arbut, again, is grafted with the
70 fruit of the walnut ; often the barren plane is charged with hardy apple-boughs, the beech is hoar with the chestnut's white blossom, and the ash with the pear's ; and the swine crunch acorns beneath the elm.

Nor is the mode of grafting one with that of budding. For, at the point where the buds struggle through the
75 midst of the bark, bursting their slender coating, a narrow slit is made hard by the knot. In this the gardener imprisons an eyelet from an alien tree, and trains it to grow into the sap-giving rind. Or, it may be, a knotless bole is cut open, and the wedges cleave a path deep into the quick ;
80 then slips from a fruitful branch are let in, and in a little

while a mighty tree rears his laughing boughs to the skies, and marvels at leaves he never saw and at fruits he never bore.

Again; no single family embraces the stalwart elms, nor the willow, nor the lotus, nor Ida's cypresses. No single type stamps the rich olive at birth—orchard, and radius, 85 and bitter-berried pausian—nor yet Alcinous' apple-orchards. There is one cutting from the Crustumian pear, one from the Syrian, and one from the heavy warden. There is one vintage hangs upon our trees, and Lesbos gathers another from Methymna's tendrils. There are vines of Thasus, 90 there are white vines of Mareotis—the one aptest for light soils, the other for rich. There is the Psithian, best for must; there is the thin Lagean, fated some day to baffle the feet and fetter the tongue. There is the Purple, and the Precian, and thou, the Rhaetic—but how shall I hymn 95 thy praises? Yet seek not thou to rival the Falernian cellars!—There are Aminaeae grapes, soundest of wines to keep, to which the Tmolian bows, and the sovereign Chian itself. There is the lesser Argite, which no other may rival, whether in its rivers of wine or in the years through which 100 it will endure. Vine of Rhodes, and shall I pass thee with never a word, welcome as thou art to Heaven and the banquet's second course? Or thee, Bumast, and thy swelling clusters? But neither to kinds nor to names is there any term; which he who would know would seek 105 to learn how many the sands that the West-wind stirs on the Afric plain, or how many the waves that thunder on the Ionian strand, when the furious East falls more vehement upon the ships!

Yet all lands cannot bear all fruits. The willow draws life from the river; the alder from the dense morass; the 110

barren ash from the rocky peaks. The beach rejoices in the myrtle, and, yet again, Bacchus loves the open hill, and the yew the gripping North. And turn thy regard to the distant places of earth, where man has tilled and over-
115 come, to the Arab's eastern home and to the painted Gelonian: every tree has its allotted clime. No land save India bears the dusk ebony; none save the Sabaeans know the bough of frankincense. What speeds it to tell of the balsam standing in gouts on the scented bole, or the berries of the ever-blooming acanthus? What of the Ethiop
120 groves and their soft, white vesture of wool, or how the Ser combs his delicate fleeces from the leaf? What of the woods that, fast by Ocean, India wears—India, the extreme nook of earth—where the arrow may quit the bow, yet never pass the air that breathes round the topmost trees?
125 And yet it is a people scarce slow with quiver in hand!—Media bears the acid juice and lingering savour of the generous citron, surest and speediest of succours to drive the black venom from the limbs, should ever some cruel
129 step-dame have poisoned the cup with mingled herbs and charms of bale. The tree itself is large, and in aspect liketh the bay; and a bay it were, did it not shed abroad far other fragrance. No winds have seen its foliage fall; its blossom's hold is sure; and with it the Mede makes sweet
135 the breath of his mouth; and heals the gaspings of age.

But neither Media's groves, land of wealth though it be, nor the fair Ganges, nor Hermus turbid with slime of gold, may rival the glories of Italy—not Bactria, not Ind, not all Panchaia, though its very dust be incense! No bulls,
140 with nostrils breathing flame, ever ploughed these fields for the sowing of the grisly dragon's teeth. In them no harvest of men ever sprang, glancing with helms and horrent spears;

but the laden ear and the Wine-god's Massic juice have filled them, and the olive and the goodly herds possess them. Hence the war-horse steps proudly into the plain : 145 hence the snowy flocks, Clitumnus, that thy hallowed streams have ofttimes laved, and the bull—greatest of offerings—lead the triumphs of Rome to the temples of Heaven. Here Spring reigns eternal, and Summer usurps the Winter's months. Here the kine twice give increase, and twice the tree avails to bear fruit. But the ravening 150 tiger is far away, and all the grim lion-brood : no aconite lures the gatherer to his undoing : no scale-clad serpent drags his vast folds along the earth, or winds him into coils with the huge train he uses.—And bethink thee of all those stately cities, all those monuments of toil, all those towns 155 that Italian hands have left nestling above the precipice, and the streams gliding beneath their immemorial walls ! Shall I sing the sea that washes our shores above ? the sea that washes our shores below ? Shall I tell of our lordly lakes ? Of thee, great Larius ; of thee, Benacus, surging 160 with the breakers and the tumult of the deep ? Shall I sing our havens—how the Lucrine was given a prison-wall, and Ocean shrieks in his anger, where the Julian waters re-echo to the reflux main, and the Tuscan tide sweeps into the channels of Avernus ? This land has streams of silver and 165 mines of brass to shew in her veins, and gold flows in her rivers. This land is mother to a hardy race of men—to the Marsian, to the Samnite chivalry, to the toil-proof Ligurian, and the Volscian pikeman. This land was mother to Decius, to Marius, to great Camillus, and their peers—to the war-worn Scipios, and, greatest Caesar, to thee, who, 170 victor already in Asia's farthest confines, now pursuest the coward Indian far from the hills of Rome.—Hail, Saturn's

land, great mother of the harvest, great mother of men !
For thy sake I assay themes that claimed old-world praise
175 and old-world art. For thy sake I dare to open the sacred
founts ; and I sing the song of Ascrea through Roman towns !

Now place for the genius of soils—the strength of each,
its hue, its natural powers of bearing ! And, first, churlish
ground and ungracious hills, where lean clay abounds and
180 pebbles lie in the thorny fields, delight in the forest-growth
of Minerva's long-lived olive. The oleaster may serve for
proof, as it springs unchecked in the selfsame plot, its wild
berries carpeting the earth. But a rich soil, well dowered
185 with fresh moisture, a level tract of luxuriant herbage and
prolific bosom—such a tract as oft we may descry in some
mountain dell, whither the streams make their way from
the rocks above, bringing the generous mud in their wake—
if this tract rise to the South and give nurture to the fern,
that foe of the crooked plough, it will some day yield thee
190 store of strong vines and rivers of wine : it is rich in the
grape, and rich in the liquor we pour to Heaven from our
goblets and their gold, when the sleek Etruscan has blown
his ivory horn by the altar's side, and we lay the reeking flesh
of sacrifice upon it in the bellied chargers.—But if thy desire
195 is rather to keep herds of kine, and calves, or to breed sheep,
or goats that blight the tender blade, then hie thee to the
woods and distant meadows of rich Tarentum, or to plains
such as that which ill-starred Mantua lost, where the snowy
swan finds her food by the grassy stream : there thy flocks
200 will lack neither limpid springs nor pasturage, and all that
thy herds can crop during the livelong day the cool dew will
replace in one brief night !

A dark soil, rich beneath the deep-delving share, and
of friable surface—for such our ploughing imitates—uses to

be best for corn ; and from no ground else wilt thou see 205
more wains moving homeward behind the slow-footed oxen.
So, too, the field whose woods the indignant swain abolishes,
overthrowing those groves that stood and toiled not for
many a year, and uptearing from their deepest roots the
birds' whilom homes :—forth they fare to the skies from 210
their deserted nests, and the plain glistens unwonted under
the driven plough ! For, as to the hungry gravel of a hilly
region, it will scarce supply the bees with their lowly casia
and rosemary ; and the sole vaunt of the rough tufa-stone
and the marl, worn as it is by the fang of the dusk water-
snake, is that no land else can show food so sweet to the 215
serpent, or such store of winding coverts. But if a soil
exhales wreaths of mist and melting vapours, if it drinks in
moisture and discharges it at will, if it is always clad in the
green vesture of its own herbage, nor corrodes the steel with 220
scurf and salt rust, then it will dress thy elms in laughing
vines, it will bear thee olives, and thou wilt prove it, as thou
tillest, indulgent to the cattle and patient of the crooked
share. Such the soil ploughed by wealthy Capua and the
coast that is neighbour to Vesuvius' peaks, and Clanius, whose
anger lorn Acerræ felt. 225

Now I will rehearse the modes by which thou mayest
distinguish each. First, thou wilt seek to learn whether thy
land is light, or of closeness greater than is wont ; for one is
partial to the corn, and one to the vine—the closer to Ceres,
the lightest always to Lyæus. Look, first, and choose a 230
place ; then order a pit to be sunk where the ground is solid,
fling back all the earth, and trample the surface level. If
it prove not enough, the soil is loose, and will be aptest for
the herd or generous vine. But if it refuses to return to its
place, and there is mould to spare when the trench is full, 235

the field is stiff : look, then, for a reluctant glebe and stubborn ridges, and let thy oxen be strong when thou wouldst break the ground ! But should a soil be salty—bitter, they style it (and niggard it is to the crops, and untameable to the
240 plough ; where the grape forgets her lineage and the apples their glory)—it will admit this test : pull down from their smoky roof thy close-woven wicker-baskets and wine-strainers, fill them with earth from that mischievous field of thine, and with water fresh from the spring ; compress these, and thou
245 wilt see the fluid all trickle through and great drops fall between the osiers. But the taste will surely tell a tale, and the sense of bitterness distort to grimace the mouths of all who make the trial ! Again, to be brief, we may know a rich mould by this token : shake it in the hand, and it will not
250 crumble, but cling pitch-like to the fingers that hold it. A moist soil rears taller grass and is by nature more prolific than is meet. May it never show itself over-fruitful in field of mine, nor prove its strength when the ears are young ! A heavy earth betrays itself by its weight, without more
255 ado : so, again, a light earth. The eye suffices to detect a black soil, and to reveal the hue of each. But to unmask the vile cold is difficult : at times, only, the pine and noxious yew, or the dusk ivy, will disclose its traces.

These precepts observed, remember first to season the
260 ground with thoroughness, to cut up the high hills with trenching-work, and to expose the upturned glebe to the North, long ere thou plant the vine and its smiling race. Fields of friable soil are the best : and friable soil is the work of the winds, of the chill frosts, and the hardy ditcher as he turns the acres his spade has loosened. But men,
265 whom no precaution escapes, first seek out twin plots—one, in which the tender vines may be nursed for their supporting

trees, and one, to which they may be taken anon and planted in order, that so the infant tendrils need not be strangers to their new-found mother. Nay, they mark on the stem that quarter of the heavens to which each tree has faced, that all may be restored to their old-time stations, and the same 270 side may front the southern rays and the same back be turned to the northern pole. So great the import of habits formed in the dawn of life !

Inquire first whether it were better to plant thy vines on hill or on plain. If thou measure thy vineyard from rich and level fields, sow closely ; close array impairs not the 275 Wine-god's powers. But if thy choice is the sloping hills and a soil that rises in hillocks, give scope to the ranks : yet none the less, when the trees are planted, see that, as before, the line of every avenue thou drawest tally exactly with the rest. As oft, in some great war, the long-drawn legion deploys its companies, the columns halt on the open field, 280 the edge of battle is ordered, and far and near every inch of ground ripples and glitters with brass ; and the grim encounter is not yet joined, but the War-god hovers hesitant betwixt the hosts—so, in thy vineyard, let all be marshalled in equal and orderly lines ; not barely that the view may be food for 285 the idle fancy, but that not otherwise will the earth minister equal strength to all, or the branches have power to expatiate in the open air.

Perchance thou wouldst know to what depth the trench should slope. I should venture to entrust the vine to a shallow pit : the foster-trees are deeper fixed, full in the 290 heart of earth—most of all the mast, who stretches his roots as far towards the nether gloom as he rears his head towards the heavenly realms ; whence neither the Winter's rages, nor the winds, nor the rains uproot him, but steadfast he remains,

and, as the years roll on, sees many a younger generation—
295 many a cycle of man—succumb, while he endures to the end,
and, spreading abroad his sinewy arms and boughs on this
side and that, supports self-centred his mighty shades.

Neither let thy vineyards slope towards the setting sun, nor
sow the hazel among the vines. Molest not the topmost
300 shoots, nor sever cuttings from the crown of the trees: so
rooted is their love of the earth. Harm not their infancy
with the blunted steel, nor set truncheons of wild olive in
their midst: for time and again some heedless swain will let
fall a spark, which, issuing from its erstwhile ambush under
305 the unctuous rind, fastens on the solid trunk, and, mounting
to the leaves above, roars aloud to the skies; then, following
on, reigns victorious throughout the branches and towering
summits, wraps all the grove in flame, and, weltering amid
pitchy darkness, rolls its swart clouds to heaven—chief of all,
310 if a tempest has swept down upon the wood, and a freshening
breeze rallies the fires. When this has chanced, the vine-
stock is impotent; cutting cannot revive it, or bid it bloom
with its ancient verdure from the earth about its root: the
luckless oleaster and its bitter leaves are left supreme!

315 And let no counsellor, be he never so shrewd, move thee
to disturb the stiff soil while the North is blowing. At that
season, Winter with his frost locks the countryside, and,
though the seed be sown, suffers not aught that grows to
fix its ice-bound root in the earth. The vineyard is best
planted when, at the first blush of spring, the white bird
320 —foe to the long snake—is come once more; or, again,
while the earliest frosts of Autumn are on their way, while yet
the hot sun touches not Winter with his car, and Summer
prepares to bid adieu. It is Spring that befriends the forest
and the forest-leaves; in Spring Earth burgeons and yearns for

the vital seed. Then Heaven, the universal Sire, descends in 325
fruitful showers to the womb of his joyful bride, and his
might, mingled with the might of her great frame, gives life
to every embryo within. Then the pathless glades echo to
carolling birds, and the cattle seek their loves on the trysted
day. The generous soil draws nigh to the birth, and the
breast of the meadow softens to the quivering Zephyrs ; the 330
tender moisture avails for all, and the grass takes heart and
ventures unscathed to front the nascent sun ; the vine and
her tendrils fear not the South-wind's rising, nor the showers
that the puissant North launches from the firmament, but
put forth their buds and unfurl their every leaf. I fain 335
would think that not other were the days that dawned when
the infant world began, and not other the course they held
Nay, spring-time it was ; the great globe was keeping spring,
and the East spared his wintry gales, when the first cattle
drank in the light, and the earth-born brood of men reared 340
its head from the stony plains—when the wild beast won
entry to the forest and the stars to heaven. Nor, in truth,
could any tender thing support our world's harshness, did
not so deep a calm reign between heat and cold, and a clement
sky bless the earth again. 345

Once more, whatever the cuttings thou wouldst plant in
thy fields, sprinkle them with rich dung, and forget not to
cover them with many layers of soil. Or, again, bury with
them porous stones or rough shells : for the water will creep
between, the searching air will steal in, and thy plants will
wax in spirit. Some, ere now, have been known that over- 350
laid them with stones and large and weighty jars—protection,
this, against driving showers, and against the season when
the sultry Dog-star bursts the fields that gape with
drought.

When thy young vines are planted, it remains for thee
355 to loosen the earth at their roots again and again, and to
ply the stubborn mattock, or labour the soil under the
deep-driven share; and turn thy toiling oxen between the
rows of thy vineyard ; then, to shape smooth wands, lances
from peeled rods, ashen stakes, and stout poles, that by their
360 strength the tendrils may be trained to climb and contemn
the winds, and to run from tier to tier till they attain the
summit of the elm.

Again, while their infancy is growing to youth and their
leaves begin to spring, spare their tenderness, and, when the
shoot is travelling exultant towards the sky, launched into
365 the void in uncurbed career, assay not the tree herself with
the edge of the pruning-knife, but pluck the leaves with
bent fingers, choosing them each by each. Later, when they
have shot up and their stems are strong to embrace the
elm, then strip thou their foliage, then lop their branches—
till now, they have shrunk before the steel !—and then, at
last, enforce thy will with the strong hand, and suppress their
370 streaming tendrils.

Hedges, too, must needs be woven, and the cattle all kept
away—in especial, when the leaf is tender and witless of its
coming trials. For, beyond the ruthless winter and tyrant
sun, the forest-buffalo and persecuting roe make it their
375 incessant sport, and the ewe and the insatiate heifer turn it
to their prey. Nor do the snows, locked though they be in
the hoar frost, or the summer brooding heavy above the
thirsty crags, work it harm so dire as the flocks and the
venom of their iron tooth, and the scar they imprint on the
380 deep-gnawed stem. For this crime, and no other, the goat
is slain to Bacchus on every altar, and the old-world gambols
invade the stage ; for this the sons of Theseus set prizes for

the wits in their villages and streets, and with tipsy jollity danced in the soft meadows on oiled goat-skins. Nor less Ausonia's yeomen—Troy-descended race—disport them with 385 their untutored verses and unbridled laughter, and don hideous vizards of hollowed bark, and in their jocund hymns call, Bacchus, on thee, and to thy honour hang little waving masks from the tall pine. Hence every vineyard ripens with 390 generous increase ; there is plenty in the hollow valleys and the deep glades, and in every field towards which the god has turned his comely face. Therefore, in the songs that our fathers sang we will duly hymn the just praises Bacchus claims, and bring him his dishes and cakes : a he-goat, led by the horn, shall stand a victim by the altar, and on spits of 395 hazel we will roast the rich flesh of sacrifice.

If thou wouldst care for thy vines, that other task still awaits thee, which, toil as thou wilt, yet claims more : for year after year it behoves thee to cleave all thy land thrice and again, without ceasing to crush the clods with hoe reversed, and to lighten all the grove of its foliage. The 400 farmer's toil returns in revolving circle, as the year retraces its footsteps and rolls back upon itself. And now, when the vineyard has but doffed its latest leaves and the icy North has shaken the glory from the woods, the zealous husbandman already extends his care to the coming year, as he pur- 405 sues the forlorn vine, shearing it with Saturn's crooked knife and lopping it to the form desired. Be first to dig the ground, first to bear away and fire the prunings, first to cart the poles under roof, but last to reap ! Twice the shade encroaches on 410 the vines ; twice wild growths cover the vineyard with an army of briars ; each challenges unflinching labour. Give great estates their due : till none but the small ! Again, rough withies of broom must be cut in the woods, and

415 water-rushes by the river-side; and the care of the unkempt willow calls for work. And now the vines are bound, now the vineyard leaves the blade in its sheath, now the last dresser sings the completed file—yet there is still the earth to labour, still the soil to stir, and still the anger of heaven to fear for the mellow grape!

420 Far other the olive! She needs no tilling; she looks not for the crooked sickle or the stubborn mattock, when once she has gripped the soil and borne the breeze! Earth of herself—laid open by the share's crooked tooth—gives moisture galore to the plants, and teeming fruits at the bidding of the plough. Thus do thou nurture the generous
425 olive, the friend of Peace!

Apples, again, so soon as they feel their stem is strong and are come to their full powers, travel gallantly toward the stars and require no aid from us.

Nor less, meantime, every wood grows heavy with fruit,
430 and the birds' wild haunts blush with crimson berries. The lucerne is food for the browsing steer; the towering forest bestows its brands upon us, and our fires are fed by night, and light shines in the darkness. Why search for greater themes? Consider the willow and lowly broom: they give
435 their leaves to the sheep and their shade to the shepherd; they yield fences for the crops and food for honey. Sweet it is to view Cyturus, all waving with the boxwood, and the pitchy groves of Narycia: passing sweet, to look on fields that owe no debt to the harrow, and none to the care of man!
440 Even the barren woods which crown the peaks of Caucasus, ever torn and harried by the imperious eastern gales, yield their tribute, kind by kind—tribute of sound timber, pines for our barques, cedars and cypresses for our homes. Hence the husbandman turns shafts for his wheels and drums for

his wains, and hence they lay the crooked keel for the ship. 445
The willow is lavish of osiers, and the elm of leaves ; but the
myrtle and warrior cornel, of stout spears ; and the yew is
bent into Ituraean bows. So, too, the smooth linden and
lathe-worn box take shape and are hollowed by the trenchant 450
steel : so the light alder, sped down the Po, swims the
insurgent flood ; and so the bees hive their swarms in the
hollow cork-tree and the heart of the decaying holm. What
gift so memorable has the Wine-god's bounty bestowed ? Ere
now that Wine-god has lent him to crime ! It was he who 455
tamed in death the Centaurs himself had maddened—Rhoetus,
and Pholus, and Hylaeus, in act to lift his ponderous bowl
against the Lapiths.

Ah, blest beyond all bliss the husbandmen, did they but
know their happiness ! on whom, far from the clash of arms,
the most just Earth showers from her bosom a toilless suste- 460
nance. Though no mansion, proud-portalld and stately,
pour morn after morn its great sea of visitants from every
hall—though their eyes be not fed on pillars gay with the
fair shell of the tortoise, nor on vestments tricked with gold,
nor on bronzes that once were Corinth's—though their white
wool be not stained with Assyrian dyes, and the service 465
of their clear oil be not marred with casia—yet theirs is a
sleep that knows not care, a life that knows not disillusion,
but is rich with treasures untold. They have Peace in their
broad domains ; they have their caverns, and living lakes,
and cool vales ; the lowing of their kine, and sleep that is 470
soft beneath the boughs. Forest-glades are there, and the
coverts of wild beasts : their youth toils and faints not, and
requires but little : Heaven has its honours and age is
reverend ; and through their midst the last steps of Justice
were made, when she took her leave of earth.

475 For me—first above all, may the sweet Muses, whose holy
symbols I bear with a mighty love at my heart, take me to
themselves and show me the pathways of heaven, and the
stars, all the swoonings of the sun, and all the travailings of
the moon ; whence the tremblings of earth, what the force
that bids the deep seas swell and burst their barriers, to
480 sink once more upon themselves ; why the wintry suns so
hasten to lave them in Ocean, and what the delays that
impede the laggard nights ! But if the sluggish blood round
this heart of mine debar me from winning my way to these
realms of Nature, then let the country be my pleasure, and
485 the watering streams in their valleys—rivers and woods let
me love inglorious ! O, for Larissa's plain, and Spercheus,
and Taygete, where Sparta's maidens wander and worship !
O, for one who shall set me in the cool glens of Haemus,
and shield me under the branches' giant shadows !

490 Happy he, who has availed to read the cause of things,
and has cast beneath his feet all fear, and the ruthlessness
of Fate, and the roaring of the hungry stream of Death !
And happy he, who has knowledge of the woodland gods—
of Pan, and old Silvanus, and the sister Nymphs ! His soul is
495 untouched by the fasces that Rome confers, by the purple of
kings, and the strife that rages between brother and faithless
brother—by the Dacian as he stoops from his confederate
Danube, by the Roman realm and the tottering of empires—
and he knows naught of the pang of compassion for poverty,
and naught of the envy of riches. He plucks the fruits which
500 his boughs have borne, which his willing fields have freely
ministered ; nor have his eyes beheld the iron rigours of the
law, nor the madding Forum, nor the nation's archives.—

Some brave the unplumbed deeps with the oar, dash
upon the sword, or win their way to the courts and portals

of kings : one hurls a city to ruin, and its hearths to misery, 505
 that he may drink from a jewelled cup and sleep on purple
 of Tyre : another hides his treasure, and gloats over the
 buried gold : yet another stands dazzled and astounded
 before the Rostra ; and still another snatches at the bait
 and is swept away by the plaudits of high and low, as they
 roll, and roll again, along the benches ! They are stained
 with a brother's blood, and their heart is glad ; they barter 510
 their homes and pleasant thresholds for exile, and seek
 a country that lies beneath an alien sun.—But the husband-
 man turns his ground with the crooked plough : hence
 comes his yearly labour ; hence he maintains his country
 and his tiny grandchildren ; hence, his herds of kine and
 his faithful bullocks. No pause there is : either the season 515
 overflows with fruits, or with increase of the cattle, or with
 the sheaves of Ceres' corn, that load the furrows with plenty
 and fill the granaries to bursting. Let Winter be come,
 and Sicyon's berry is ground in the oil-mill ; the swine
 come home well-content from the mast, and the forest
 is lavish of strawberries : or Autumn is doffing its many- 520
 coloured produce, and the mellow grapes are basking high
 on the sunny rocks. Meantime his dear children hang on
 his kisses ; his pure home preserves its sanctity ; his kine
 droop milk-charged udders, and his fattened kids strive,
 horn to horn, in the smiling fields. The goodman himself 525
 keeps holiday, and, stretched on the grass with an altar-fire
 in the midst and his comrades crowning the bowl, pours
 his wine, calling on thee, Lenaeon Sire, and, with the elm
 as target, sets a match for the keepers of his flocks—who
 shall best speed the javelin—or watches them bare their
 hardy limbs for the rustic wrestling-bout. 530

Such the life the old-time Sabines lived long ago, and

Remus, and Remus' brother. Thus, I ween, Etruria waxed
and was strong; and thus Rome became the fairest of
earthly things, and, one in self, circled with her battlements
535 the Seven Hills. Nay, before ever the Cretan king bare
sceptre, before ever ox was butchered for the banquet of
a godless race, such was the life that golden Saturn lived
upon earth, while yet no man had heard the clarion blare,
and no man had heard the falchion ring as it lay on the
540 stubborn anvil!

But our course is run: we have traversed the plain for
all its greatness, and the hour is come to unbind the yoke
from the necks of our reeking steeds!

III

THEE, too, great Pales, will we sing, and thee, glorious
shepherd of Amphrysus, and you, ye woods and streams
of Lycaeus. All else, that might have charmed the idle fancy
with the spell of poetry, is now published abroad. Who
knows not Eurystheus, how harsh he was, or the abomina-
5 tions of Busiris' altar? What tongue has not told of the
boy Hylas, and of Leto's Delos? Of Hippodame and Pelops,
brave with ivory shoulder, reckless behind his steeds? I must
assay a path, whereby I may raise me from earth and flit
conqueror through the mouths of men! First of mortals—
10 if but life be vouchsafed me—I will return to my country,
bringing with me the Muses captive from their Aonian
peak: first will I bring thee, Mantua, the palms of Edom,
and in thy green pastures will I build a temple by the
river's verge, where great Mincius wanders sinuous and slow,
15 fringing his banks with tender rushes. In the midst I will

have Caesar stand, and possess my sanctuary. To his glory, blazing in the victor's Tyrian purple, I will drive a hundred four-horsed chariots to the river. All Greece shall quit me Alpheus and the groves of Molorchus to strive with raw 20 gauntlet, and I—with temples decked in shorn olive-leaves—shall bring gifts! Even now I long to escort the solemn train to my shrine, and view the slaughtered oxen—how the scene vanishes with changing front, and how the inwoven Britons lift the curtains of purple! On the doors 25 I will set the battle of the Gangarids, all in gold and solid ivory; and the arms of conquering Quirinus; and, therewith, the war-surgings, proud-rolling Nile; and tall pillars clad in the armour of hostile fleets. I will add the vanquished cities of Asia, the routed Niphates, the Parthian, 30 whose trust is in flight and backward-spined shaft, the twin trophies which that strong hand snatched from foes world-removed, and the two nations that yielded two triumphs from Ocean's either shore. There, too, Parian marbles shall stand—statues breathing with life—Assaracus' race, and the great names of the Jove-descended line, Tros our fore- 35 father, and Cynthius, sire of Troy. Accursed Envy shall quail before the Furies and the stern stream of Cocytus—before the twining snakes and huge wheel of Ixion, and the rock invincible!

Meantime, hark we to the Dryads' woods and their un- 40 trodden groves—no light behest of thine, Maecenas! Without thee, my soul begins not aught that is high: come, break with thy slow delays! Cithaeron bids us with mighty voice, and Taygete's hounds, and horse-taming Epidaurus; and the cry is echoed time and again, as the forests shout 45 assent! Yet soon shall I gird me to sing the hard-fought fields of Caesar, and waft his name and fame through as

many years as Caesar's self is removed from the day when Tithonus saw the light.

Whether a man admire Olympia's palm and its guerdons,
50 and breed horses ; or whether he rear oxen, strong for the
plough ; let his chief care be spent in choosing dams of
fitting frame.—The cow of perfect shape is grim-looking,
ugly-headed, and thick-necked, with dewlaps hanging from
chin to knee. Further, her flank is long beyond measure ;
all about her is large, even to the foot ; and the ears beneath
55 her curling horns must be shaggy. Nor would one mislike
me, if she were dappled with white, or impatient of the
yoke, and at times unruly with the horn ; not unlike a bull
in face, tall throughout, and, at each step, brushing the
60 ground with pendent tail.—The age for motherhood and
just wedlock ends before the tenth year, and begins after
the fourth : the remnant of their days is neither apt for
bearing nor strong for ploughing. Meantime, ere the vigour
of youth have deserted thy herds, unloose the males : be
65 thou first to put thy cattle to the breeding, and raise stock
after stock by their marriage. It is ever the brightest day
of life that is first to bid adieu to our hapless mortality :
disease and gloomy eld steal upon us, and anon suffering,
and the ruthless tyranny of Death, sweep us away.—Of thy
kine there will always be part, whose mould thou wouldst
70 fain exchange : so, renew them always, and, lest thou seek
after thou hast lost, prevent the time, and choose a new
supply for thy herd year after year.

The same choice, again, is needful with thy breed of
horses. Only be vigilant to expend an especial care, even
from their tenderest years, on such as it is thy purpose to
75 rear for the hope of the line. From the first, a colt of
generous blood displays a higher gait, as he paces the fields

and plants his elastic steps. He is bold to lead the way, to brave the threatening river, and to entrust him to the untried bridge; nor will he start at an idle sound. His neck is lofty, his head clear-cut, his belly short, his back 80 thick, and his gallant chest a mass of muscle.—Bay and grey are excellent, but the worst of hues is white or dun!—Again, should he hear the clash of arms from afar, he cannot hold his place: he pricks up his ears, his limbs quiver, and snorting he rolls the gathered fire at his nostrils. His mane 85 is thick, and, if he toss it, falls back on the right shoulder. Along his loins runs a double spine: his hoof hollows the ground, and rings deep and strong; for the horn is solid. Such was Cyllarus, whom the rein of Amyclæan Pollux subdued; such they, of whom Greece has sung—the twin 90 steeds of Mars, and they that drew the great Achilles. Even such was Saturn's self, when, in full career, he flung the horse's mane over his shoulders, at coming of his spouse, and fled filling the heights of Pelion with shrill neighings.

Yet even him do thou banish to the stalls, when he begins 95 to fail, worn with disease or burdened with years; and spare not his ignoble age (though oft he have driven the routed foemen in flight, though he boast Epirus and valiant Mycenæ for his fatherland, and trace his line to Neptune himself for founder!). The aged stallion is cold; his labour is thankless and futile; and, at the pinch, his ardour is vain:—as when a great fire rages in the stubble, but there is no strength in it. Therefore thou wilt chiefly note their 100 spirit and years; and, thereafter, their other qualities and the stock of their sires, with the grief that each manifests at defeat, or his glory in the palm.

Mark ye not the chariots, when they pour forth from the barriers and, in headlong contest, devour the plain—

105 when the hope of the drivers is high, and the pulsing fear
tugs at the strings of their throbbing hearts? They ply the
hissing lash; they strain forward to slacken rein; and the
hot axle flies fiercely on. Now they seem to sink, and
again they seem to rise aloft—to race through the void air,
and to shoot to the skies. No rest nor respite! Clouds of
110 yellow sand fly upwards, and they are wet with the foam
and the breath of the stallions behind. So strong their love
of renown; so dear the victory!—First of mankind, Erich-
thonius dared to yoke four steeds to the car, and stand
conqueror above the flying wheels. The Lapiths, in Pelion's
115 woods, first of mounted men, gave us the bit and the ring,
and taught the horse, beneath his accoutred rider, to gallop
athwart the plain and arch his proud step. Equal was
either task: and with equal vigilance the trainer seeks
a steed that is young, hot-spirited, and eager in the course.

This observed, they busy themselves, as the time draws
near, and use all heed, that they may fill out with firm
125 flesh him they have chosen for leader and husband of the
herd. They cut him blossoming herbs, and give him store
of running water and corn, lest he prove no match for the
pleasant toil, and a weakling family repeat the leanness of
its sire! But the mares themselves they make spare of set
130 purpose, and, when desire, once felt, impels them to the
breeding, they refuse them their leaves, and debar them
from the springs. Often, again, they urge them to the
gallop, and fatigue them in the sun, when the threshing-
floor is groaning deepest under the beaten corn, and the
empty chaff is scattered at the Zephyrs' rising.

Soon, in contrast, care for the sire begins to wane, and
care for the dams to wax. When their months are due,
140 and they wander with young, no man would suffer them

to bear yoke in the ponderous wains, nor to overleap the road, nor to scour the meadows in full career, nor to breast the swirling stream. They browse in open glades and by the side of brimming rivers, where the moss grows and the banks are all green with grass—where there are grottoes to 145 shelter them, and rocks to cast their shadows.—Round the groves of Silarus and Alburnus, verdant with the holm, an insect flits in myriads—in our Roman tongue, the *asilus*; though Greece, in other sort, styles it the *oestrus*. Fierce it is and shrill, and the herds scatter through the woods, panic-stricken at its coming; and the quivering air echoes 150 madly with their lowing, and all the groves, and the marge of waterless Tanager. In this pest the fearful anger of Juno once found vent, when she devised affliction for the heifer of Inachus. This, again (for its assaults are bitterest in the heat of noontide), thou wilt ward from thy heavy cattle, 155 and feed thy herds when the sun is but new-risen, or the stars are heralding the night.

After birth, all care passes to the calves, and the farmer, undelaying, brands them with the sign and name of their stock, and sets apart all he wishes to rear for the increase of his breed, or to keep sacred for the altar, or to cleave 160 the soil withal, and break up the glebe as he furrows his rough plain. The rest of thy kine may be left to graze in the green pastures; but such as thou wouldst fashion to the pursuits and uses of the field—these admonish while yet calves, and enter on the course of discipline, while their youthful spirits are yielding, and their age is still docile. 165 And, first, fasten about their shoulders loose circlets of slender osier; then, when their necks are inured to slavery after freedom, yoke them in pairs, joined by these very collars, and force them to step in unison. Early though it

170 be, let them oft have a tenantless car to draw over the ground, whose wheels may leave their trace upon the surface. Next, let the beechen axle creak and strain under its ponderous load, and a brazen pole sustain the twin wheels. Meantime, thou wilt not feed their raw youth on grass
175 alone, or the lean willow-leaves, or the marshy sedge, but thy hand will pluck them standing corn. Nor will thy newly-delivered kine fill the white-foaming pails, as under our fathers' rule, but will expend all that their udders yield on their own dear offspring.

But if thy choice be rather war, and war's embattled
180 squadrons, or to sweep on flying wheel by the side of Pisa's Alphean waters, and to drive thy winged chariot through the grove of Jupiter—then the steed's first task is to view the gallant accoutrements of battle, to endure the trumpet-call, to bear the car, though it creak to his drawing, and to hear the bits clash in his stall; then more and more to
185 delight in the fond praises of his master, and to love the sound of caresses on his neck. And all this let him venture so soon as he is weaned from his mother's milk; and, for change, let him entrust his mouth to the pliant muzzle, while he is still but weak, still a trembler, still a stranger
190 in life. But when three summers are sped, and the fourth is come, let him straightway begin to gallop the circle, to move with even and ringing tread, to curvet in rhythmic step, and to be as one that labours. Then let him challenge the winds to the course, wing his way through the open plains, as though quit of the bridle's tyranny, and scarce
195 plant step on the surface of the sand.—Even so, when the North descends with his full powers from the Arctic strand, scattering Scythia's storms and the rainless clouds, forth-with the deep cornfields and the waste of waters quiver under

the gentle breezes, the tree-tops begin to rustle, and the long rollers to dash toward the beach—but the wind flies 200 onward, sweeping in impartial flight over earth and over ocean!

Such a steed will brave the great courses of Elis' plain, and stand sweating at the goal with crimsoned foam issuing from his mouth, or—nobler task!—will bear the yoke of Belgia's chariot upon his delicate neck. Then, nor before, allow thy colts, tamed at last, to grow to their full bulk 205 on the thick-mingled spelt: for until thou tame them, their spirits will rise too high; and if thou yoke them, they will scorn to endure the supple lash and obey the harsh curb.

But whether a man choose to deal with cattle or with horses, no diligence more avails to strengthen their powers, than to keep from them all desire and the blind excitements 210 of passion. And thus it is that the bull is sent into exile afar, beyond the intervening hills and across the broad rivers, or is imprisoned within, fast by his full stall. For the female wastes his strength, and her sight is fuel to him; 215 her soft enchantments suffer him not to remember his woods and pastures, and oft she drives her proud suitors to rid their quarrel with levelled horn. Is a fair heifer browsing in great Sila? Her lovers join alternate encounter with all 220 their strength; many a wound is dealt, and their flanks are dripping fast with the black gore. Horn against horn; each dashes at his fronting enemy, and the forests and the heights of heaven re-echo to their loud bellowing. Nor will the combatants harbour together, but the vanquished departs, and dwells an exile in alien fields. With many a groan for 225 his fall, for the blows of his haughty conqueror, and the love that he lost unavenged, he turns his gaze upon his stall

and quits the site where his fathers reigned. Therefore,
he trains his strength with all heed, and, among the flinty
230 rocks, lies through the live-long night upon unstrewn couch,
with rough leaves and spiked sedge for his only food. Then
he makes trial of himself: charging the forest-trunks, he
instructs his horn to anger; with his blows he defies the
winds, and with scattered sand marks the prelude of battle.
235 Soon, when his power is rallied and his strength renewed,
he moves to the fray and dashes precipitate upon his oblivious
foe:—even so the wave, when once it has raised its white
crest in mid-ocean, marches with heaving breast out of the
deep from afar; and even so it rolls towards earth, thunders
240 along the cliff, and falls mountain-huge, while the water
boils eddying from below and flings the black sands aloft!

All things that people the earth—man and beast, the
fishes of the sea, the cattle, and the painted birds—rush
upon the frenzy and flames of desire. The same Love is
245 sovereign over all. At no other season does the lioness
forget her cubs, or rove the plains with intent more fell;
never does the hideous bear spread death and destruction
so rampantly in his forest. Then the boar is fiercest, and
the tigress wreaks her ire; then—ah me!—it is ill to wander
250 in the forlorn fields of Libya! Mark ye not how a trembling
assails the stallion's whole frame, if his nostrils but scent
the familiar odour? Then neither man and his curbs can
stay his course, nor the cruel lash, nor rocks and hollow
cliffs, nor opposing rivers, though they sweep their bridges
255 away and toss them in their currents! On rushes the great
Sabine boar; he whets his tusk, his foot furrows the earth
before him, he grinds his flanks against the tree, and, on
this side and that, he hardens his shoulders to meet the
spear! And what of the youth, in whose marrow tyrant

Love fans his flames to fierceness? Though the night be dark, the hour late, and the strait a turmoil of breaking storms, still he breasts the wave. Above him thunders the 260 great gate of Heaven, the breakers shriek as they shatter against the cliff; yet neither they that bare him can call him back, nor thought of the maid who shall die, as it is bitterest to die, on her lover's corpse! What of the Wine-god's speckled ounces, and the fierce tribe of wolves and hounds? What of the battles waged by the peaceful stag? 265 In very truth, the frenzy of mares is wilder than the frenzy of all things else! It was Venus herself who endowed them with their passion, what time the four Potnian steeds tore the limbs of Glaucus in ravening jaws. Love leads them over Gargarus and over the roaring Ascanius: they scale mountains and they swim rivers: and, so soon as the flame 270 kindles at their eager hearts—chiefliest in spring, for in spring the heat returns to their breasts—they stand all on some high cliff, with faces fronting the Zephyrs, and drink in the gentle breezes. And often—strange though the tale!—without any wedlock, they scatter, pregnant by the wind, 275 and flee over rocks and scaurs and through lowly dales—not to where the East rises with the Sun, but towards the North and the North-West, and the region whence the dark-robed South springs to plunge the sky in gloom with his chilling showers. Hereon, a thick fluid issues from their flanks—*Mare's Madness* the country-folk full truly name it— 280 which many a felon step-dame gathers and mixes with herbs and charms of bale!

Meanwhile, Time is flying—flying, never to return—while we linger lovingly round each little thing. Enough 285 this for the herds! The second moiety of our task awaits us—the tending of the woolly flocks and the shaggy goats.

Here is toil for you ! Here, ye sturdy husbandmen, is honour
ye may hope to win ! Nor am I witless, how great the
ordeal—to rise, with but words to aid me, above the lowli-
290 ness of my theme, and to invest the humble round with the
state of poesy. But a sweet desire whirls me along the
untrodden steeps of Parnassus ; and it is joy to walk the
peaks, where no highway of former bards leads with gentle
slope down to Castalia's fount !

Now, all-honoured Pales, now sing we our loftiest strains !
295 And first I decree that the sheep should crop their grass
in comfortable folds, till anon the leafy Summer comes back
to his own. And let the frozen ground beneath them be
strewn thick with straw and armfuls of fern, lest the chill
ice harm the tender flock, and bring in its train sores and
300 foul wasting of the feet. Next, I betake me hence, and
command that bounteous store of flowering arbuté be given
to the goats, that they drink water fresh from the stream,
and that their pens look from the wind towards the wintry
sun, and face the noontide, when the cold Water-bearer is
in act to set, sprinkling the departing year as he goes.—
305 Again, it behoves to tend our goats with none the less
zeal,—and not less will be their profit, be the price never
so great, for which the fleeces of Miletus, steeped in Tyrian
purple, exchange their lords ! From the goat springs a larger
progeny ; the goat yields generous store of milk ; and the
more the pail foams from the drained udder, the more
310 bountiful those streams that shall flow at night from the
importuned teats ! Nor less, in the meantime, the herdsman
cuts the hoary beards of his Afric charges, and abridges
their shaggy coats, to be a boon to the camp and a covering
to the shivering seaman. Again, they feed in the woods and
315 on the peaks of Lycaeus, cropping unkempt briars and cliff-

loving thorns. They come home unbidden, unwarned, bringing their kids behind them, and with udders so teeming that scarce they can overstep the threshold. Therefore, the less claim they make upon human care, the more do thou with all diligence shield them from the frosts and snow-laden winds, bringing them with cheerfulness their food and 320 provender of twigs, and closing not thy barns throughout the winter. But when Summer, smiling to the Zephyrs' call, invites either flock to their glades and pastures, then hie we to the cool fields, when the morning-star begins to peep, while the day is young, while the grass is hoar, and 325 the dew on the tender blade is pleasantest to the cattle. Then, when the fourth hour of the day has rallied the solar heat, and the plaintive cicada thrills the forest with its song, I will bid the flocks stand by some well or deep pond and drink of the water that runs in oaken channels. But in the 330 rays of noon I would have thee seek out a shady valley, where a mighty oak—Heaven's own tree—stands with huge branches spreading from his ancient frame; or where some grove, dark with thick-set holms, lies in holy twilight. Then give them again of the liquid stream; and feed them again 335 till the sun goes down, and the hour is come when the cool star of eve freshens the air, and the dewy moon ministers new strength to the glades—when the beach echoes to the halcyon, and the bushes to the finch!

Why need my Muse rehearse thee the shepherds of Libya, their pastures, and the hamlets, where here and there a roof 340 marks the abode of men? Ofttimes, night and day, from waxing moon to waning moon, their flocks feed and move onward into the far desert, with never a post to welcome them—so vast the expanse that fronts them! Their swart herdsman bears his all with him—his home, and his hearth,

345 and his weapons ; his Spartan dog, and his Cretan quiver—
even as Rome's great-hearted soldier marches in his country's
arms under the cumbrous load, and, before the foe awaits
him, halts in array, and the camp is pitched !

Far otherwise, where the tribes of Scythia dwell by the
waters of Maeotis, where the troubled Danube tosses his
350 yellow sands, and Rhodope turns again and stretches full
under the central pole ! There men keep their herds prisoned
in the stall, and no blade is seen upon the plain, nor any
leaf upon the tree ; but far and wide earth lies shapeless
under mountains of snow and layers of ice, and rises seven
355 ells high. They have Winter always with them, and always
the North-west with his chilling breath. Nay, the sun
never scatters the ghostly mists, whether, behind his steeds,
he is scaling the pinnacles of Heaven, or whether he laves
his down-rushing car in Ocean's encrimsoned flood. Crusts
360 of ice gather incontinent upon the running streams ; and
anon the water bears iron-bound wheels on its surface, and,
in lieu of the ships of former days, has the broad wains for
its only guests. Everywhere brass flies apart, raiment stiffens
on the wearer, and they break the flowing wine with axes ;
365 lakes are changed into one solid sheet, and jagged icicles
harden on unkempt beards. Nor less, meantime, the flakes
fall in every quarter of the sky : the cattle perish, the great
frames of the oxen stand sheathed in frozen snow, stags
cluster in bands benumbed by the new-descended mass, and
370 the tips of their horns are scarce to be seen above it. No
man hunts them with unleashed hound, nor entraps them
with net, nor drives them in terror of the feather-hung line
of scarlet ; but, as they struggle with unavailing breast
against the ramparts of white, their enemies draw near and
stab them : deaf to their piteous moans, they slay them,

and bear them home with clamorous rejoicings. There they 375
dwell deep beneath the earth in their spade-wrought caverns,
careless and at ease, rolling piles of oak and whole elms to
their hearths and casting them on the flames. There they
wear the night through in play, and merrily counterfeit the
juice of the grape with leaven and sour sorbs.—Such the 380
rugged race that lies under the northern Wain, buffeted by
the Rhipaean East, and clad in the tawny fells of their
cattle!

If the yield of wool be thy care, first banish the rough
growth of burs and caltrops: eschew rich pasturage, and, 385
at the first, choose flocks whose soft fleeces are white as the
snow. But, for thy ram, however white he may be, if but
the tongue be black under his moist palate—away with him,
lest he sully the coats of thy new-born lambs with dark
specks; and scan thy teeming plains till thou hast found 390
another! It was thus, by the lure of a bright-hued fleece,
if belief be not impiety, that Pan, Arcadia's god, charmed
and deceived thee, Queen of Night, when he called thee
into the depths of the forest, and thou scornedst not his
call!

But let him, who wishes for milk, bring with his own
hand lucerne and lotus galore and salt herbs to the cribs 395
of his goats. Thereby their love for the stream grows
deeper, their udders swell, and their milk faintly recalls the
savour of salt. Many exile the new-born kids from their
dams and restrain their infant mouths in iron-bound muzzle
The milk they have drained at sunrise, or during the hours 400
of day, they press into cheese at night: that they have
drained at night or sunset, they send forth in baskets, and
some swain hies him to town; or they salt it with frugal
hand, and store it for the winter.

Nor let the care of thy dogs be last and least ; but feed
405 the fleet Spartan, in company with the bold Molossian,
on fattening whey. With these to guard, thou needst not
fear the night-thief for thy folds, nor any onslaught of
wolves, nor the outlawed Spaniard in thy rear. Often
again, thou wilt course the timid onager, and hunt the hare
410 and the stag with thy hounds. Often thou wilt rouse the
boar from his forest-lair, and drive him with the baying
pack at his heels : or over the high hills thou wilt raise the
hunting-cry, and urge a stag of ten to the toils.

More, learn to light in thy stalls scented cedar-wood, and
415 with the fumes of Syrian gum to unlodge the pestilent
snake. Time and again a viper will flee terrified from the
light and lurk under the untouched crib, with death for
his disturber. Or that serpent—truceless foe of the oxen !—
whose wont it is to steal under a shading roof and shower
his venom upon the cattle, will be found squatting on earth.
420 Then, swain, take stone or take club in thy hand, and smite
him down, while he lifts his head in menace and distends
his hissing neck ! Lo, on the instant he plunges his daunted
head into ambush, while his central knots and the extreme
coils of his tail relax, and the last fold retires its tardy circles !
425 There is yet that venomous tenant of the Calabrian glades,
rolling its scaly back, uplifting its breast, and showing its
long belly, flaked with great blotches. So long as any
streams issue from their founts, and earth is moist with
the softness of spring and the southern showers, this creature
430 haunts the pools, and, housed within the banks, fills its black
and insatiate maw with fish and clamorous frogs. But, when
the marshes are parched and the soil gaping with heat, it
leaps forth upon dry land, glares with flame-lit eyes, and rages
through the fields, exasperate from thirst and maddened by

the drought. May never desire take me to cull the sweets 435
of slumber beneath the open sky, or to fling me down in
the grass on some wooded ridge, when the serpent is rolling
onward in the splendour of youth regained, slough cast off,
his unhatched young at home, head to the sun, and three-
forked tongue flickering from his jaws !

I will teach thee, further, the causes and tokens of disease. 440
Foul sores attack the sheep, whenever the chilling rain, or
Winter in his white-frosted mail, pierces deep into the quick ;
or when the sweat clings unwashed on the shorn flock, and
shaggy briars tear the flesh. Therefore the shepherds bathe
all their charges in running waters ; the ram is plunged in 445
the pool with fleece all dripping, and cast loose to float
down the stream. Or, again, they salve the bare body with
bitter olive-lees, compounding litharge and native sulphur
with pitch from Ida, rich oiled wax, squill, and strong helle- 450
bore, and black bitumen. Yet the chance that governs
suffering is never so kindly as when the knife can lay open
the canker's head : for, if the distemper be hid, it lives
and flourishes, while the swain, in fear to lay a healing hand 455
on the wound, sits praying Heaven to amend all. Again,
when the maddening pain has wormed its way into the
inmost marrow of the bleating victim, and the hot fever
is preying on the limbs, it is well to turn the course of the
raging flames and to lance the throbbing vein in the midst 460
of the hoof, as the Bisaltae use, and the fierce Gelonian,
when he flees to Rhodope and Getan deserts, and drains
his draughts of milk curdled with the blood of horses.—If
thou descry a ewe, that often withdraws afar into the soft
shade, or but listlessly touches the top of the grass, and 465
follows last of the flock, sinking, as she browses, in mid-
field, and retiring before the night late and forlorn, let the

knife at once abolish the plague-spot, ere the foul contagion
470 invade the unwary multitudes ! Not so thick the storms the
whirlwind chases headlong over the deep, as the infinite
pests of cattle ! Nor does the distemper seize its victims
one by one ; but in a moment it lays waste the whole summer
bivouac—the flock, with the hope of the flock, and all
the race from first to last. Be witness he, who now beholds
—even after so many days—the aery Alps, the castles on
475 the Noric hills, and the fields of Illyrian Timavus, with
their pastoral domains deserted, and the glades untenanted
throughout their length and their breadth.

Once on this land there dawned a season of woe ; for the
air was sickly and glowed again with all the sultriness of
480 Autumn. It slew every breed of cattle, every beast of the
field : it tainted the lakes, and poisoned the pastures with
corruption. Death travelled by no single course ; but when
the fires of fever had run riot in every vein and shrivelled
the doomed limbs, suddenly a watery flux appeared, and,
485 little by little, drew to itself all the disease-rotted bones.
Oft as the victim stood by the altar, the holy rite half-
rendered, in act to receive the woollen fillet and its snowy
bands, it fell in the throes of death amid the tardy mini-
strants ; or, had the priestly knife found its goal, yet the
490 altars blazed not with the entrails, and the seer was dumb
to his questioner ; the steel beneath the throat was scarce
tinged with blood, and the surface of the sand scarce sullied
by the meagre gore. Thus the young cattle fell fast in the
smiling meadows, or yielded up the sweet breath of life by
495 their full stalls. Thus madness assailed the fawning hound ;
the swine struggled and gasped, as the cough racked their
worn frames and clutched at their swollen throats. The
steed, victor once, began to sink : failure waited on all his

efforts ; he forgot the grass, turned from the spring, and time and again his hoof pawed the ground ; his ears drooped, 500 a fitful sweat—cold on the approach of death—broke out upon him ; his skin was dry and hard to the touch, resisting the hand that stroked it.—Such the signs that the sufferers gave in the early days, ere the end was begun ; but when the malady began to gather fierceness in its course, then their eyes glittered, their every breath came deep-heaved— 505 at times, laden with a moan—their flanks were racked with long-drawn sobbings, black blood gushed from their nostrils, and the tongue was rough as it clove to the jaws all canker-beset. Some service it was, from inserted horn, to pour in the juice of the grape—sole salvation, it seemed, to the 510 dying. But soon even this led to destruction : for their new strength turned to the fire of madness, and, sick to death, they rent and mangled their own limbs with bared teeth.—Heaven send a better fate to the pious, and such fury to its foes !

But, lo, the ox, smoking from the stubborn plough, falls ; 515 blood-stained foam streams from his lips, and he sobs his life away. Sadly the ploughman goes, unyokes the bullock, that mourns for his brother's death, and leaves the share in the furrow, and the work half-done. No shadow of deep 520 groves, no soft meadows, can touch him now—not the stream purer than amber, tumbling over the crags as it races to the plain—but all the strength of his flanks is relaxed, vacancy creeps into his glazing eye, and his neck droops, overweighted, to the ground. What avails all his toil, all 525 the good he wrought ? What that stubborn earth which he turned so often ? And yet the Massic grape, which the Wine-god gave, and the laden board, have harmed not him and his brethren ! The leaves and the simple herbs are all

their fare : their drink is the crystalline stream, and the
river that freshens as it runs, and no care breaks their
530 healthful slumbers !

Then, and never else, fame tells, kine were sought in vain
through those regions for the rites of Juno, and chariots
were drawn to towering fanes by ill-paired buffaloes. There-
fore men painfully turned the earth with the harrow, buried
535 the seed with their own fingers, and with straining neck
drew the creaking wagons over the hill-tops. The wolf
assayed not his wiles about the sheepfold, and circled not
the herds by night ; for a sharper care had tamed him.
The timid buck and the fugitive stag now strayed among
540 the hounds and about the houses. At length, even the
denizens of the great deep, and all things that swim, were
washed forth by the waves and left on the limit of the
shore, like to corpses from a wreck ; and the seals fled un-
wonted to the rivers. The very viper perished behind the
545 vain defence of her winding lair, and the dazed water-snake
with his horrent scales. The air turned against its own,
and the birds fell headlong ; for life had left them under
the clouds on high. Further, it no more availed to exchange
the pasturage ; the healing art was invoked but to harm ;
and the master-craftsmen gave up the fight—Chiron,
550 Phillyra's child, and Melampus, Amythaon's son. Pale
Tisiphone cried havoc, and, sweeping unchained from the
darkness of hell to the light, drove Disease and Fear before
her ; and day by day she towered and raised her covetous
head the higher. The rivers, and their thirsty banks, and
555 the sloping hills echoed to the bleating of flocks and to
incessant lowings : for now the Fury was slaying her thou-
sands, and piling the foul-rotting bodies in the very stalls,
till men learned to cover them in earth and to hide them

in pits. For the fells were useless, and none could cleanse the entrails with water nor purge them with fire. The 560 fleeces could not be shorn, for they were eaten with sickness and filth; and the rotten web could not be touched. Nay, if any made trial of that loathly raiment, fever-spots and noisome sweatings assailed his fetid limbs, and his time was not long to wait ere the accursed fire was feeding on his 565 plague-stricken frame.

IV

NEXT will I rehearse Heaven's gift of the sky-born honey. Deign thou, Maecenas, to regard yet this portion of my theme! Thou shalt hear of wondrous sights in small things, of great-hearted captains, and, in succession, of a whole nation's character—its pursuits, its peoples, and its battles. Slight the subject of my toil; but not slight the glory, if 5 an adverse Heaven give leave and an Apollo answer prayer!

Seek first a settled abode for thy bees, whither no wind may find ingress to debar them from bringing home their food—where no ewes or petulant kids may trample the 10 flowers, nor the straying heifer scatter the dewdrops and crush the springing grass. Let the lizard and his painted scales be an exile from the rich homestead, and the bee-eater with all its kind, and Procne, with breast crimsoned from 15 her dripping hands. For they lay all waste, far and near, and bear the winged toilers away in their beaks, a dainty for their cruel nestlings. But look that clear founts be at hand, and moss-green pools, and a slender brook stealing through the lawn: and let a palm or tall olive shade the 20 portal, that so, when the new-crowned kings lead forth the early swarms in the spring they love, and their youthful

subjects are revelling in freedom from the comb, the neighbouring bank may invite them to quit the heat, and the fronting tree detain them in its leafy hostelry. But whether
25 the water stands in indolence, or whether it babbles onward, fling athwart willow branches into the midst, and great stones, that thy charges may have store of bridges, on which to halt and spread their wings to the summer sun, if it chance that the gusty East besprinkle them, as they
30 linger abroad, or plunge them in the deep. Round their home let the casia blossom, and the wild thyme with its far-flung sweetness, and a wealth of heavy-scented savory.

But for the hive itself, whether it be sewn from hollow bark, or woven from pliant osier, let its entry be narrow :
35 for the cold of winter congeals the honey, and the heat thaws and melts it. The rigour of each is alike to be feared for the bees ; nor is it with idle zeal that they spread wax over the tiny crevices of their abode, fill the gaps with
40 flowery pollen, and, for this very service, gather and keep a store of glue, more binding than lime or pitch of Phrygian Ida. Often, too, if fame speaks truth, they dig them hiding-places and cherish a home beneath the soil ; and men have found them deep in some hollow rock, or the heart of a decaying tree. Yet with fostering
45 hand do thou anoint the circuit of their fissured chambers with smooth clay, and cast thereon sparse leaves. And suffer no yew too nigh their dwelling ; roast not the red crab on thy hearth ; and put no faith in a deep marsh, nor in any place where the stench of mud is strong, or where vaulted rocks ring to the impact of each sound, and the
50 echoed voice springs resilient from the shock.

For the rest, when the golden Sun has driven routed Winter under earth and laid bare the heavens in the light

of Summer, forthwith the bees scour the glades and forests, cull gay flowers, and on poised wing sip the surface of the stream. Hence it comes that, glad with some strange joy, 55 they foster their callow young; hence, that their artistry moulds the fresh wax and fashions the clinging honey. Hence, when thou shalt look up and see their hosts, newly freed from the hive, floating through the cloudless summer, and shalt marvel at the dark cloud that sails down the wind, 60 then mark them well; they are seeking always sweet waters and leafy bowers. On these sprinkle the savours I bid thee—bruised balm and the wax-flower's lowly blade: wake the jangling bells, and all around clash the cymbals of the Mother of Heaven. Unbidden they will settle on the 65 charmed branches, and unbidden they will hide them, as they wont, deep within their cradling cells.

But perchance their flight is to battle. For often discord enters with all her turmoil into the souls of two monarchs. And straight thou mayest presage from afar the spirit of 70 the commonalty, and how their hearts throb with the lust of war: for that martial note, as of the blatant clarion, fires the laggards, and a sound is heard that counterfeits the fitful trumpet-call. Then, all eagerness, they close; wings flash, beaks are whetted, and thews are prepared for the fray. Round the king and by his very pavilions they 75 gather in clouds, and thunder defiance to the enemy. Therefore, when they have gained a clear spring day and open lists, they sally forth from the gates. The mellay is joined, and the din of battle heard in the blue; mingled they roll into one huge globe, and headlong they fall. Not thicker the hail from the sky, not so dense the rain of acorns from 80 the shaken oak! Soaring on resplendent wing through the midmost battalions, the chieftains strain their mighty hearts

under those tiny breasts: so resolute they are never to
85 yield till the harsh victor have constrained either this host
or that to turn and flee. Yet all this tumult of soul and
all this savagery of conflict may be quelled and laid to rest
by the scattering of a little dust!

But when thou hast recalled the rival captains from the
stricken field, consign to death him who has been shown
for the worse, lest the prodigal prove a burden; and let
90 the better reign in undisputed palace. The one will be
refulgent in rugged mail of gold. For there are two sorts:
the first, and better, of noble port and ablaze in flashing
scales; the second, all sloth-bedraggled, and trailing in-
glorious a great breadth of paunch. And as the aspect of
95 the kings is twofold, so are the bodies of the commons.
For some are uncouth and unsightly, as the parched way-
farer when he comes from out a tall column of dust and
spits the earth from dry lips. Others gleam, and glance,
their glittering frames studded with orderly beads of gold.
100 And this is the choicer stock. From this, at the set season
of the year, thou shalt strain sweet honey—nor yet so sweet
as clear and apt to temper the harsh flavour of wine.

But when the swarms flit aimlessly, and disport themselves
in the sky, and condemn the comb, and leave their hearth
105 cold, be wise, and restrain their fickle spirit from the vanity
of play. Nor is the task arduous: pluck the wings from the
monarchs, and, when they linger, below none will venture
to assay the aery journey, or to tear the standards from
their encampment. Let there be gardens redolent of saffron
110 flowers to invite them, and let the warder of thieves and
birds, guardian Priapus, the Lampsacene, protect them with
his willow hook. Let him, to whom such charge falls, him-
self bear pine-trees and thyme from the hill-tops and plant

them everywhere round their home ; let him harden his hand with unflagging toil, and, unaided, plant fruitful herbs 115 and sprinkle kindly showers above them. And, in sooth, were I not even now hard by the bourne of my labours, in act to furl my sails and to turn my prow to the strand, perchance I might sing what care of tillage ennobles the teeming orchards—sing the twice-flowering rosaries of Paes-
tum ; how the endive rejoices in the stream it sips, and the 120 green banks in the parsley ; how the cucumber winds along the ground, and how it swells in girth. Nor then would I have passed in silence the late-blossoming narcissus, nor the bending acanthus and its pliant stem, nor the pallid ivy, nor the shore-loving myrtle. For I mind me that once 125 beneath the stately towers of Oebalia, where dark Galaesus waters his yellow fields, I saw a hoary Corycian swain, lord of a few acres of unclaimed soil, a domain too barren for the plough, unfitted for the flock, and ungracious to the vine. And yet, as he planted his pot-herbs here and there among 130 the bushes, with white lilies, and vervain, and fine-grained poppies about them, he matched in contentment the riches of kings, and, plodding homeward in the shades of evening, piled his board with unbought dainties. He was first to pluck the roses in spring and the apples in autumn ; and when winter's rigour was still bursting rocks with the cold 135 and bridling running waters with ice, already he was cutting the soft hyacinth's bloom, with many chidings for the lazy summer and laggard zephyrs. Therefore he was still the first to have store of teeming bees and swarms in abundance, and to press frothing honey from the hard-squeezed comb. 140 His lime-trees and pines were ever luxuriant, and all the fruits that his generous tree donned in its early blossoming, it kept in the ripeness of autumn. So, too, the elms were

145 old and the pear hard, the thorn already hung with its sloes,
and the plane already ministering his shade to the wine-
bibber, ere he planted them in array. But I, cabined in
these narrow limits, must pass this theme and leave it to
be sung by them that shall follow me.

Come now and I will expound the genius of the bee, gift
150 of Jove himself—that boon for which they followed the ring-
ing music and clashing bronzes of the Curetes, and fed the
King of Heaven under a cave of Crete. Of all creatures they
alone possess their children in common, dwell in a city where
each house is the house of all, and live their days under the
155 majesty of law: alone they acknowledge a country, and an
abiding home, and in summer, mindful of the winter to come,
have recourse to toil and store their gains for the common
good. For some oversee the provender, and, under settled
covenant, labour in the fields; part, within the confines of
160 their dwelling, lay the first foundation of their comb—tears
from the narcissus, viscous gum from the bark—and anon
hang the roof with binding wax; others march forth the
young manhood, hope of the nation to be, and yet others
press honey most pure, and fill full the cells of clear nectar.
165 On some the lot has fallen to be warders at the gate, and
these observe, each in his turn, the showers of heaven and
the clouds, or take up the burdens of such as enter, or form
in array and cast out the drones and their idle bands from
the homestead. The work grows fervent, and the scented
170 honey is redolent of thyme. And even as when the Cyclops
make speed to fashion their thunderbolts from the ductile
ore, some with ox-hide bellows draw in and expel the blasts,
others plunge the hissing bars in the lake, and Aetna groans
under the anvils heaped upon her; while the smiths, one
by one, raise their mighty arms in rhythm, and turn the

iron with gripping tongs—so, if it be meet to compare 175
small with great, an inborn love of possession spurs on the
Attic bees, each after its office. The aged have charge of
the towns, to fortify the comb and to design the strange-
wrought houses, but the younger generation betake them
home, late and weary, with thighs all laden with thyme. 180
They feed on the arbuté at large and the pale willow and
the casia, on the blushing crocus, the rich lime, and the
dusk hyacinth. There is one season for all to rest from toil,
and one season to labour. At dawn they swarm from the
gates, tarrying unknown ; and again when the evening-star 185
has warned them that the hour is come to depart from the
meadows and their pasturings, then, nor earlier, they seek
their hive and refresh their frames : and a great murmuring
arises as they hum round the gates and crevices. Soon, when
they have laid them to rest in their chambers, silence reigns
for the night, and the weary limbs surrender to their beloved 190
sleep. Nor yet, if rain impend, do they stray far from their
shelter, or put faith in the heavens when eastern gales are
abroad, but, safe under the shadow of their city-walls, visit
the surrounding waters and venture on brief excursions ;
and often they raise little pebbles, as the rocking barques
take up ballast when the waves are heaving, and with the 195
aid of these balance themselves through the unsubstantial
clouds.

Thou wilt marvel that this law should hold among the
bees—that they neither yield themselves to love nor
experience the languors of passion, nor travail to the birth,
but of themselves gather their children in their mouths
from leaves and sweet herbs, of themselves replenish the 200
royal line and the little burghers of their Rome, and renew
their palaces and waxen empire. Often, moreover, they

bruise their wings, as they wander among the rough stones,
and of free will render up their lives under the load—so
205 deep their love of the flowers and their glory in the creation
of honey. Therefore, though narrow their own span and
speedy the end that awaits them—for after the seventh
summer they see no more!—yet the race abides immortal,
the star of their house sets not through many years, and
grandsire's grandsire is numbered in the roll. More, neither
210 Egypt and great Lydia, nor the tribes of Parthia and Median
Hydaspes, so reverence their king. While the king is secure,
his people have but one mind. When the king is lost, his
lieges break faith, their own hands tear down the columns
of honey they reared, and they break the latticed comb.
215 He is the guardian of their toils; he is the theme of their
wonderings; round him they all gather in cheering crowds,
and circle him with serried guards. And often they raise
him on their shoulders, and for his sake commit their bodies
to the chances of war, and court a glorious death through
the showering wounds.

Guided by these tokens and these instances, some have
220 taught that the bees have share in the divine soul and breathe
the ether of heaven: for they hold it truth that God pervades
all things, earth and the ocean wastes and the skyey
deep: that from Him the cattle in their herds, with man
and every tribe of the wilds, draw, each at birth, the fleeting
225 spirit of life; that to Him in due course all is restored and,
unmade, returns to the Maker; nor is there any place for
death, but every life takes wing to be numbered as a star,
and ascends the empyreal heights.

If ever thou wilt break through their straitened abode
and the hoarded honey in their treasure houses, first besprinkle thy mouth, rinse it with a draught of water, and

stretch forth in thy hand the persecuting smoke. Twice 230
men gather the teeming produce: two are the seasons of
harvest; either so soon as Taygete the Pleiad has shown
her fair face to the earth, and spurned beneath her foot the
despised streams of Ocean, or when she flees before the sign
of the watery Fish, and descends from heaven—a sadder
maid—into the wintry waves. 235

Their ire knows no bounds: outraged, they breathe poison
into every bite, fix upon the veins, leave their stings behind,
and lay down a life for every wound. But if thou fear the
harshness of winter and take thought for the future, and
compassionate their bruised spirits and shattered fortunes,— 240
yet who would doubt to smoke them with thyme and to cut
away the untenanted wax? For often the newt, undetected,
preys upon the comb, or their chambers are thronged by
the beetle—that foe to the light—and the unlabouring
drone seats him at another's board. Often the savage hornet 245
battles through their ill-matched arms, or the moths enter—
pestilent race!—and the spider, abhorred of Minerva, drapes
the portals in her loose toils. But greater the waste, and more
fiery the zeal wherewith they will strain, one and all, to
build anew the ruins of their fallen people, filling full the
tiers of cells, and weaving their granaries from the heart of 250
flowers.

But, since, even with the bee, life has for dower the ills
of humanity, should their limbs languish in the grip of
disease—and this thou shalt be able to learn at once by tokens
undoubted; for the sick straight change hue, an ill-favoured
leanness mars their aspect, and soon they are bearing forth 255
from the homestead the bodies of their departed brethren
and leading the sad procession—if, then, sickness is with
them, either they hang clustered in the gateway, foot linked

to foot, or they close their house and linger within, all listless
through hunger and benumbed by the coldness that has
260 come upon them. Then a note, deeper than uses, may be
heard, and long-drawn murmurings—such a sound as when
the chill South is sighing in the woods, the troubled sea
shrieking with its baffled waves, or the fierce flames chafing in
their pent-house. Then I would urge thee to kindle fragrant
265 gum and to convey them honey in channels of reed, en-
couraging them withal, and inviting the weary to their
familiar food. It will be well, moreover, to admingle
bruised savours of gall, and withered roses, must thickened
on a great fire, or dried clusters from the Psithian vine,
270 with thyme from the fields of Cecrops and pungent
centaury. Further, there grows a flower in the meadows,
which the countryman styles *amellus*. An easy herb it is
for the searcher to find : for from a single sod it lifts a verit-
able wood of foliage—golden itself, though, in the petals,
275 that wanton numberless around it, purple gleams under
the violet's dusk. Often its woven garlands deck the altars
of heaven ; its flavour is bitter in the mouth ; and the
shepherds pluck it in close-cropped valleys, or by the winding
streams of Mella. Then take its roots, seethe them in
scented wine, and set them in full baskets by the doorway
280 for their food.

But if suddenly the whole brood fails its owner, and
he has not whence to derive the seed of a new generation,
then the time is come to reveal the famed device of the
Arcadian master, and the mode whereby, time and again,
285 the rotting blood of slaughtered oxen has engendered
bees.—I will unfold the tale in its fullness and from its
earliest fount. For where the happy peoples of Pellaeon
Canopus dwell by the still waters of the flooded Nile, and

sail in painted barges about their fields—where the confines
of quivered Persia draw nigh, and the stream, that has 290
travelled unbroken from the swart Aethiop, rushes onward
to issue in seven diverse mouths and to gladden the verdant
plains of Egypt with its dark sands, there all the countryside
rests sure hope of deliverance upon this device. First a place
is chosen—small in itself, and straitened for its especial 295
service. This they cover with a little roof of tiles, and with
close-set walls, and add four windows looking to the four
winds, so that the light breaks through aslant. Then
a bullock is sought, on whose forehead the horns of his
second summer are beginning to curl: struggle as he will, 300
either nostril is sewn up, and the breath of his mouth im-
prisoned; last, they beat him till he dies, and crush his
bruised flesh through the still unbroken skin. Thus they
leave him laid in the pent-house, strewing beneath his
flanks broken boughs, thyme, and fresh casia. All this they do
when the Zephyrs begin to urge the waves—before ever the 305
meadows blush in their novel hues, and before the chattering
swallow hangs her nest from the rafters. Meantime the
moisture warms in the softened bones and begins to seethe:
strange creatures of marvellous sort, footless at the first, soon
with humming wings as well, arise in swarms, and venture 310
further and further upon the light air, till they burst forth,
like rain breaking from the summer clouds, or shafts sped
from the string when the fleet Parthian enters on the prelude
of battle!

Say, ye Muses, say what god wrought this device for us! 315
Whence took this new-found knowledge of man its rise?
Shepherd Aristaeus, as he fled from Tempe and the vales of
Peneus, with all his bees (fame tells) reft by sickness and
hunger, stayed his sorrowful steps by the hallowed fount

320 at the river's head, and, with many a plaint, called thus
upon her that bare him : ' Mother mine, mother Cyrene,
thou that dwellest in the depths of this flood, say, why didst
thou give me birth from the glorious line of Heaven—if, in
sooth, my sire be that Thymbraean Apollo whom thou
vauntest—only to be the mock of fate? Whither is banished
325 thy love for me? Why didst thou bid me hope for Heaven?
Lo, even this glory of my mortality, which the watchful
care of harvest and herd scarce won for me, though I made all
trial, I must needs renounce, spite of thy motherhood !
Nay, come, and if such weariness of my honour be upon
thee, uproot my fruitful woods with thine own hand ; bear
330 the hostile flame against my stalls, destroy my crops, burn
the fruits I sowed, and wield the strong axe against my
vines ! '

But his mother was aware of the cry, as she sat in that
chamber of the unplumbed river. About her were the
335 Nymphs, spinning fleeces of Miletus, deep-dyed in the hue
of glass—Drymo and Xantho, Ligeia, and Phyllodoce, with
bright locks streaming over snowy shoulders ; Cydippe and
340 fair-haired Lycorias (virgin the one, fresh from her travail
the other) ; Clio and Beroe, her sister, daughters of Ocean
both, both arrayed in gold, and both in painted skins ;
Ephyre and Opis, and Asian Deiopea, and fleet Arethusa,
her arrows laid aside at last. Among them Clymene told of
345 Vulcan's unavailing care, of the War-god's wiles, and the sweets
of his stolen joys, while, from Chaos onward, she rehearsed
the infinite loves of Heaven. But while, witched by the
song, they rolled the soft wool from their spindles, again
the wail of Aristaeus smote upon his mother's ear, and all
350 were aghast on their crystalline thrones. Yet, first of the
sisterhood, Arethusa lifted her fair head above the brim of

the flood, and cried from far : ‘ O sister Cyrene, not vain was thy terror at the loud lament ! Thine own son Aristaus, the beloved of thy heart, stands weeping in sorrow by the wave of Father Peneus, and calls out on thee by 355 name for thy cruelty.’ To her the mother, her soul smitten by sudden fear : ‘ Bring him, go bring him to us ; he is worthy to touch the threshold of a god !’ And, with the word, she bade the deep streams betake them afar, that so the youth might find a path to lead his feet to her presence : 360 and straight the waves, arched to the semblance of a mountain, received him in their great gulf and guided him beneath the river. And now, marvelling at his mother’s home and her watery empire, at the lakes prisoned in caverns and the echoing forests, he went his way, and, dazed by the mighty 365 flow of waters, viewed in their several stations all those rivers that glide under the broad earth—Phasis and Lycus, the spring whence deep Enipeus first breaks forth, the fount of father Tiber, of Anio’s currents, of Hypanus roaring over the rocks, of Mysian Caicus, and of him of the gilded horns 370 and bull’s head—Eridanus, fiercest of all the streams that flow through the generous plains down to the purple sea. Soon, when he reached the chamber with its pumice-hung roof, and Cyrene knew the tale of her son’s idle tears, the 375 sisters duly offered him of their clear springs, to lave his hands withal, and brought him towels of close-shorn nap. Part piled the board with the feast, and ministered brimming goblets : the altars flared with Panchaeian fires, and his mother cried : ‘ Lift the beakers of Lydian wine ! Pour we 380 an offering to Ocean !’ And she prayed withal to Ocean’s universal fatherhood and the sister Nymphs, who guard a hundred forests and a hundred streams. Thrice with clear nectar she sprinkled the glowing altar : thrice the flame

- 385 leapt forth to the summit of the roof, and shone again.
Then, with this omen to fortify her spirit, she began :—
‘ In Neptune’s Carpathian flood dwells a seer, azure
Proteus, who traverses the great deep in fish-drawn chariot
behind a team of twy-footed steeds. At this hour he
390 revisits the havens of Thessaly and his native Pallene.
Him we Nymphs revere, and aged Nereus himself : for the
seer has knowledge of all things—what is, what has been,
and what draws nigh and shall be here anon—for so it
seemed good to Neptune, whose uncouth herds and foul
395 seals he pastures beneath the wave. Him, my son, take thou
first in chains, that he may unfold to thee all the cause of
the sickness, and prosper its issue. For, save by force, he
will vouchsafe no precept ; and thou shalt not bend him
by prayer. Force and chains be the warders of thy captive !
400 On these his guile will shatter in vain.—Myself I will guide
thee—when the sun has kindled his noontide fires, and the
grass is athirst, and the shade is pleasantest to the cattle—
to the greybeard’s retreat, whither he hies him weary from
the waves, that so thou mayest assail him with ease as he
405 lies in slumber. But when thou shalt hold him in the grip
of hand and chain, straight manifold shapes will mock thee,
and figures as of wild beasts. For suddenly he will change to
a bristled boar, to a deadly tiger, a scaly serpent, or tawny-
necked lioness : or, perchance, he will burst into the fierce
roaring of fire, and thus glide through thy toils, or melt into
410 fleeting water and vanish from sight. But the more he shall
change himself into every form, the faster, my son, do thou
draw the fetters, till he shall transmute his body, and be
such as thou beheldest when he closed his eyes to the coming
sleep ! ’

415 She spoke, and shed abroad the liquid fragrance of

ambrosia, and anointed all the frame of her son therewith :
and straightway a sweet effluence breathed from his ordered
locks, and a supple vigour entered his limbs.—There is a vast
cavern in the side of a sea-worn mountain (at times a haven
most sure to the tempest-driven mariner), whither many
a wave is urged by the wind, then parts, and threads the 420
winding inlets. Within, Proteus shields him behind the
rampart of an enormous rock. Here the Nymph set her son
in ambush, away from the light, and herself stood afar in
a veil of clouds. And now the fierce Dog-star, parching the
thirsty Indian, was blazing in Heaven, and the flaming Sun 425
had accomplished half his circle ; the herbs were withering,
and the rays were scorching and baking the channeled rivers
in their waterless gorges down to the very slime, when
Proteus came marching from Ocean, in quest of his familiar
grot. Around him the watery denizens of the great deep 430
leapt and flung abroad the bitter spray. His seals laid them
down to sleep, scattered over the shore : he—like the warder
of some sheep-fold on the hill, when Vesper guides his steers
from pasture to stall, and the cry of his bleating lambs whets 435
the hunger of the wolf—sate him down on a rock in the
midst, and told their numbers. But, now that Aristaeus
could work his will, he scarce suffered the aged god to com-
pose his limbs, ere he dashed shouting upon him, and bound
him in fetters where he lay. On his part, the seer forgot 440
not his wizardry, but changed him into all portentous forms
that are—into flame, into a hideous beast, and into a flowing
river. Yet, when all his craft availed not to compass flight,
vanquished he returned to himself, and at last spoke with the
voice of man : ‘ Say,’ he cried, ‘ boldest of youths, who bade 445
thee invade our home ? Or what seekest thou hence ? ’ But
he : ‘ Proteus, thou knowest ; of thyself thou knowest, nor

can aught escape thee. But resign thy will to deceive ! We followed the counsel of Heaven, when we came hither to seek from thee an oracle to restore our weary fortunes.'

450 Thus far he said. On this the seer, with fierce vehemence, at length rolled on him eyes that blazed with a steely light, and, heavily gnashing his teeth, thus opened his lips to the words of Fate :—

'It is none other than a god whose wrath assails thee : great is the crime thou atonest ! Orpheus, the guiltless, the
455 hapless, arouses the sleeping vengeance against thee—save Destiny stay his hand—and hotly he rages for his reft bride. She, in sooth, the death-doomed maid, while she thought to 'scape thee along the stream, saw not the serpent at her feet, as he lay in the tall grass, keeping ward above
460 the river-brim. But her sister-band of Dryads filled the mountain-tops with their cries. The towering crags of Rhodope wept, and the Pangæan summits, and Rhesus' land, the War-god's home. And the Getae wept, and the Hebrus, and Actian Orithyia. But he, striving the while to soothe his love-sick heart with music from the hollow shell, sang,
465 sweet wife, of thee. Of thee he sang, alone with the desert shore ; of thee when the day drew nigh, and of thee when the day went down. He entered the jaws of Taenarus itself, entered the lofty portals of Dis, the grove that is dim with a horror of darkness, and took his way to the land of the dead, to the king of terrors, and to those hearts that
470 know not pity for human prayer. But, stirred by the strains, up from the lowest depths of Erebus thronged the unsubstantial shades and the ghosts of them that sit in darkness. In their thousands they came—many as the birds that hide under the leaves, when evening-star or winter-shower drives them from their hills Mothers and men were there, and

great-hearted heroes who had done with life ; boys and 475
maids unwed ; and youths that were laid on the pyre before
their parents' eyes. But now round them all the black
slime and hideous reeds of Cocytus, and the unlovely pools
with their sluggish waters, draw their chains ; and Styx
with nine-fold stream winds between, and makes their keep
sure.

480

‘ And amazement filled even the halls of death ; it filled
the abysses of Hell, and the Furies with livid serpents twined
in their locks. Cerberus stood agape, and his triple jaws
forgot to bark. The wind grew still, and the whirling of
Ixion's wheel was stayed.

‘ And now, on his homeward path, he had left all perils 485
behind him, and Eurydice regained was nearing the upper
air, as she followed in his steps—for so had Proserpine
ordained—when a sudden madness seized the lover's un-
guarded heart, madness that had merited forgiveness did Hell
know how to forgive ! For he stayed his foot, and, on the
very verge of the light, heedless, alas, and fordone in soul, 490
looked back on his Eurydice. And forthwith was all his toil
spilt as water ! Broken was the relentless tyrant's pact,
and thrice they heard the thunder rolling on the pools of
Avernus. And she : “ What is it, Orpheus ? What,” she
cried, “ this folly so dire that has ruined my ill-starred self 495
and thee ? Hark, once more the cruel fates call me back,
and sleep veils my swimming eyes ! And now farewell ! I am
swept away in the covering of a great gloom, stretching my
strengthless hands to thee—thine, alas, no more ! ” She said ;
and as a wreath of smoke fades into air, instant she vanished
from his sight and saw him not again—how he clutched 500
in vain at the shadows, and left many a half-framed word
unsaid—and never more did Hell's ferryman suffer him to

pass the waters that rolled between. What could he do?
Whither could he go, now that his wife was reft again?
505 What tears of his could move the dead? Or what prayers
the nether gods? Already Eurydice was cold, and floating
in the Stygian barque!

‘Seven livelong months, men tell, he sat beneath a star-
pointing cliff, and wept to himself by the solitary Strymon’s
wave, told his tale to the icy stars, charmed the tiger, and
510 drew the oak to follow his song: even as the nightingale,
sorrowing beneath the poplar’s shade, wails her ravished
brood that some churlish ploughman has espied, then torn
the callow fledglings from their nest; but she weeps all night
through, and, perched on some spray, tunes her melancholy
515 note, filling the countryside with her anguished lament.

‘No light-of-love, no marriage-song, bent his mind.
Through the frozen North, along the icy Tanais, and the
fields ever wedded to Rhipaeian snows, he paced alone,
mourning his lost Eurydice and the bootless gifts of Dis;
520 till at last the Ciconian matrons whom he scorned for this
tribute’s sake, in the midst of their sacred rites and the
midnight orgies of Bacchus, tore the youth limb from limb,
and flung him over the far-spread plains. And even when
Oeagrian Hebrus was tossing in his midmost current that
head plucked from its marble shoulders, the disembodied
525 voice and the tongue, now cold for ever, called with de-
parting breath on Eurydice—ah, hapless Eurydice! And,
all along the stream, the banks called back *Eurydice*.’

Thus Proteus; and at a bound plunged into the deep,
and, where he plunged, lashed the waves into foam from
beneath the eddy. But not so Cyrene; for straight she
530 spoke to her trembling son: ‘Child, thou mayest unburden
thy soul of the care that troubles it. This is the sole cause

of the sickness; and hence it is that the Nymphs, with whom she tripped it in the deep groves, have sent this pitiful scourge on thy bees. Offer thou a suppliant's gifts, sue for peace, and do homage to the mild forest-maids: 535 for they will vouchsafe pardon to thy prayers, and remit their wrath. But first I will show thee in order what shall be the manner of thy worship. Choose four goodly bulls of surpassing form, that now amid thy herds browse on the heights of green Lycaeus, and as many heifers of unyoked 540 neck. For these set up four altars by the stately shrines of the goddesses, and drain the sacrificial blood from their throats: but, for their bodies—leave them in the shady grove! And soon, when the ninth Dawn shall have displayed her beams, make thou offering of Lethaeon poppies to the 545 shades of Orpheus, slay a black ewe, and revisit the grove, and thou shalt find Eurydice appeased and honour her with the blood of a steer.'

He tarried not, but straightway did his mother's bidding—came to the shrine, raised the altars she commanded, thither led the four goodly bulls of surpassing form and as many 550 heifers of unyoked neck—and soon, when the ninth Dawn ushered in her beams, he made offering to the shades of Orpheus and revisited the grove. But there a sudden portent, strange beyond words, met the gaze—bees humming in the heart of the womb and through the molten entrails 555 of the oxen, breaking from the bruised flanks, and swarming in great clouds, to float anon to the topmost tree, and hang like the clustered grape from its bending boughs.

Thus have I striven to sing of the care of fields, of kine, and of trees, while great Caesar fulmines by the deeps of 560 Euphrates, assigning, in victorious march, laws to the willing nations, and assaying on earth the path to Heaven! In those

days, one Virgil rested on the bosom of sweet Parthenope
lapt in the arts of ignoble peace—even I who toyed with
565 shepherds' songs, and, with youth's boldness, sang, Tityrus,
of thee and the canopy of thy spreading beech !

AENEID

I

ARMS I sing, and the man, who first from the shores of Troy came, Fate-exiled, to Italy and her Lavinian strand—much buffeted he on flood and field by constraint of Heaven and fell Juno's unslumbering ire ; much suffering in war, withal, ere he could found him a city and bring his 5 gods to Latium ;—author of the Latin race, and the sires of Alba, and the walls of lofty Rome !

Sing, Muse, the cause ! Wherein was her godhead affronted, what anger was at her heart, that the Queen of Heaven drave a hero—the soul of piety—to wade through such 10 manifold disaster and encounter such manifold toil ? Can heavenly spirits cherish resentment so dire ?

There stood a city of old time—settlers from Tyre its habitants, Carthage its name—fronting Italy and Tiber's mouth from afar, rich in all wealth, and fiercest of the fierce in the pursuits of battle. This single town, they tell, Juno 15 favoured over all lands else—not Samos itself so dear. Here were her arms, here her chariot, and that here (did the Fates allow) should arise an empire of the world, was even then her celestial goal and the purpose of her heart. Yet had she heard that a line was springing from Trojan blood, which, in days to be, should overthrow her Tyrian towers, 20 and that from those loins should issue a nation broad-realmed, war-renowned, to the destruction of Libya : for

such the cycle the Sisters ordained ! This the child of Saturn feared, and still was mindful of the old war she waged aforetime under Troy-town for her beloved Argos ;
25 nor yet had the causes of her wrath, nor her hot resentment, faded from her soul. Deep-written in her heart the judgement of Paris remained, and the outrage to her slighted beauty, and that hated stock, and the glories of ravished Ganymede. Therefore, with this fuel for her flames, she drove the Trojans—poor relics of Grecian conquest and
30 a stern Achilles !—storm-tossed over all the main ; and far from Latium she held them, while for many a year they wandered, Fate-driven, about every sea. So vast was the struggle to found the Roman state !

Scarce out of view of Sicilian soil, glad-hearted they were spreading sail to the deep, their brazen prows lashing the
35 brine into foam, when Juno, cherishing the eternal canker at her heart, thus communed with herself : ‘ And am I vanquished ? Must I flinch from my settled purpose, and fail to turn this Teucrian king from Italy ? The Fates, forsooth, forbid me ! And Pallas could fire the Argive fleet,
40 and drown its crews fathom-deep, all for the sin of one and the frenzy of Oilean Ajax ! With her own hands she hurled Jove’s rushing bolt from the clouds, flung their vessels abroad, and upheaved the ocean-floor with her gales—seized the wretch in her whirlwind, as he yet gasped the flames
45 from his pierced breast, and impaled him on a jagged rock ! But I who move through Heaven, its empress, sister and wife of Jove, year after year wage war with a single people ! And is there one left to adore the deity of Juno ? or, henceforth, will any pay the suppliant’s homage upon her altars ? ’
50 With these thoughts surging the while in her fevered heart, the goddess came to Aeolia, home of the storm-

cloud—a region whose womb is rife with the wild southern blasts. Here, in his dreary cavern, king Aeolus lords it over rebellious winds and piping storms, and curbs them with chain and dungeon. Indignant they rave round their prison-walls, while the mountain murmurs in loud response: in 55 his citadel aloft sits Aeolus, sceptre in hand, chastening their spirit and taming their ire—else would they whirl, in their fleeting course, earth and sea and the cope of heaven, and sweep them through the void! But, in dread thereof, the Father omnipotent hid them in sunless caves and whelmed 60 them under mountains massy and tall. And a king he gave them, who should know, under settled covenant, to tighten their reins or loosen them at his bidding. To whom Juno then addressed her suit: ‘Aeolus—for to thee the Sire of 65 gods and King of men has granted power by thy winds to lay the waves and raise them—a nation that I loathe sails the Tuscan sea, bearing Ilium and its vanquished gods to Italy. Breathe fury into thy blasts; sink and overwhelm their ships; or drive them abroad and strew the deep with 70 their bodies! Twice seven Nymphs I have of radiant beauty, and the loveliest of all is Deiopea. Her I will join to thee in stable wedlock, and make her thine own for ever, that, for thy faithful service, she may live out her years at thy side and her fair children call thee father!’ 75

Then Aeolus: ‘Thine is the task, O queen, to explore thy will: for me it is meet that I do thy behest! Thou hast won me my little kingship, my sceptre, and a gracious Jove: thou hast given me to sit at the feasts of Heaven, and hast made me lord over storm-cloud and storm.’ 80

So said, he turned his spear against the hollow mountain, and smote on its side. Like legions of war, the gales poured through the opening gate, and swept their whirl-

winds across the earth. They fell upon the main, and all from its uttermost deeps they heaved it—East banded with
85 South, and South with the storm-fraught West—chasing the league-long waves to the strand. Straight rose a shouting of men, and a creaking of cables. Incontinent the clouds blotted sun and sky from the Teucrians' view, and midnight brooded over the sea. Thunder sounded from pole to pole,
90 the heavens glittered to the fast-flashing levin, and all things that are menaced the heroes with instant doom. At once Aeneas' limbs were loosened in the chill of fear; groaning he uplifted either palm to Heaven, and thus spoke: 'O happy, thrice and again, they whose lot it was to bleed
95 under the towers of Troy before their father's eyes! O Tydeus' son, bravest thou of the children of Greece, why might I not fall on the Ilian plains, and resign this spirit beneath thy right hand, there where mastered by the Aeacian spear fierce Hector lies low, with great Sarpedon at his
100 side, and Simois whirls under his rolling flood so many a shield and helm of the brave, so many a stout, heroic frame?'

As wildly he bewailed him, a squall howling from the North struck full on the sail, and tossed the surge to the stars. The oars shivered, the prow swung round, the side lay bare to the billows, and down there bore, all in a mass,
105 a mountain of water precipitous. Here the seamen hung on the crested wave, there the yawning flood shewed them earth betwixt the watery walls, and everywhere brine and sand raged commingled. Three vessels the South snatched and hurled on a lurking reef—that mid-ocean reef which Italy styles *The Altars*, a vast ridge scarce overtopping the
110 foam;—three the East drove from the deep, a sight for tears, to the shallows and quicksands, dashed them on the

shoals, and left them begirt with a rampart of sand. One, that convoyed the Lycians and trusty Orontes, a great sea, crashing from aloft, smote on the poop full before the chieftain's eyes. The helmsman was flung forth; headlong 115 he rolled into the main; and three circles his barque made in the self-same place, amid the swirling billows, then plunged beneath the dizzy eddy. Here and there in the wastes of ocean a swimmer was seen—weapons of war, planks of ships and treasure of Troy all broadcast over the flood!—And now the tempest had mastered the stout vessels of Ilioneus 120 and valiant Achates, with that wherein Abas sailed, and that which held the old Aletes: the bolts of their timbers were riven, and all, cracked and agape, were fast drinking in the fatal tide.

Neptune, meanwhile, grew ware that the deep was turmoiled with sullen roar, the tempest abroad, and the still 125 waters seething up from their nether pools. With quickening anger he heard, lifted his majestic brow above the brimming flood, and looked forth upon the main. He saw the fleet of Aeneas scattered over ocean, the Trojans whelmed under the billows and wrack of heaven, and the guile and wrath of Juno were plain to a brother's eye. East and West he 130 summoned to himself, then opened his lips: 'And rest ye such trust on your race? Is the hour come, when, sans my godhead, the winds dare embroil earth and heaven, and raise these watery mountains? Whom I—but better to calm the insurgent waves! In time to come ye shall atone me your 135 transgressions with other penalty. Flee and tarry not, and bear this word to your king: not on him did the lot confer the lordship of ocean and the dread trident, but on me! His empire is bounded by those dreary rocks—the home, Eurys, of thee and thine. In that palace let Aeolus vaunt 140

him, and there let him reign, but see that his dungeons be shut !’

He spoke, and—sooner than said—lulled the swollen waters, scattered the embattled clouds, and recalled the sun. Cymothoe, withal, and straining Triton tugged the
145 galleys from the jagged rock ; their master raised them with his trident, he opened the vast quicksands, he soothed the sea, and on light wheel skimmed the summit of the tide.—And as oft in some great concourse, when Sedition lifts her head and the nameless vulgar kindles to rage,—
150 when brands and stones are already flying, and fury ministers arms,—if they chance to behold a man of reverend goodness and worth, on the instant all are mute ; and about him they stand with listening ear, while he sways their spirit by his word and allays their passion :—even so sank all that tumult of ocean, when Father Neptune looked forth on the waves,
155 and, floating under a cloudless heaven, guided his steeds and flew onward, giving rein to his speeding car.

But Aeneas’ weary comrades made all effort to run to such strand as was nighest, and turned toward the Libyan coast. There, in a deep bay, is a roadstead, which an island
160 forms by its jutting sides. On those sides every wave from the deep breaks, then parts into the winding hollows : on this hand and that are vast rocks, and twin cliffs frowning to heaven ; and beneath their peaks, far and wide, the peaceful seas are silent. From the height hangs a background of
165 waving forests, and a grove of dim and tangled shadows. Under the fronting crags is a rock-hung cave—haunted by the Nymphs—and, within it, sweet water and seats from the living rock. Here no chains fether the wearied ships, and no anchor with crooked fang restrains them.—Hither
170 Aeneas came, with but seven ships mustered out of the full

tale. Yearning for their mother-earth, the Trojans landed. the long-hoped beach was theirs at last, and they laid their brine-drenched limbs on the sand. And first Achates struck a spark from the flint, nursed the fire in leaves, set dry fuel 175 around, and quickened the flame in tinder. Anon, weary and worn, they brought out their wheaten store, all marred by the billows, with the armoury of the mill, and set themselves to parch the rescued grain and bruise it under the stone.

Meanwhile Aeneas ascended the cliff and searched the 180 whole wide watery prospect, if perchance he might mark a storm-tossed Antheus with his Phrygian galley, or a Capys, or Caicus' arms on the stately poop. Not a ship met his view; only three stags, that strayed on the beach while all the herd followed in their rear—a long array browsing 185 through the vales. He halted, snatched his bow and winged shafts (loyal Achates bore the weapons), and first laid low the chieftains, high-headed with branching antlers, next the commonalty, and through the leafy woods drove the whole 190 rout in confusion before his arrows. Nor stayed he his victorious hand, till he had stretched on earth seven huge bodies, and the number tallied with his ships. Then, repairing to the haven, he apportioned them to his comrades. Next he allotted the wines, wherewith good Acestes 195 had laden his casks on the Sicilian strand (the hero's parting gift), and thus spoke comfort to their sorrowing hearts: 'Friends—for 'tis long since we made acquaintance with grief—friends, that have endured yet heavier blows, God will grant an ending even to this! Ye have looked on the rage of Scylla, and her hollow crags reverberant: ye have 200 braved the Cyclops' cliffs. Recall that spirit of yore; a truce to your doubts and fears! The day may dawn when

this plight shall be sweet to remember. Through manifold chances, through untold hazards, our way lies to Latium, 205 where Fate promises a home of peace. There Heaven wills that our Trojan realm should rise again! Then endure for a while, and live for a happier day!’

So he spoke, sick at soul under his weight of care, feigned hope on his brow, and stifled grief in his heart of hearts! 210 His men girt themselves to the quarry and the banquet to be, stripped the hides from the ribs, and bared the carcasses. Part carved the still quivering flesh, or pierced it with spits: part set cauldrons on the beach and supplied them with flames. Then all fell to and renewed their strength, couched 215 on the sward and sating themselves with old wine and rich venison. But when hunger had yielded to their feasting and the boards were removed, long-discoursing they yearned for their lost companions, hovering betwixt hope and fear—should they deem them to live, or to have suffered the last pang and to hear not the voice of the caller. But, more 220 than all, good Aeneas bemoaned his fallen friends—now bold Orontes, now Amycus, and now the cruel doom of Lycus, with Gyas the stout, and Cloanthus the brave.

And now all was ended, when Jove looked down from his ethereal height on the sail-set sea and its shores, on the 225 lowly lands and their broad peoples, and, looking, halted on the peaks of Heaven, and fixed his gaze on the kingdoms of Libya. And him, while such care exercised his soul, Venus bespoke, sadder than her wont, her starry eyes tear-dimmed: ‘O thou who governest, under sceptre eternal, the world of 230 men and of gods, and affrightest them with the thunderbolt, what sin so heinous could my Aeneas—could my Trojans—sin against thee? Yet, though so many a man hath bled, all the globe is shut against them for Italy’s sake! But surely

thy word went forth, that hence, as the years rolled onward,
Rome should arise, and that from Teucer's renascent line 235
should spring captains of war, to hold the sea and all lands
under their sway ! What counsel, sire, hath changed thee?
In this hope I found solace for fallen Troy and those tearful
ruins ; and ever I balanced fate against opposing fate : but
now the same fortune hounds my heroes through infinite 240
ill. What term, great king, dost thou set to their toils?
Antenor, escaped from the Argives' midst, availed to thread
the Illyrian gulfs, and to win unscathed past Liburnia's
inmost realms and the fount of Timavus, where, to the hill's
echoing roar, the sea bursts forth through nine mouths and 245
whelms the fields under its resonant flood. Here, spite of
all, he set his Patavian town and his Teucrian home, and
now, amid peace and calm, he rests and is still ; while we
thy children, we to whom thy nod has promised the citadel 250
of Heaven—oh the shame and sorrow !—our ships all lost
are betrayed for the anger of one, and sundered afar from
the shores of Italy ! And thus is piety honoured ? Thus
dost thou restore us to our kingship ? '

With a smile on that countenance wherewith he calms 255
sky and storm, the Sire of gods and men printed a father's
kiss on her lips, then spoke : ' Spare thy fears, Cytherea :
the fate of thy heroes remains thee unmoved. Thou shalt
see thy city and the promised walls of Lavinium. Thou
shalt bear aloft thy great-hearted Aeneas to the stars, nor 260
hath any counsel changed me ! He—for, if this care gnaws
at thy heart, I will speak and unroll the latest pages of
Destiny with their mysteries—he shall wage a great war in
Italy, and he shall bruise her fierce peoples : he shall give
laws to the nations, and he shall build walls to their cities,
till the third summer shall have seen him king in Latium, 265

and the third winter shall have viewed his camp since the Rutulians fell. But the child Ascanius, now named by another name *Iulus* (Ilus he was while the Ilian state stood and was a kingdom), shall fulfil in sovereignty thirty full circles of the sun, as the months roll onward; he shall
270 unseat his rule from Lavinium, and in might he shall strengthen Alba the Long. There for thrice an hundred years the crown shall be worn by Hector's people, till Ilia—priestess and queen—shall bear, to the loins of Mars, twin children. Then Romulus, exultant in tawny hide of the
275 fostering wolf, shall receive the nation, found the War-god's walls, and call his lieges by his own name—the *Romans*. For them, I set no bounds to their fortunes, nor any term of years: I have given them empire without ending. Nay,
280 Juno, that now wearies earth and sea and sky with her fears, for all her bitterness, shall change her counsels for the better, and, with me, cherish the Romans—lords of the world, people of the gown! Such is my pleasure. And the time shall come, as the lustres glide past, when the house of Assaracus shall hold in bondage Phthia and famed Mycenae,
285 and be lord over conquered Argos. A prince shall be born of the fair stock of Troy, that shall bound his empire by ocean, his fame by the stars—CAESAR of the Julian line, name inherited from great Iulus! Him, in days to be, secure thou shalt receive in Heaven, all burdened with the spoils
290 of the East; and men shall call on him also in their prayers. Then war shall be laid aside, and the harsh world soften to peace: white-headed Faith, and Vesta, and Quirinus, with brother Remus at his side, shall be lawgivers: the accursed gates of Battle shall be shut with iron bar and clenching bolt; and godless Frenzy shall sit within upon the weapons
295 of savagery—behind her either hand chained in a hundred

brazen bonds, shrieks issuing from those ghastly, bloody lips ! ’

So said, he sent down Maia’s son from above, that the lands and towers of nascent Carthage might open in welcome to the Teucrians, nor Dido drive them from her realm, unwitting of Fate. Through the ocean of air he sped upon 300 beating wing, and alighted incontinent on the Libyan strand. Quickly he did his errand, and the rugged Tyrian hearts softened at the will of Heaven ; and foremost their queen received a gentle spirit and gracious thoughts for Troy.

But good Aeneas pondered much through the night, and, 305 so soon as the kindly day was come, his resolve was made : he would go forth, explore the strange land, learn to what shores the wind had brought him, who their habitants—man or beast ; for waste was all he beheld !—then bring back sure intelligence to his comrades. His fleet he hid under a hollow rock amid overarching woods, encircled by 310 trees and tangled shadows, and himself walked abroad, Achates his sole companion, brandishing two steel-shod spears of broad point. In the heart of the forest his mother confronted him, wearing a maiden’s aspect and garb, and 315 a maiden’s arms : Spartan she might have been, or Thracian Harpalyce, when she outwearies her steeds and outstrips the fleet Hebrus in her course. For a huntress she seemed, and huntress-wise she had slung a light bow from her shoulder and given her locks for the winds to scatter : her knee was bare, and the waving folds of her kirtle were gathered in 320 a knot. And, first, ‘ Ho, warriors,’ she cried, ‘ if perchance ye have seen sister of mine roving here, girt with quiver and the fell of some spotted ounce, or calling her hounds hard on the heels of a foaming boar, show her to me ! ’

Thus Venus, and thus in answer the son of Venus began 325 ‘ No sister of thine have I seen or heard, maiden—but how

shall I style thee? For thine is no earthly face, and thy voice rings not of mortality! O goddess manifest!—sister of Phoebus? Nymph by line?—show thou grace to us, 330 lighten our toil, whosoever thou art, and teach us under what sky, in what regions of earth our stormy lot is cast! We are wanderers, witless of place and people, hither driven by the wind and dreary wave. Say, and many a victim shall fall before thy altars under our right hand.'

335 Then Venus: 'For me, I claim not such honour. We maidens of Tyre use to carry the quiver, and high on our ankles we bind the buskin of purple. Thou seest the realms of Carthage—Tyrian the people, Agenor's the city. But the country is Libya, a nation stubborn in war. Here Dido 340 holds sway, fled from Tyre to escape her brother. The tale of injury is long, long its windings, but for thee I will skim its summits.' She had a spouse, Sychaeus, whose domains were broadest in all Phoenicia. Him she loved with a great and disastrous love: for on him her father bestowed his virgin daughter, and wedded her to him in 345 those rites that she then first knew. But her brother Pygmalion swayed the sceptre of Tyre, a monster the blackest of mankind, and a frenzy came between the two kinsmen. For with traitorous steel, blinded by the lust for gold, godlessly he did the unwitting Sychaeus to death before the 350 altar, with never a thought for his sister's love. And for long he hid the deed, and, by many a wile, mocked the heart-sick, yearning wife with the shadow of hope. But the spectre of the tombless dead came itself in her dreams, uplifting her husband's countenance ghastly-pale, bared the 355 altars of cruelty and the sword-pierced breast, unveiled all the secret villany of the house, then bade her tarry not, but flee and go forth from her country, and drew out from

earth his old-time treasures—an untold weight of silver and gold—to speed her on the way. Dido, aghast, prepared for 360 flight and rallied her friends. All foregathered who loathed the tyrant either in savagery of hate or bitterness of fear. They seized upon a fleet that chanced to stand ready, and bore the wealth of covetous Pygmalion over the main,—a woman the head of their emprise. To these regions they came where now thou seest arise the giant ramparts and 365 citadels of nascent Carthage, and bought of the soil—Byrsa they called it in token thereof—so much as they could encircle in a bull-hide.—But, tell me, who are ye? From what shores are ye come? Or whither bend ye?’

She asked ; and thus with a sigh he answered, summoning 370 each word from the depths of his breast : ‘ O goddess, should I trace the tale from beginning to ending, and thou have leisure to hearken our annals of disaster, too soon would the star of eve close Olympus and lay the day to rest ! From ancient Troy—if Troy’s name hath been borne to thine 375 ears—we sailed over distant seas, till the random tempest drove us upon the shores of Libya. I am the good Aeneas whose fame overtops the stars. On board I bear my gods, rescued from the sword, and I seek my native Italy, and my forefathers, the begotten of Jove. With twice ten ships 380 I gat me on the Phrygian main : my goddess-mother showed the path, and I followed the oracles of Fate. Scarce seven, shattered by wind and wave are left to me ! Myself, unknown, unfriended, exiled of Europe and of Asia, I tread the Afric deserts.’

No farther Venus endured his wail, but, in his mid-tide 385 of grief, broke in on him : ‘ Whosoever thou art, methinks, not unloved of Heaven thou drawest the breath of life, since thou art come to this Tyrian city. Only go thy way,

and betake thee hence to the threshold of the queen. For, save my parents were false, and vain the augury they taught
390 me, I tell thee of comrades returned and a recovered fleet swept into safety by veering gales. Look on those twelve swans and their joyful train: but now the bird of Jove, stooping from the regions of air, chased them in rout across the open firmament; now, thou seest, in long array, either
395 they choose their ground, or—the choice already made—gaze down upon it. Even as they return glad-hearted, and, flocking, circle the sky and sing, so thy barques and the company of thy friends are either safe in port or entering
400 its mouth with bellied sail. Do thou but go thy way, and turn thy steps where the path shall lead thee!’

She said, and, as she turned away, flashed on him with roseate neck. From her head her ambrosial tresses breathed a fragrance celestial, her raiment fell waving to her feet,
405 and the goddess indubitable was revealed in her step. He, when he knew her for his mother, followed her vanishing form with pursuant voice: ‘Why, cruel with the rest, mockest thou thy son these many times with counterfeited semblance? Why may we never clasp hand in hand, and hear and speak the words of truth?’—He made his plaint,
410 and bent his way to the ramparts. But Venus shrouded them, as they went, in a mist of darkness, and, with celestial power, shed round them a great mantle of cloud, that none might see them, none lay hand upon them, nor any man question the cause of their coming and beget delay. Herself
415 she fled on high to Paphus, and, glad in heart, reviewed the home of her love, where her temple stands and a hundred altars glow with Sabaeen frankincense and breathe the perfume of fresh-twined garlands.

Meantime, with the path for guide, they hastened on

their way. And now they were scaling the hill, that lowers giant-like over the city, and gazes from its pinnacle on the 420 fronting towers below. Aeneas marvelled at the vast structures,—huts erewhile,—marvelled at the gates, at the din, and at the paved highways. Hotly the Tyrians were pressing their toil : part raised walls, laboured at the citadel, and, by force of hand, rolled up rocks to the summit ; part chose the ground for their dwellings, and enclosed it by a furrow. 425 Here were workers hollowing out a roadstead ; there others, laying the theatre's deep foundation, and hewing from the cliff great columns—stately ornaments of the stage to be ! Such the tasks that employ the bees in the flower-spangled meadows when summer is new, when they march forth the 430 young manhood of the race, or press the liquid honey, and fill the distended cells with nectarous sweets ; or receive the burdens of them that enter, or, in battled array, cast out the drones and their idle bands from the homestead, 435 while all is fervent with toil and the fragrant honey is redolent of thyme. ‘ O happy they, whose walls are already rising ! ’ cried Aeneas, and lifted his eyes to the city-towers. Cloud-veiled he entered—wondrous to tell!—into their midst, and mingled with the throng, yet was seen by none. 440

In the heart of the town there stood a grove of luxuriant shade, marking that site where the wave-worn, storm-tossed Tyrians first dug forth the sign that imperial Juno foreshowed—the head of a gallant steed, in token that so should their people be valiant in battle, and their life unstinted 445 throughout the ages ! Here Sidonian Dido was rearing a vast temple to Juno, dowered with abundant offerings and the especial presence of her deity. The steps led upward to a threshold of brass ; brass-bound were the posts, and the hinges creaked under brazen doors. In this grove

450 a vision was first vouchsafed to charm fear away : here
Aeneas first dared to hope salvation, and rest a surer trust
on his darkened star ! For while he swept his gaze round
all in the ample shrine, till the queen should come,—while,
with inward wonder, he mused on the gracious destiny of
455 the city, on the bands of craftsmen, and their toil-fraught
works, he descried the battles of Ilion ranged scene upon
scene, and all the wars that Fame, even in that day, had
blazoned through the ends of earth,—Atreus' sons, and
Priam, and Achilles, the feared of both. He stayed his
foot, and, 'Achates,' he cried, 'is there any place, is there
460 any land of all the lands, that is not yet rife with our tale
of sorrow? Lo, here is Priam ! Even here, virtue hath her
rewards, and mortality her tears : even here, the woes of
man touch the heart of man ! Dispel thy fears ; this fame
of ours is herald to some salvation.' He said, and sated his
soul with the barren portraiture ; and oft he sighed, and his
465 cheeks were wet with the welling floods. For here he saw
the Greeks, that warred round Pergamus, driven in rout,
with Troy's warrior-youth hard upon them : ' and there
Phrygia fled, and plumed Achilles followed fast in his car.
Nor far away, weeping he saw the pavilions of Rhesus, and
470 their snowy canvas, betrayed by the first hour of sleep, and
Tydeus' son, red from a great carnage, laying them waste
and driving the fiery steeds to his camp, ere they could taste
the grass of Troy and drink of Xanthus. Elsewhere Troilus
fled—ill-starred boy, that fronted Achilles with unequal
475 arm !—His weapons were lost ; his coursers whirled him on,
as he clung, face upturned, behind the chariot, yet still
clutched at the reins, while his neck and hair trailed along
the plain, and the dust was scored by his inverted spear !
Meantime the daughters of Ilion were moving to the shrine

of an unpropitious Pallas. Suppliant and sad, with tresses 480
dishevelled and hands beating on breasts, they bore the
Robe: but the goddess was turned from them, and her
eyes were fixed on earth.—Thrice round the ramparts of
Troy had Achilles whirled Hector, and was bartering his
breathless clay for gold. Then deep, in truth, was the sigh 485
that arose from the hero's heart of hearts, when he saw the
spoils, saw the chariot, saw the very corpse of his friend, and
Priam outstretching his weaponless hands to the slayer! Him-
self, too, he knew, mingled in the mellay amid the Achæan
van; and he knew the embattled East, and the arms of
swarthy Memnon. Last, wild Penthesilea led her Amazon
hosts with their crescent-shields. In the midmost thousands 490
she raged, one naked breast bound with circlet of gold,—a queen
and warrior, a maiden that braved the battle against men.

While Dardan Aeneas looked and wondered, while spell-
bound he stood, rooted motionless in one set gaze, queen 495
Dido moved in radiant loveliness to the fane, a great throng
of banded youths encircling her. Such as Diana is, when,
on Eurotas' banks or along the peaks of Cynthus, she leads
the dance, and a thousand attendant Oreads muster on either 500
hand; but she, the quiver on her shoulder, towers, at every
step, over the goddesses all, while Latona's mute heart is
thrilled with joy:—even such was Dido, and so she gaily
moved through the throng, intent on her labours and the
empire to be. Then, in the sacred portals, under the 505
temple's central dome, she took her seat, fenced with steel
and enthroned on high. Thence she meted justice and
laws to her lieges, adjusted their burdens of toil in due
proportion, or assigned it by the lot, when, lo, in the heart
of a great concourse, Aeneas saw approaching Antheus, and
Sergestus, and stout Cloanthus, with other of his Teucrians, 510

whom the black whirlwind had scattered over ocean and swept far away to diverse shores. In amazement he stood—and in amazement Achates stood—under the shock of joy and fear. Eagerly they burned to clasp hand in hand; but
515 the mystery unread perturbed their souls. Therefore they dissembled, and, draped in the sheltering cloud, looked forth to learn what fortune was with their friends, on what strand they had left their fleet, and wherefore they came: for, the chosen of every vessel, they advanced to sue for grace, and amid clamour repaired to the shrine.

520 So soon as they had gained entrance, and audience was granted before the throne, Ilioneus, their eldest, began with unruffled breast: ‘O queen, whom Jove hath willed to found a new city and to bridle the proud peoples with law, we—ill-starred sons of Troy, whom the winds have borne
525 over every sea,—prefer our prayer: ward the dreadful flames from our ships! We are come not to waste with the sword the homes of Libya, nor to drive the prey we have reft to the strand. Such fierceness fits not our hearts, nor such insolence the vanquished! There is a country that
530 Greece styles Hesperia, an immemorial land, strong in battle and rich of soil. Oenotrians were they that held it: now, Fame tells, a new generation has named the country with the name of their leader—*Italy*. Thither we voyaged, when
535 stormy Orion rose with a sudden swell and swept us upon the ambushed shoals. And afar he scattered us, over billows and trackless rocks, with his boisterous gales and the tyrannous seas, till hither we drifted—a poor remnant—to thy shores. What race of men is this? What home of savagery smiles
540 on these dealings? They deny us the bare welcome of the sand: they unsheathe the sword, and forbid us to plant foot on the verge of their soil! But if ye condemn the

children of men and the arms of mortality, yet bethink you of the gods—that they will forget neither the good nor the evil ! We had a king, Aeneas, peerless in justice and goodness, 545 as in the weapons of war. If him the Fates have preserved, if he breathes the air of heaven, and lies not yet in the unpitying ghostly realm, then we fear not : nor shall it rue thee that thou wert foremost in the strife of courtesy. In the fields of Sicily, also, there are cities and swords, and a prince of Trojan line—Acestes the glorious ! Grant us to 550 beach our wind-buffed barques, to shape us planks in thy forests, and to strip boughs for our oars, that so, if it shall be ours to sail for Italy with king and comrades recovered, to Italy and Latium we may fare, glad of heart ; but, if our salvation be cut off, and thou—oh noble soul, father 555 of Teucer’s people !—if the Libyan main possess thee, and the hope of Iulus be no more, then we may seek at least the Sicilian seas, whence we bore hitherward, and the mansions prepared for us, and king Acestes !’

Thus Ilioneus, and all the Dardans, with one voice, cried 560 assent.

Then Dido made response, briefly and with eyes down-cast : ‘Men of Troy, unburden your hearts of fear ; lay aside your cares ! Harsh necessity and the infancy of my realm constrain me to use such caution, and to set watch and ward through the breadth of my boundaries. Who could be stranger to the fāme of Aeneas’ people, to Troy 565 town, her heroes and their deeds, and the flames of that great war ? Our Tyrian breasts are not so sluggish, and the Day yokes not his steeds so far from our Tyrian city ! Whether broad Hesperia and the fields of Latium shall be your choice, or whether the region of Eryx, and king Acestes, 570 I will send you forth safe under my guard, and I will aid

you of my wealth. Or will ye settle, peers with me, in this kingdom of mine? The city I build me is yours! Beach your ships: Trojan or Tyrian—all shall be one in my sight. And would that your king had been driven with you by
575 one and the self-same gale, and Aeneas were here! Yet will I send faithful messengers through my coasts, and bid them scour the ends of Libya, if it chance that he wanders an outcast in forest or town.'

With spirit exalted by her words, brave Achates and
580 father Aeneas long had burned to break forth from their cloud; and first Achates addressed Aeneas: 'Goddess-born, what counsel now stirs in thy soul? Thou seest that all is safe,—thy fleet and thy comrades restored! But one is wanting; and him our own eyes saw engulfed: all else
585 tallies with thy mother's word.' Scarce had he spoken, when suddenly the investing cloud disparted and was purged into the open sky, and in its place stood Aeneas, glittering in the lucent day, godlike in aspect and frame: for the mother had breathed on her son, and his locks were beauti-
590 ful; he was clad in the rosy light of youth, and his eyes were lustrous and glad:—as when the artist-hand lends loveliness to the ivory, or when silver, or Parian stone, is enchased in the yellow gold. Straight he turned to the queen, and, unforeseen by all, spoke on the instant:
595 'He that ye seek is in your midst,—Trojan Aeneas, snatched from the Libyan wave. O thou, who alone hast pitied the unutterable travails of Troy, who wouldst fain take this remnant, that Greece hath spared,—outworn by every disaster of land and of sea, bereft of all—and
600 make it one with thee in city and home—Dido, no power of ours, no power of all the children of Dardanus, wheresoever they stray, scattered through the wide world,

can pay thee the thanks thou hast merited ! But if piety still have regard in Heaven, if justice and a mind conscious of the right yet be aught on earth, may God give thee due reward ! What happy age saw thy birth ? What glorious 605 parents gave being to such a child ? While the rivers shall run to ocean, while the shadows shall move in the mountain valleys, while the sky shall feed the stars, always shall thy honour, and thy name, and thy glory abide, whatever the lands that beckon me ! ’—He said, and grasped his friend 610 Ilioneus with his right hand, Serestus with his left, and the others in their turn,—with them, brave Gyas and brave Cloanthus.

Sidonian Dido sat in amaze, first at sight of the hero, soon at thought of disaster so deep, and thus she opened her lips : ‘ What fortune, goddess-born, hounds thee through such 615 infinite peril ? What violence has thrown thee on our barbarous shores ? Art thou that Aeneas whom gracious Venus bore to Dardan Anchises by the wave of Phrygian Simois ? And, in truth, I remember how Teucer came to Sidon, an exile from his native fields, to win a new realm 620 by Belus’ aid—Belus, my sire, who then was ravaging Cyprus and its wealth, and held it by his conquering sword. From that early day have I known the fall of Troy town, and thy name, and the Pelasgian kings. Foeman though he was, yet he extolled the Teucrians with signal praise, and fain 625 would vaunt him sprung from the ancient Teucrian line. Come then, ye warriors, and enter my doors. I, too, have been storm-tossed through seas of trouble by a fortune such as yours, that only in this land has willed that I should find peace. Not unschooled in woe do I learn to succour unhappi- 630 ness ! ’ She spoke, and with the word led Aeneas into her queenly halls, and commanded a solemn sacrifice in the

temples of Heaven. Nor less, meantime, she sent to his comrades on the strand twenty bulls, a hundred great swine
635 with bristled backs, and a hundred fatted lambs with their ewes, to be her gift and their joy on that festal day.

But the inner palace they decked in the splendour of royal state, and prepared the banquet in the midmost halls. The coverlets of princely purple were embroidered by master-
640 hands, massive silver stood on the boards, and on gold were chased the high exploits of their sires—a long historic line, traced through many a hero from the old-world origin of their race.

Aeneas—for a father's love suffered not his heart to rest—sent Achates hot-footed to the ships, to bear the tidings to
645 Ascanius and escort him to the town—Ascanius, in whom was centred all his dear parent's care. Gifts, moreover, he bade him bring, rescued from the ruins of Ilium; a pall, stiff-rustling with figured gold, and a veil with woven border of yellow acanthus—adornment, once, of Argos' Helen, that she
650 brought from Mycenae, a wondrous guerdon from her mother Leda, what time she sailed to Troy-towers and her unblest bridal;—the sceptre, too, which Ilione had swayed in other days, eldest-born of Priam's daughters, and a pearl-strung collar
655 for the neck, and a double diadem of gems and gold.—Such commands to speed, Achates was bending his way to the fleet.

But Cythera's queen revolved new wiles, new purposes, in her breast—how Cupid, changed in form and lineaments, might come in lieu of sweet Ascanius, kindle the royal dame
660 to frenzy by his gifts, and flood her veins with fire. For she feared that house of unfaith, and the double tongue of Tyre; Juno's cruelty was flaming torment, and her dread returned with returning night. She spoke, then, to her winged Love, and said: 'My son, my sole strength, my effectual might—
665 my son, who scornest the Titan bolts of our sovereign Father

—to thee I come for succour, and, suppliant, implore thy deity! How thy brother Aeneas is driven over the main round every shore by Juno's relentless malice, thou knowest full well, and often hast thou sorrowed with our sorrow. Now Phoenician Dido holds him in her keeping, and enchains 670 with soft words; and I fear me whither this welcome of Juno shall tend—for she will prove no laggard when the wheel of Fortune is thus on the turn! Therefore my purpose stands to strike the first blow, to take the queen in my toils, and encompass her with a wall of flame, that she change not under any constraint, but be bound to me in the strong bond 675 of Aeneas' love. Hear now my thought, how thou mayest achieve this end! The princely boy, my dearest care, makes ready to go to Sidon's city at summons of his loved sire, in his hand such gifts as have survived the waves and a burning Troy. Him I will lull in sleep and hide in my 680 hallowed dwelling above Cythera's peaks or in Idalium, that he may neither learn our wiles nor intervene to thwart them. For a single night—and no more—do thou simulate his form, and, boy thyself, assume a boy's familiar traits, that so when Dido, in the fullness of her joy, shall take thee 685 to her lap, amid the kingly feast and the flowing wine, and shall throw her arms about thee and imprint sweet kisses, thou mayest inspire the lurking flame and betray her with thy poison.' Love yielded to his dear mother's prayer, put off his wings, and tripped gaily with Iulus' step. But Venus 690 shed the quiet dews of sleep over Ascanius' limbs, and bore him on her warm celestial breast to the towering groves of Idalia, where the soft amaracus cradled him in flowers and the breathing fragrance of its sweet shade.

And now Cupid, obedient to the word, was on his way, 695 bearing the royal gifts to the men of Tyre, and blithe under

Achates' guidance. When he came, the queen already had laid her down on her golden couch, beneath the proud awnings, and assumed her place in the midst. Now came father Aeneas, now the warriors of Troy, and all reclined on
700 the outspread purple. Servants proffered water for the hands, ministered bread from baskets, and brought cloths of shorn nap. Within were fifty maids, their task to replenish in ordered course the great stores of cheer and to keep the hearth ablaze ; and, with them, a hundred more, and pages
705 as many of equal years, to pile the boards with viands and range the goblets. Nor less the Tyrians came thronging through the festal halls : for they, too, had their appointed seats on the embroidered couches. Admiring they surveyed the gifts of Aeneas, admiring surveyed Iulus, and the god's
710 glowing cheeks, and his counterfeited words, and the pall, and the veil with border of yellow acanthus. But, above them all, Phoenicia's ill-starred queen, doomed to the destruction to be, could not sate her soul, but looked and burned, spell-bound alike by the child and by his gifts ! He,
715 for a little space, nestled in Aeneas' arms and hung on his neck, filling the hungry heart of his feigned sire, then took his way to the queen. With soul and eye she clung to him, and ever and again fondled him on her breast. Hapless Dido, little did she know how great a god she clasped to her aching heart ! But he, mindful of his Acidalian mother,
720 began line by line to efface the image of Sychaeus, and did his all to surprise by a living love that mind so long unstirred, that breast so long untenanted.

So soon as the feasting had pause and the boards were cleared, they set the huge bowls in their places and crowned the wine. The palace grew loud with din, and voices rolled
725 through the ample halls ; kindled lamps hung from the gold-

fretted roof, and night fled before the flaming torches. Then the queen called for a cup, ponderous with gems and gold—that cup which Belus used, and all the kings from Belus onward—then filled it with unmixed wine, and, silence imposed 730 throughout the hall: ‘Jove, for they say thou givest laws to host and to guest, may it be thy will that this shall be a day of gladness for Tyrian and Trojan exile, and that our children’s children may tell of it! May Bacchus, the giver of joy, and kindly Juno be in our midst; and ye, my Tyrians, be gracious and honour our gathering!’ She said, 735 and poured forth the liquid offering upon the board, and, libation made, first touched the cup with her lips, then passed it with jesting challenge to Bitias. Valiantly he drained the foaming bowl, and drenched him from the brimming gold: then, after him, his peers. Long-locked 740 Iopas, whom mightiest Atlas taught, made music on his gilded lyre. He sang of the wandering moon and the travailing sun, of the birth of man and beast, of rain and of fire, of Arcturus and the rainy Hyads, and of the twin Bears: why the wintry suns so hasten to lave them in ocean, and what 745 the delays that impede the laggard nights. The Tyrians pealed applause, and the Trojans followed. Nor less the unhappy Dido lingered out the night in interchanging converse, and drank deep draughts of love. Much she asked of Priam, much of Hector; and now would know what the 750 arms wherein came the son of Dawn; now, how seemed the steeds of Diomedes; now, how great was Achilles. ‘Nay,’ she cried, ‘come, our guest, and tell us, from their first beginnings, of Grecian treachery, the fall of thy people, and the wanderings of thyself. For already the seventh summer 755 bears thee a pilgrim over every land and sea!’

II

EVERY tongue was still, every face turned rapt upon him, when thus from his couch aloft father Aeneas began :

‘Too deep for words, O queen, lies the sorrow thou bidst me renew, to tell how Greece overthrew the power of Troy and her tearful realm,—all the deeds of woe mine eyes have beheld, and those whereof I was no small part! What Myrmidon or Dolopian, what swordsman of the stern Ulysses, could tell that tale and refrain from tears? And now dewy Night falls precipitate from heaven, and the setting stars counsel sleep! Yet, if such thy yearning to learn our disasters and to hear in brief the last agony of Troy, though my spirit shudders at remembrance and hath started backward at the pang, I will take the word.

‘War-shattered, fate-repulsed, the Danaan chieftains, now that so many years were fled and fleeing, built them, with Pallas’ celestial skill to aid, a horse, mountain-huge, and inwove its flanks with hewn pines—an offering, they feigned, for their safe return : and so the bruit went forth. In those dark sides they prisoned by stealth the flower of their chosen heroes and their great frames, and filled the vast and cavernous womb with weaponed soldiery.

‘In sight of Troy lies an island, far-famed in story, Tenedos by name—rich in all wealth while Priam’s kingship endured, now but a bay and a traitorous roadstead. Thither they sailed, and hid them on the solitary strand, while we deemed they had flown and were running before the wind to Mycenae. Therefore all Teucer’s land melted from her long sorrow into

joy. The gates stood wide, and pleasant it was to go view the Doric camp, and the empty places and forlorn shore. Here, we mused, were the Dolopian bands, there cruel Achilles pitched his tent: here stood their fleets, there they fought in battled line! Part stood amazed before 30 the death-fraught-offering to maid Minerva, and marvelled at the steed's huge bulk: and first Thymoetes urged that it be drawn within our walls and set in the citadel—whether his was the voice of treachery, or whether the fates of Troy already wrought to this end. But Capys, and 35 they of sager counsel, bade hurl to ocean these Danaan wiles, these sinister gifts, burn them with subject flame, or pierce and explore the hollow ambushcade of the womb: the fickle multitude swayed betwixt the opposing causes.

‘Then, foremost of all, with heart aflame, Laocoon came 40 running from the summit of the citadel, a great troop of men hard on his steps, and thus cried from afar: ‘My ill-starred countrymen, what height of madness is this? Trust ye the foe is departed? or think ye that any Grecian gifts may be guileless? Is it thus ye have proved Ulysses? In the hiding 45 of this wood there are Achaeans imprisoned; or it is an engine of war, devised against our walls, that shall overlook our homes from above; or some deceit lurks therein. Men of Troy, trust not the horse! Be it what it may, I fear the Danaans, though their hands proffer gifts!’ So said, he 50 hurled his mighty spear with strong arm full against the monster's flank, and into the curved and jointed belly. And then, had not the will of Heaven, had not our own minds fought against us, he had moved us to hack the Argive 55 coverts with our steel, and Troy would still be standing, and ye lofty towers of Priam—ye still would rise!

‘But, lo, in the meantime, came a band of Dardan

shepherds, dragging to their king, amid clamorous outcry, a youth whose hands were bound behind him. A stranger, he had thrown himself of free will in their path, that he
60 might compass this very end and leave Troy naked before Achaea—unappalled in soul, and nerved to either event, whether to spin his toils, or to fall under death inevitable! From this hand and that our Trojan youth came streaming round, and mocked the captive with rivalry of insult.

65 ‘Now hearken to Danaan guile, and from a single crime know the nation! For, as he stood in full view, unweaponed, confused, and swept his gaze round the Phrygian lines, “Alas!” he cried, “what land, what sea, now shall give me
70 haven? or what remains at this hour to my misery? I have no place amid the Greeks, and the very Trojans, no less, prove foes and cry for the penalty of blood!” At his moan our mood was changed and all violence quelled, and we bade him say of what lineage he sprang, and what his message,
75 and declare the trust of his captivity.

“For me,” he began, “O king, I will confess thee all in truth, be the issue as it may. Neither will I deny me of Argive race—this first—nor, though Fortune have fashioned Sinon to misery, shall all her malice fashion him to knavery
80 or deceit! If it chance that speech has brought to thine ear some echo of Palamedes from Belus’ line, his name and his storied fame—Palamedes, whom under monstrous impeachment, because he forbade the war, Greece delivered to death on the lying charge of treason, and mourns him
85 now that he sees not the light—as his comrade and his kinsman my needy sire sent me hither to battle in my early years. While he stood secure in his kingship and was strong in the counsels of the princes, we, too, bore some name and
90 repute. But when, by the jealousy of false-hearted Ulysses

(no obscure tale !), he was banished from the realms of day, prostrate I dragged out my life in darkness and sorrow, and my soul was hot within me for the fate of my guiltless friend. And—fool that I was !—I unlocked my lips, and vowed that, if ever Fortune should bring it to pass, and I return conqueror to my native Argos, I would arise his avenger : and my speech roused his bitter hatred. Thence for me the first plague-spot of disaster : thence Ulysses ever held me in terror by slander upon slander, scattered words of double import among the vulgar, and sought his weapons with guilty fear. For he rested not, till, with Calchas for tool,— 100 but why unroll these unwelcome pages to no avail? or why linger? If ye account all the Greeks of one likeness, and the name, but heard, suffices you,—then exact your tardy vengeance ! This would the Ithacan pray, and the sons of Atreus purchase at a great price ! ”

‘Then, in truth, we burned to inquire and explore the 105 cause : for we knew not that blackness of crime, nor the arts of Greece. In fear and trembling he took up the tale, and spoke from his lying heart :

“Time and again the Danaans longed to compass their return, to abandon Troy and flee from the weariness of that long strife—and oh that they had so done ! Time and 110 again the fierce, storm-swept sea debarred them, and the southern blasts affrighted them as they set forth. And most, when this horse already stood with its texture of maple-beams, the storm-clouds thundered through all the firmament. Bewildered, we sent Eurypylus to question the oracles of Phoebus, and from the shrine he brought us this woeful 115 response : *With blood and a maiden slain ye appeased the winds, when first, Danaans, ye came to the shores of Ilium. With blood shall ye buy your return, and grace shall be found*

by an *Argive* life. When that utterance reached the vulgar
120 ear, all were stricken in soul, and a chill horror pierced them
to the very bone—whom would the Fates doom? whom
would Apollo call? Then he of Ithaca, with loud clamour,
dragged Calchas the seer forth into the host; and hotly he
questioned him, what meant that revelation of the celestial
will. And even then many there were foretold me the
125 pitiless crime of that master-craftsman, and in silence viewed
the event. For twice five days the prophet was mute, and
wore his mask: his tongue should betray no man, nor
deliver him to death! Hardly, in the end, overborne by the
Ithacan's clamour, he broke into the words of their pact, and
destined me to the altar. All cried assent; and the fate,
130 that each feared for himself, they brooked full lightly when
it turned to blast one poor wretch!

“And now the accursed day was come: the holy rites were
almost ready, and the salted meal, and the garlands for my
brow, when—hear my avowal!—I fled from the slayer, burst
135 my bonds, and, screened by the sedge, lay all night in a miry
swamp, till they should have sailed, if sail they would! And
now I hope not to see my old-time country, nor the children
of my love, nor the father of my yearning. Nay, it may be,
Greece will exact the penalty of our flight at their hands,
140 and atone my guilt by their hapless lives. Therefore, by the
heaven above us, by the powers that have cognizance of
truth, by unstained faith, if any there be yet lingering in
any land among men—pity, I implore thee, calamity so deep,
pity a soul that suffers where it has not sinned!”

145 ‘To his tears we accorded life, and, with life, compassion.
Priam himself was first to command that his manacles and
drawn fetters be undone, and thus spoke in tones of amity:
“Whosoever thou art (for henceforward think not of the

Greece thou hast lost !), ours thou shalt be ; and answer truth to this my question : to what end have they raised the fabric of this huge horse ? Who was father to the thought ? or 150 what seek they ? for what service of Heaven, or what engine of war was it devised ? ” He said ; the captive, with treachery and Pelasgian guile at his call, raised his unchained hands to the stars : “ Ye eternal fires,” he cried, “ and your inviolate godhead, ye altars and cursed knives that I fled, ye sacred 155 garlands that I wore for the sacrifice—I call you to witness : I sin not that I annul the fealty I swore to Greece, I sin not that I hate her sons, and bring to light all things soever that they hold secret ; and no laws of country bind me ! Do thou, Troy, but abide by thy word, and, preserved, preserve 160 thy faith, if I shall speak truth, if I shall recompense thee in full !

“ All the hope of the Danaans, all their trust in the war begun, stood always in the aid of Pallas. But, from the day when Tydeus’ impious son and Ulysses, the author of crime, ventured to ravish her fateful Palladium from the hallowed 165 sanctuary, slew the warders of the citadel-height, bore the sacred image away, and dared to lay ensanguined hands on the virgin fillets of the goddess—from that day the Danaans’ hope began to ebb, to slip, and to recede : their strength was broken and the heavenly heart was turned from them ! 170 And Triton’s maid gave sign thereof by no dubious portents. Scarce was the effigy lodged in the camp, when glittering flames flashed from her uplifted eyes, a salt sweat stood on her limbs, and thrice—tale of wonder !—she sprang of herself from earth, bearing her buckler and quivering lance. Straight 175 Calchas raised his prophetic voice : the main must be traversed in flight ; for never should Troy-towers be razed by the Argive steel, till they sought them auspices once more

from Argos, and brought again the favour of Heaven, that they bore across the seas in their crooked keels ! And now,
180 that they have run to their native Mycenae before the wind—it is but to muster arms and attendant gods, and, the wave recrossed, they will be here unforeseen. So Calchas expounds the omens. This image they have reared at his warning in place of the Palladium, to atone for deity affronted and
185 expiate the guilt of sacrilege. But Calchas bade them raise it to this vast bulk with oaken texture, that so it might not find entry through the gates, nor be drawn within the walls, nor shelter its people under their ancient worship. For if hand of yours had profaned Minerva's offering, then, said the
190 seer, a dire destruction—Heaven send that the omen light first on himself !—should fall upon the kingdom of Priam and upon the Phrygians. But if it ascended by your hands into your city, then Asia should turn again, and fare to the walls of Pelops with wide-wasting sword ; and such the fate that awaited our children's children ! ”

195 ‘ These wiles, and the arts of forsworn Sinon, won credence for his tale, and fraud and forced tears took captive them whom neither the son of Tydeus, nor Larissa's Achilles, nor ten years of battle, nor a thousand ships could subdue !

‘ But now another portent, greater and far more terrible,
200 met our woeful gaze, and turmoiled our unprophetic spirit. Laocoon, whom the lot had drawn to be priest of Neptune, stood by the wonted altars in act to slay a great bull : but, lo, over the peaceful deep from Tenedos—I shudder at the word !—twin serpents lay along the main with immeasurable
205 coils, and side by side they moved to the strand. Their breasts were reared amid the waves, and their sanguine manes overtopped the billows : the rest of them swept the sea behind, wreathing the huge rolling length of spine ; and the

foaming waters roared beneath. And now they had gained the plain, and, with burning eyes blood-shot and fire-shot, ²¹⁰ were licking their sibilant jaws with flickering tongues! Bloodless and pale at the sight, we scattered: they, with unfaltering march, sought Laocoon. And, first, either serpent, encircling the tiny frames of his two sons, bound them fast, and, with gnawing fang, preyed on their hapless ²¹⁵ limbs. Next they seized the sire, as, weapon in hand, he ran to the rescue: in their vast folds they chained him; and now they had twice encompassed his waist, twice had flung their scaly bodies about his throat, and were towering above him with head and uplifted neck. His fillets bedewed with gore and black venom, at one and the same time he ²²⁰ strove to sunder their knots by the strong hand, and raised fearful cries to the stars—like the bellows of some wounded bull, when he has fled the altar and dashed the frustrate axe from his neck! But the two dragons fled sliding to the temple on the height, and sought the tower of Triton's ²²⁵ pitiless maid, there to find refuge under her celestial feet and the orb of her buckler.

‘Then, in truth, a strange dread thrilled every trembling breast, and the word passed how Laocoon had but paid the merited penalty of his crime, in that he had profaned the holy wood with his spear, and hurled his sinful javelin against ²³⁰ the flank. With one voice men cried that the image be drawn to its sanctuary, and prayers preferred to the goddess and her deity.

‘We cleft the walls, and laid open the town within. All bent to the work, set beneath the feet wheels whereon to ²³⁵ glide, and stretched hempen bonds about the neck. Fraught with battle, that fateful engine scaled the ramparts. Around it boys and unwed girls chanted sacred hymns, and joyed to

lay hand upon the rope. Upward it moved, and rolled with
240 menacing front into the heart of our city.—O my country,
O Ilium, home of the gods, and ye war-famed battlements of
Dardanus' sons! four times on the very threshold of the
gate it halted, and four times arms clashed in its womb!
Yet, heedless and frenzy-blinded, we pressed on, and set
245 the accursed thing in the holy citadel. Then Cassandra, too,
opened her lips to the coming doom,—lips, that, by behest
of Heaven, Troy never credited! We, the unblest, we, for
whom that day was to be the last, in every street hung the
sanctuaries of the gods in festal boughs.

250 'Meantime the skyey sphere turned, and Night rushed
down over Ocean, involving in deep shadow earth, and heaven,
and Myrmidon guile. Throughout the city the Teucrians
lay and were still, and sleep embraced their weary limbs.
And now the Argive array was moving, with marshalled
255 vessels, from Tenedos, through the friendly silence of the
mute moon, in quest of the familiar strand, when the royal
galley flashed the signal, and Sinon—screened under the
partial doom of Heaven—stealthily unbarred the pine-built
prison, and enlarged the Danaans pent in its womb. Wide-
opened, the steed restored its freight to the air, and, from
260 the hollow timbers, exultant there issued Thessander and
Sthenelus in the forefront and cursed Ulysses, sliding down
the pendent rope, Acamas and Thoas, and Neoptolemus of
Peleus' line, Machaon, with the first, and Epeus himself, who
wrought the treason. They rushed upon the city, as it lay
265 buried in slumber and wine, slew the sentinels, welcomed
all their comrades through the wide-flung gates, and united
their confederate hosts!

'It was the hour when the first sleep of suffering mortality
begins, and, by the grace of Heaven, steals on its sweetest

errand of mercy : and, lo, as I slept, methought Hector 270
stood in great sorrow before my eyes, and wept with a rain
of tears. Such he was as erst when rapt by the car, black
with blood and dust, and with swollen feet pierced by thongs.
Ay me, what a sight was there ! How was he changed from
that Hector, who wended homeward, clad in the spoils of 275
Achilles, or fresh from hurling the fires of Phrygia upon
the ships of Greece ! His beard was foul, his locks matted
with gore, and he bare those wounds innumerable that
he gat round his native walls. And it seemed I also wept,
and prevented him, and spoke with sorrowing utterance : 280
“ O light of Dardania, O hope most constant of Troy, what
delay so great hath held thee ? From what shores, Hector,
comest thou, the long-awaited ? How these weary eyes
behold thee—after the fall of many a friend, after woes
untold of citizens and city ! What unworthy cause hath 285
marred the calm of thy countenance ? or why view we these
wounds ? ” He answered not, nor regarded my vain ques-
tionings ; but, drawing a heavy sigh from his heart of
hearts : “ Ah, flee,” he said, “ goddess-born, and snatch
thee from out these flames ! The foe holds the ramparts :
Troy crashes from her pinnacles ! Thou hast paid in full 290
to thy country and Priam : if those towers could be saved
by mortal hand, they had been saved even by this ! Troy
bequeathes to thy keeping her holy things and the gods of
her homes : these take, that they may share thy destiny : for
these seek those stately walls that thou shalt establish in the
end, when all the seas are traversed ! ” He said ; and, in 295
his hands, brought forth from the inner sanctuary the image
of dread Vesta, her fillets, and the immortal fire.

‘ Meanwhile the town was convulsed with woe crying
on every side ; and, though the palace of Anchises my sire

300 stood apart, sequestered under embowering trees, yet louder
and louder the din waxed, and the alarm of battle drew
nigher. I started from sleep, mounted the sloping roof,
and stood with intent ear:—even so, when the flames fall
upon the standing corn while the South is raging, or a rapid
305 torrent with mountain-spate whelms the fields, whelms the
smiling crops and the labours of the oxen, and sweeps the
forests headlong before it, the unwitting swain stands in
amazement, listening to the roar from a craggy eminence!
Then, in truth, was proof manifest, and the Danaan wiles
310 were plain to read. Already the palace of Deiphobus had
fallen in spacious ruin before the overmastering element,
already neighbour Ucalegon burned, and the broad waters
of Sigeum were glittering to the flames. There rose a shout-
ing of men and a braying of trumpets. Madly I snatched
at my arms—nor snatched with enough of reason, but my
315 spirit blazed to rally a troop for battle and charge to the
citadel with my comrades! Frenzy and anger urged me
precipitate to the resolve, and meseemed it was good to die
in arms!

‘But, lo, Panthus, escaped from the Argive spears—
Panthus, the son of Othrys, priest of the citadel and Phoebus,
—came dragging with his own hand his holy vessels, his
320 vanquished gods, and his tiny grandson; and distraught he
raced to my door. “Where stand our fortunes, Panthus?
What fortalice do we seize?” Scarce had I spoken, when
groaning he answered: “The last day, the inevitable hour,
is come for the Dardan land! Trojans we are no more,
325 Ilium is no more, and the great glory of the Teucrians is
departed! Tyrant Jove has borne all to Argos, and Greece
is mistress in the town she has fired. The Horse, towering
and erect in the city’s midst, disgorges warriors in harness,

and conqueror Sinon scatters flame and insult. There are men by the swinging gates—all the thousands that ever 330 came from great Mycenae—there are men besetting the narrow ways with fronting spears: the edge of the sword stands drawn, and the point glitters athirst for the slaying! Scarce the first sentinels at the gate assay the battle, and resist in aimless mellay.” Thus the son of Othrys; and his words 335 and the will of Heaven swept me to the fire and the steel, whither the fell Fury, whither the din and sky-challenging clamour called me. Comrades joined me,—Rhipheus and Epytus, great in war, whom the moon revealed, Hypanis 340 and Dymas—all rallied to my side, with young Coroebus, Mygdon’s son. In those days, it fell, he had come to Troy, fired by wild yearning for Cassandra, and bore a son’s aid to Priam and his Phrygians—hapless he, that he listed not the 345 bidding of his frenzied maid! When I saw them banded and nerved to the fray, thereon I began: “Warriors, hearts stout in vain, if your desire to brave the uttermost be fixed to follow me, ye see the plight of our fortunes! One and all, 350 the gods by whom this realm stood are departed, and forlorn are shrine and altar. The city ye would succour burns. Let us choose death, and plunge in the heart of battle! There is but one safety to the vanquished—to hope not safety!” At this, their young valour was spurred to madness, and 355 anon, like ravening wolves in a black mist, when hunger’s lawless rage has driven them blindly forth and their deserted cubs await them with parching throats, we went through spears and spearmen to death indubitable, and held our way to the heart of the city, while sable Night hovered above us 360 with overshadowing pinions.—What tongue shall unfold that night’s havoc, that night’s slaughter? what eye match our disasters with tears? An ancient city was falling, a queenly

city for many years, and helpless frames lay without number,
365 scattered in streets and homes and the hallowed precincts of
Heaven. Nor was Troy alone amerced in blood: times
there were when valour returned to the hearts of the van-
quished also, and the victorious Danaans fell. Cruel woe
was everywhere, everywhere terror, and death in infinite
shapes!

370 'First Androgeos, amid a great troop of attendant Greeks,
crossed our path—for he deemed in his ignorance that we
were allied bands!—and hailed us with friendly voice:
'Haste ye, warriors! What sluggishness hath held you thus
late? Others harry and sack a flaming Troy; and come ye
375 but now from the tall ships?' He said, and, on the instant
(for, in truth, we made no assuring answer), he was ware that
he had fallen into the enemy's midst. Aghast he checked
word and foot: and as one, who toils through a thorny
brake, tramples, unthinking, a serpent upon the ground,
380 and with sudden start shrinks before its rising ire and puffed
azure neck—even so Androgeos trembled at our view and
recoiled. Onward we rushed, amid the thick-volleyed
spears, and on all hands we cut them down; for they knew
not the place, and fear had seized them! Thus Fortune
385 smiled on our first assay.

'And here Coroebus, flushed with gallantry and success:
"O my friends," he cried, "where Fortune first points the
way to salvation, and proves her gracious, there follow we!
Let us change our shields and assume the badges of Greece.
390 Fraud or valour, who shall ask, when his aim is the foe?
Themselves they shall give us arms!"

'He said, and, with the word, donned the waving helm
of Androgeos and the fair cognizance of his shield, and girt
an Argive blade to his side. Thus did Rhipheus, thus Dymas

also, and thus joyously did all our company, each accoutring himself in the new-won spoils. Mingled with the Danaans 395 we went, under the favours of an alien Heaven, and many a battle we joined as we charged in the blackness of night, and many a Greek we sent below. Part scattered for the ships, and raced towards their faithful strand: part, in craven fear, scaled the giant horse again, and hid them in 400 the familiar womb.

‘Alas, it boots not to trust in the gods, when the gods will not be trusted! Behold Priam’s daughter, maiden Cassandra, dragged by her streaming tresses from the holies of Minerva’s fane, lifting her flaming eyes to the regardless 405 heavens—her eyes, for manacles pinioned those tender hands! Coroebus, with soul infuriate, brooked not the sight; but into their midmost array he flung him to his death. We followed to a man, and closed with serried battle. Here first we were whelmed under the javelins of 410 our countrymen from the temple’s tall pinnacle, and a piteous carnage arose through the aspect of our harness and error engendered by our Grecian crests. Then, groaning and raging that the maiden should be reft them, the Danaans rallied from this hand and that, and made their onslaught—Ajax, fiercest far, Atreus’ either son, and all the Dolopian 415 host: as oft, when a hurricane bursts its bonds, the adverse winds give battle, West, and South, and East, exultant on the steeds of the Morn, and the forests shriek, while foaming Nereus rages, trident in hand, and wakes the waters from their nethermost deeps! All, furthermore, whom, in the dimness 420 and darkness of night, we had routed by our guile and driven through the breadth of the city, appeared; and at once they knew our bucklers and lying arms, and marked the alien tones on our lips! Instant their numbers overbore us: and first

425 Coroebus fell by the altars of the Queen of Battle under
Peneleus' hand ; with him Rhipheus bled—just above all in
Troy, and most zealous for the right, but Heaven's thought
was otherwise ! Hypanis and Dymas died pierced by
friendly spears : nor could all thy piety, Panthus, nor Apollo's
430 garland, shield thee !—Ye ashes of Ilium, thou death-fire of
my people, bear witness : when your star set, I shunned
neither sword nor any peril, and, had Fate willed me to fall
by a Grecian hand, I had merited to fall ! We were plucked
from the scene, Iphitus and Pelias with me—Iphitus already
435 burdened with years, Pelias halting, withal, from Ulysses'
brand. For the shouting urged us farther to Priam's palace.

'There, in truth, we saw a great slaughter, as though all
the battles else nowhere had being and no man was dying
in all the city : so grim the fray we beheld—Danaans stream-
440 ing to the roof, and the threshold beset by the driven mantlet !
Ladders were clinging to the walls, and by the very doorways
men clambered up the rungs : with their left they opposed
the protecting buckler to the missiles, with their right they
grasped the battlements. The Dardans, on their part, tore
445 up turrets and all the palace-roof. Thus armed—for they
saw the end !—they prepared to defend themselves even in
the extremity of death, and rolled down the gilded rafters, the
stately ornaments of their father's old-world days ! Others
had beset the doorways below with naked steel, and held
450 ward in serried array. Our spirits were quickened to save
the dwelling of our king, to relieve the warriors by our
succour, and to furnish force to the fainting.

'There was an entrance, a secret portal, a thoroughfare
travelling Priam's halls, a postern-gate forlorn in the
455 rear, by which the hapless Andromache, while the kingdom
endured, would oftentimes take her way, companionless, to

the parents of her spouse, and lead child Astyanax to his
 grandsire. I mounted to the roof's sloping summit, whence
 the doomed Teucrians were flinging their unavailing missiles.
 There a tower stood on a sheer descent, with its topmost 460
 coping built to the stars, whence erstwhile we could view
 all Troy, and the Danaan fleet, and the tents of Achaea.
 With iron we assailed its circumference, where the highest
 storey tottered at the joining, wrenched it from its aery
 eminence, and heaved it below. With sudden downfall, it 465
 crashed in thunderous ruin, and lit on the Grecian hosts far
 and wide. But others filled their place; nor, meanwhile,
 ceased the hail of stones and of weapons in every shape.

'Hard before the portal, on the threshold's verge, Pyrrhus
 raged exultant, flashing in arms and lucent bronzé: as 470
 a serpent fed on poisonous herbage, whom the icy winter
 held swelling under earth, at last lifts his breast and rolls
 his smooth frame to the light, in the splendour of youth
 regained, slough cast off, head to the sun, and three-forked
 tongue flickering from his jaws! With him giant Periphas 475
 and armour-bearer Automedon, who drove the steeds of
 Achilles,—with him all the flower of Scyros pressed to the
 palace, and flung brands to the roof. Himself in their van,
 he snatched a twy-bill, and set him to shatter the stubborn
 doors and to unhinge the brass-bound posts: and anon he had 480
 cut through the planking, hewn out the solid oak, and broken
 a huge gaping breach. The inner palace stood plain, and
 the long halls opened on the view: the inner chambers of
 Priam and the kings of old stood plain, and they saw armed
 men on the threshold's verge! 485

'But, farther within, the house was a turmoil of moaning
 and woeful tumult, the vaulted rooms wailed with the lament
 of women, and the cry struck upon the golden stars. Fearful

matrons were straying through the vast halls, clasping the
490 doors in their embrace, and printing kisses upon them.
With his father's fury Pyrrhus pressed on : not the bars, not
the very guards, could abide the brunt : the gate reeled
under the recurrent ram ; and, wrenched from their hinges,
the posts fell flat. Force found its way ! The entrant
Danaans hacked a passage, slew the foremost, and their
495 soldiery thronged the spacious places :—more gentle the
foaming river, when, barriers burst, it goes forth, overbears
the opposing mounds in its tide, and rushes with infuriate
mass on the fields, sweeping the cattle and the stalls of the
cattle over every plain ! These eyes saw Neoptolemus
500 drunken from blood, and the twin sons of Atreus upon the
threshold ! Hecuba they saw, and her hundred daughters,
and Priam amid the altars, befouling with his gore those fires
himself had hallowed ! Those fifty bridal-chambers,—fair
hope of children's children,—regal with barbaric gold and
the spoils of battle, were fallen to earth, and Greece was
505 mistress where the flames spared !

‘Perchance thou wouldst ask what was Priam’s end.—
When he saw the fall of his taken city, saw the doors of his
palace shattered, and the foe midmost in his chambers, with
aged hands bootlessly he set the harness, so long disused,
510 about his time-palsied shoulders, girt him with useless blade,
and rushed to his death amid the horded foemen ! In the
central palace, under the naked cope of heaven, stood a mas-
sive altar, and at its side an ancient bay-tree, drooping over
the altar and enfolding the Home-gods in its shade. Here,
like doves driven headlong down by some gloomy tempest,
515 Hecuba and her daughters sat vainly about the stones of
sacrifice. But when she saw Priam’s self arrayed in the
armour of his youth, “My poor husband,” she cried, “what

unblest resolve has driven thee to assume these arms? or whither wilt thou rush? The hour calls not for such succour, 520 nor such defenders : nay, not were my own Hector now with us ! Come hither, late though it be : this altar will shield us all ; or, dying, thou wilt die with us ! ” She said, and received the white-haired king to herself, and lodged him in the consecrated place. 525

‘ But, lo, escaped from the sword of Pyrrhus, came Polites, one of Priam’s sons, fleeing through javelins and foes along the spacious colonnades ; and bleeding he traversed the forlorn courts. In his rear, with imminent steel, followed the fiery Pyrrhus, and ever and anon his hand seemed to clutch him, and his spear was hard upon him. At length he 530 issued before the eyes and visage of his parents, and fell with life streaming forth in torrents of blood. At this, Priam, though even then he sat in the midst of death, yet refrained him not, and curbed neither voice nor anger : “ Nay,” he cried, “ if there be any righteousness in Heaven to regard 535 such deeds, may the gods pay thee worthy thanks, and render thee due requital for this thy crime and the sin thou hast dared, who hast made me to see my son bleed before my face, and hast polluted a father’s eyes with the sight of murder ! But not he, of whom thou feignest thee begotten,—Achilles 540 was not as thou when he dealt with Priam for foe : but he revered the suppliant’s right and trust, he rendered Hector’s bloodless clay to the sepulchre, and he sent me back to my kingdom ! ” Thus spoke the old king, and cast his warless spear, and wounded not : for the clanging bronze 545 flung it back incontinent, and idly it hung from the buckler’s unpierced boss. To him Pyrrhus : “ Then shalt thou bear thy tale and go messenger to Peleus’ son, my sire ! And forget not to rehearse my bloody deeds and his degene-

rate Neoptolemus : now die ! ” Thus saying, he dragged
550 him to the very altar-stones, trembling and slipping in the
blood that gushed from his son, wreathed his left in his
hair, with his right drew out the glittering sword, and
plunged it to the hilt in his side.—Such the close of Priam’s
fortunes, such the allotted ending that took him off, seeing,
555 as he went, Troy in flames and Troy-towers fallen,—who
once ruled over Asia, proud in the kingship of so many
a people and land. A great trunk he lay on the shore, a head
torn from its shoulders, a body without a name !

‘ For me, then, as never before, a grim horror beset me.
560 I stood aghast, and there rose before me the semblance of
my dear sire, as I saw a king, old as he, gasping out his life
under the pitiless stroke : Cretusa forlorn rose before me, my
home despoiled, and my little Iulus left to fate ! I turned
and looked what force was about me. All had quitted me
outworn, and cast themselves precipitate to earth, or de-
565 livered their weary limbs to the flames.

‘ And now I alone was left, when I descried Tyndareus’
daughter, sheltered in the house of Vesta and crouching
mute in the secret fane : for the glowing fires gave me light,
as I wandered and swept my gaze on this hand and that
570 over all. She—for her fears foreshewed Troy embittered
for her fallen towers, the vengeance of Greece, and the
wrath of the consort she fled—had hidden herself (common
Fury of her motherland and ours !) and sate abominable
575 by the altars. Fire blazed out in my soul, and passion came
upon me, to avenge my falling country and exact the penalty
of sin : “ Shall this woman, forsooth, look unscathed on Sparta
and her native Mycenae ? and shall she go a queen in the
triumph she has won, and behold her spouse and her father’s
580 house and her children, with a throng of Ilian matrons and

Phrygian handmaidens in her train? And shall Priam have fallen by the sword? Shall Troy have burned with fire? Shall the Dardan strand so many a time have sweated blood? Not so! For though there be no memorable renown in a woman punished, and the victory yield not praise, yet shall I be lauded that I cut off villany and took retribution 585 whence it was due: and joy it will be to have filled my soul with avenging fire and slaked the ashes of my people!"

'Thus I raved, and was swept onward with infuriate heart, when my gracious mother, never erst so bright to my eyes, offered herself to view, and in pure radiance flashed 590 through the night—goddess confessed, in beauty and stature such as she uses to seem in Heaven. And she took me by the hand and checked me, and thus pursued from roseate lips: "My son, what fierce resentment rouses this ungoverned anger? Why thy frenzy? Or whither is fled thy care for 595 us? Wilt thou not rather look where thou hast left Anchises thy father under his burden of years—look whether Creüsa thy wife remain to thee, and Ascanius thy son? Round them all, on this hand and that, range the battalions of Greece, and, did not my care stand ward, the flames already had reft them, and the enemy's sword devoured them! Not the 600 loathed beauty of Spartan Helen, nor Paris, though all men blame him, but Heaven and Heaven's inclemency overthrow this wealth of power and lay Troy low from her pinnacles! Behold, for I will purge from thee all the cloud that is now drawn before thine eyes, blunting thy mortal vision and 605 spreading dank and dim about thee—and fear not thou any behest of thy mother, nor be loth to do her command!—behold, where thou seest sundered masses, boulders torn from boulders, and smoke eddying amid columns of dust, there is Neptune, shaking the ramparts that his mighty trident hath 610

loosened, and upheaving all the city from her base ! Here
Juno, sternest far, stands foremost by the Scaean Gate, and,
steel-girt, calls in fury her confederate bands from the fleet.
615 Even now Tritonian Pallas (turn but and see !) is stationed on
the topmost towers, effulgent in frontlet and dread Gorgon.
The great Sire himself bestows on Greece spirit and strength
for victory : himself he rouses Heaven against the Dardanian
battle ! My son, secure thy flight, and set the seal to thy
620 struggles : I will quit thee nowhere, and I will set thee in
safety on thy father's threshold ! " She said, and vanished
in the dense shadows of night. Dire faces rose to view, and
the high gods warring against Troy !

' Then, in truth, it seemed to me all Ilium was sinking
625 into flames, and Neptune's town tottering from her founda-
tions—even as when the straining husbandmen toil to
uproot on the mountain-summits some ancient ash, hewn
about with steel and many a stroke of their axes, and ever it
threatens descent, and, all tremulous, nods the tresses on its
630 shaking crown, till little by little the wounds overmaster it,
and it groans its last, and, upturned from the crag, comes down
in ruin. I descended, and, Heaven my guide, passed through
flames and foes : spears gave me place, and flames receded !

' And now, when I had reached the threshold of my
635 father's house and our ancestral home, my sire—he for whom
was my first longing, that I might take and bear him to the
mountain-heights—he for whom was my first quest—
refused to linger out his days or to endure in exile when
Troy was cut down. " Ye," he said, " whose blood is
young as your years, whose strength stands confirmed in its
640 native power—compass ye your flight ! For me, if those
above had willed that I should live on, they had preserved
me this abiding-place. Enough, and more, that I have

once looked on destruction, and once lived through a taken city ! Say farewell to this clay, laid as it is—as it is, I beseech you—and wend your way ! My own hand shall find me death : the foe, in his mercy, will covet my spoils, and 645 lightly can I lack a tomb ! For long I have clogged the years, heaven-hated and useless, since that day when the Sire of gods and King of men breathed upon me with the wind of his thunderbolt and scathed me with his flame.”

‘ Thus, persistent, he spoke, and stood by his resolve. We, 650 in other sort, melted in tears—Creüsa, my wife, Ascanius, and all the household—that he, our father, would not ruin all with himself, nor lend his weight to the crushing burden of doom. But *nay* was all his word, and he was rooted to purpose and home ! Again I rushed to battle, and in my misery 655 made death my choice : for—counsel or chance—what now was left us ? “ Father, and didst thou deem I could desert thee and go forth ? and did word so monstrous fall from my sire’s lips ? If it is the will of Heaven that nothing be left from so great a city—if this resolve is fixed in thy soul, and thy pleasure is to add thee and thine to the hecatomb of 660 Troy—the door stands wide for the death thou cravest, and Pyrrhus will be here anon, fresh from the streaming gore of Priam—Pyrrhus, who slays the son before the face of the father, the father before the altar-stones ! For this, gracious mother, didst thou bear me through sword and fire, that 665 I might behold the foe in the heart of my home, and Ascanius, and my father, and Creüsa at their side, slaughtered each in the other’s blood ? Arms, my men—bring ye arms ! Their last hour is calling the vanquished. Suffer me to revisit and restore the battle : never on this day shall we all bleed unavenged ! ”

670

‘ Straight I girded on my sword again, and was fitting

my left into the buckler's clasp, in act to rush without ; but, lo, on the threshold, my wife embraced my feet, and clung to me, holding little Iulus up to his father : " If thou departest
675 to death, take us also with thee to whatever shall betide !
But if, from trial made, thou retest somewhat of hope on the unsheathed blade, then first guard this house ! To whom is little Iulus, to whom is thy sire—to whom am I, that was once called thy wife—abandoned ? ”

‘ Thus she cried, filling all the palace with lamentation,
680 when a sudden portent arose, strange beyond speech. For, betwixt the hands and before the countenance of his woeful parents, behold, on the crown of Iulus’ head a light crest of fire streamed and shone, its lambent flame flickering hurtless round his waving tresses and straying about his brows.
685 Trembling with awe and fear, we strove to shake free his locks from the burning, and to quench the holy fire with water. But my father Anchises raised joy-lit eyes to the stars, and uplifted hand and voice to Heaven : “ Jove omnipotent, if thou bowest to any prayer, look upon us
690 (we ask no more !), and, if our piety hath merited, then grant us a presage, and confirm these signs ! ” Scarce had the old man spoken, when thunder pealed with sudden crash on the left, and a falling star shot with gleaming trail through the night amid a flood of radiance. We watched
695 it gliding high over the palace-roof, and gilding its path through heaven, till it sank resplendent in the forests of Ida : the furrowed wake glittered through all its long line, and the region around reeked with sulphur. On this, in truth, my father was overcome, and, lifting himself towards
700 the sky, addressed the gods and adored the hallowed star : “ No longer, no longer, will I delay ! Gods of my country, I follow, and, where ye lead, there am I ! Preserve my

home, preserve my grandson : yours is this omen, and on your godhead Troy rests ! For me, I yield and refuse not, my son, to accompany thy flight."

'He ceased, and now the fire through the city was louder 705 in our ears, and the flame rolled a nigher tide. "Then come, dear my father, place thyself on my neck ! These shoulders shall hold thee up, nor will such burden oppress me. Let Fortune fall as she will, our peril shall be one and common, our salvation one for both ! Little Iulus 710 shall walk at my side, and my wife shall follow our steps at distance. And ye, my henchmen, lend ear to my words. As men go forth from the city, there is a mound and temple of old time to forlorn Ceres, and at its side stands an ancient cypress-tree, that the piety of our fathers hath guarded 715 through many years. To this one station we shall come by diverse paths. Do thou, my sire, take the holy vessels in thy hand, and the Home-gods of our country. For me, who have come from battle so grim and am new from the shedding of blood, it were sin to touch them, till I have laved me in the living stream." 720

'Thus saying, I spread my broad shoulders and subject neck with the covering of a tawny lion's hide, and stooped beneath my burden. Little Iulus clung to my right, and followed his father with unmatched step, while my spouse came on behind. We travelled through the shadowy places, 725 and I—whom erewhile no volleyed spears, nor Greece massed in fronting battle, could move—now trembled at every breeze, and started at every sound, unnerved and timorous alike for my companion and my burden !

'And now I was nearing the gates, and meseemed I had 730 traversed all my journey, when suddenly a trampling of feet, as we deemed, broke upon our ears, and, peering through

the dark, my sire cried : " My son, my son, flee ! They
draw nigh : I see the glitter of shields and the gleam of
735 bronze." On this, in my bewilderment, some unfriendly
power confounded and snatched away my judgement. For
while I threaded the untrodden paths and departed from
the highway's familiar line, alas, to crown my sorrow, Creüsa
my wife was lost to me—whether, torn away by Fate, she
halted, or wandered from the road, or sate her down in
740 weariness, I know not—nor ever after was she restored to
these eyes. And I looked not back to her who was gone,
nor turned my thought to her, ere we had come to the mound
of ancient Ceres and to her sacred dwelling : there, at length,
when all were mustered, she alone was lacking and failed
745 comrades, and son, and lord. Whom did my wild censure
spare, whether of earth or heaven ? What calamity more
poignant did I behold in the fallen town ? To the care of
my friends I committed Ascanius, Anchises my father, and
the gods of our Teucrian hearths, and hid them in a winding
glade. Myself I sought the city once more and girt me in
750 flashing steel. My resolve stood fast : I would brave all
perils anew, return through all Troy-town, and again set
my life on the hazard.

‘ First I took my way to the battlements, and the dim
portal of that gate through which I bent my departing steps,
and with watchful eye scanned my footprints, as I traced
them back through the gloom. Everywhere horror thrilled
755 my soul, and the very silence was fraught with terror.
Thence I repaired to my house :—perchance, perchance,
she had turned her foot thitherward ! The Danaans had
streamed within, and were thronging the halls from end to
end. Incontinent the devouring fire rolled wind-fanned up
to the topmost pinnacles : victory was with the flames, and

the blazing tide raved to the skies. Onward I went, and once 760
more sought Priam's home and the citadel.—And now, in
the forlorn colonnades of Juno's sanctuary, chosen warders—
Phoenix and curst Ulysses—stood guard over the prey.
Thither from all hands they brought and upheaped the
treasures of Troy, ravished from burning fanes—hallowed
boards, bowls massive with gold, and captive vestments. 765
About them, in long-drawn lines, stood boys and trembling
matrons!

'Nay, I dared to send abroad my voice through the night
and filled the streets with my cries; and, again and again,
from the agony of my heart I called upon Creüsa, and echoed
her name in vain.

770

'As I sought, and, in frenzy, ranged incessant amid the
houses of Troy, a tearful vision—the shade of very Creüsa—
appeared before my gaze, in semblance greater than I had
known. I stood aghast; my hair rose, and my voice clove
to my throat. Then so she began to speak, and with these
words to assuage my sorrow: "What avails it, my dear 775
lord, to yield indulgence thus great to thy madness of grief?
This issue comes not save by the decree of Heaven: it were
sin for thee to bear Creüsa hence at thy side, nor does he
who reigns in Olympus above assent thereto. Thou shalt
sail to long years of exile, thou shalt plough the vast floor 780
of ocean, till thou come to the Western land, where, through
the rich fields of a warrior-race, Lydian Tiber flows with
his gentle stream. There happiness, and kingship, and
a queenly bride, are prepared for thee. Bid thy tears for
loved Creüsa be dry! I shall view not the proud seats of 785
Myrmidon or Dolopian: I shall go not as handmaiden to
any matron of Greece—I a daughter of Dardanus, I who
was wedded to the seed of Venus!—but the great Mother

of Heaven holds me with her in these climes. And now farewell, and cherish thy love for thy son and mine ! ”

790 ‘ This said, she left me to my tears and the many words I would fain have spoken, and vanished into thin air. Thrice, then, I strove to throw my arms round her neck : thrice the form, that I clasped in vain, fled through my hands, light as the winds and fleet as the pinions of sleep.—Thus it
795 was that, with night outworn, I beheld my friends again.

‘ And there, admiring, I found that a vast company of new comrades had streamed to join us—matrons and men, a band mustered for exile, a melancholy folk ! From all hands they were come, ready with heart and wealth to seek
800 any land soever, whereto I would lead them over the main. And now the Morning-star was rising over the heights on Ida’s crown and ushering in the day, and the Grecian leaguer held the entry of every gate, nor was any hope of succour vouchsafed us. I yielded the struggle, took up my sire, and journeyed to the mountains.

III

‘ **A**FTER Heaven’s decree had brought low the fortunes of Asia and Priam’s guiltless people, after the pride of Ilium was fallen and all Neptune’s Troy smouldered in the dust, we were driven by celestial warning in quest of distant exile and untenanted realms : we built our fleet
5 fast beneath Antandros and the hills of Phrygian Ida, knowing not whither Fate was tending, nor where haven should be granted us ; and there we gathered our company. Scarce had the first blush of Summer come, and father Anchises was urging me to spread my sails to destiny, when tearfully

I quitted the shores and harbours of my country, and those plains where Troy was once a city. An outcast I fared forth to the deep, with my comrades and my son, my Home-gods and divinities of power.

‘Far away lies the War-god’s land, and the peoples of its limitless plains (Thracians they who till them), where of yore fierce Lycurgus reigned—bound to Troy by age-long kindness and federate worship, before our star was set. Thither I bore and founded my earliest town on the winding strand, Destiny frowning on my emprise, and named its people by my name—the *Aeneadae*.

‘I was paying the holy rites to my mother, Dione’s child, and the rest of Heaven, that they might watch over the work begun, and was standing on the beach in act to slay a shining bull to the high King of gods. A mound, it chanced, stood nigh, on whose summit rose cornel-shoots and a myrtle horrent with serried shafts. I approached, and assayed to uproot the verdant growth from its soil, that the leafy boughs might veil my altars, when a sight of fear, passing speech, met my view. For, from the first tree I uptore from its broken roots, trickled gouts of black blood staining the earth with gore. A chill palsy shook my limbs, and my frozen blood curdled with horror. Again I set myself to sunder a second reluctant bough and to probe the lurking mystery; and again from a second bark followed the crimson stream. With many a thought surging through my brain, I paid worship to the rural Nymphs and the sovereign Lord of Battle, warden of the Getic fields, that duly they would prosper this portent and lighten the heavy omen. But when, with greater effort, I assailed the third sapling, with knee pressed against the resisting sand—shall I speak or hold my peace?—a moan laden with tears reached me from the nethermost

40 mound, and a speaking voice was borne to my ear : “ Aeneas,
why rendest thou this unhappy frame? Spare the sepultured
at last : spare to pollute those dutiful hands ! Troy bore
me not an alien to thee, and not alien is the blood that flows
from this stem ! Alas, flee this land of cruelty ; flee this
45 shore of covetousness : for I am Polydorus ! Here I lie
transfixed, and a forest of steel has encased me and shot
forth into trenchant javelins.”

‘ Then, in truth, I stood aghast, my hesitant soul laden
with dread : my hair rose, and my voice clove to my throat.
This was the Polydorus, whom, in other days, unhappy
50 Priam had secretly sent, with a vast weight of gold, to be
nurtured by the Thracian king, what time he began to
distrust the Dardan battle, and saw his city beleaguered.
He, so soon as Troy’s might was shattered and her fortune
departed, followed the star of Agamemnon and his victorious
55 powers, severed all sacred ties, slew Polydorus, and laid
violent hand on the treasure. O cursed lust of gold, to
what canst thou not compel the heart of man !

‘ When the terror had quitted my breast, I revealed the
celestial portent to the chosen princes of the people, and to
my sire before all, and besought their counsel. In all there
60 was but one mind : that we should depart from this sin-
stained land, abandon this slaughter-house of guests, and
admit the breeze to our sails. Therefore we paid new
obsequies to Polydorus, heaped earth upon his mound, and
raised altars to his ghost, all mournful in dark fillets and
65 gloomy cypresses ; while about them stood the daughters
of Ilium, their tresses unloosed, as ritual ordains. We
brought to him bowls that foamed with warm milk, and cups
of sacrificial blood, laid his spirit in its sepulchre, and called
him with the last loud cry.

'Then, so soon as there was faith in the deep, and the winds had lulled the waters, and the gently rustling South 70 called us to the main, my comrades launched our vessels and thronged the strand. Forth from the harbour we voyaged, and lands and cities grew dim.

'There is a sacred country lies in mid-ocean, beloved by the Nereids' mother and Neptune the Aegean's lord, which the dutiful Archer-god, as it strayed round coasts and shores, 75 chained from high Myconos and Gyarus, and granted that it should be a habitation unmoved and should condemn the gales. Thither I bore; and in all peace the island welcomed our weariness in sure haven. Landing, we paid our homage to the city of Apollo. King Anius—king alike over men, and 80 priest of Phoebus—his brows bound with fillet and hallowed laurel, moved to greet us, and in Anchises owned an old-time friend. Host and guest, we clasped hand in hand, and entered his abode.

'In act of worship, I stood before the temple and its venerable stone: "God of Thymbra," I cried, "grant us a 85 home that shall endure, grant the weary their walls, a nation, and an abiding city! Preserve these nascent towers of Troy—these relics of a conquering Greece and a stern Achilles! Who shall be our guide? Whither wilt thou that we go? Where wilt thou that we fix our seat? O father, vouchsafe a sign, and let thy presence fill our souls!"

'Scarce had the words left my lips, when on the instant 90 all things seemed to quiver, the portals and the laurels of the god, and all the hill about shook, and the tripod moaned from the opened shrine. Prone we sank to earth, and a voice was borne to our ears: "Ye stout sons of Dardanus, the land that first bore you from the stock of your sires—that land shall receive your returning feet on its fruitful soil. 95

Seek ye your mother of old. There the house of Aeneas shall be lord over all climes, and his children's children, and they that shall be born of them ! ”

‘ Thus Phoebus, and a wild and tumultuous joy sprang
100 up in our hearts : and all men asked, where was the promised city, whither Apollo called the wanderers and bade them return ! Then my father, pondering the legends of old-world men : “ Hear,” he cried, “ ye princes, and know your hopes ! In the mid-seas lies an island, Crete, the home of
105 great Jove, where mount Ida stands, and the cradle of our race. There men dwell in a hundred proud cities—a realm most fruitful—and thence Teucer, our first sire, if I recall the tale aright, sailed in the beginning to the Rhoetean shores and chose a place for his kingdom. For not yet had
110 Ilium and the towers of Pergamus arisen, but they dwelt in the lowly valleys. Thence came the Mother, who tenants Cybele, and the Corybants with their cymbals, and the grove of Ida : thence the mysteries’ faithful silence, and the yoked lions stooping under the chariot of their Queen. Then come, and, where the behest of Heaven leads, there
115 let us follow. Let us appease the winds, and seek the kingdoms of Gnossus ! They are distant no long course : let but Jove be with us, and the third dawn shall see our fleet on the Cretan strand ! ” He said, and offered due sacrifice on the altars—a bull to Neptune, a bull to thee, fair Apollo ; a black lamb to the Storm, a white lamb to the
120 favouring Zephyrs.

‘ A bruit went forth, that Prince Idomeneus had fled an exile from the realm of his fathers, that the shores of Crete were forsaken, its dwellings void of foes, and an abode standing tenantless to our hand. We left the havens of Ortygia, and flew over the main,—left Naxos and its

bacchant-haunted peaks, green Donyssa, Olearos, glittering 125
Paros, and the Cyclades strewn along the deep, and threaded
those seas, gemmed with so many an isle. The cry of the
sailors rang clear, as they strove in their changing tasks, and
my comrades' burden was ever : *Onward to Crete and our*
forefathers ! A breeze, freshening from the stern, followed 130
us as we went, and at last we rode by the Curetes' im-
memorial shores.

'Eagerly, then, I built the walls of my chosen city, called
it Pergamea, and bade my people, who joyed in their
title, love their hearths and rear the high-coped towers.
And now the work was almost done : the fleet was beached 135
on the dry strand, wedlock and their new-won domains
claimed the care of our youth, and I was assigning laws and
dwellings, when suddenly the expanse of heaven was tainted
and a wasting malady lighted on the limbs of men, a piteous
blight on tree and crop, and a season of death. Part resigned
the sweet breath of life, part still wearily dragged their 140
plague-stricken frames : soon the Dog-star was burning
the fruitless fields, the grass was athirst, and the sicken-
ing corn denied its sustenance. Back to Ortygia's shrine
over the remeasured main, was my father's counsel, there
to implore grace from Phoebus, and seek what bourne he
designed to our languid fortunes, what succour he would 145
bid us assay to our suffering,—whither he would have us
bend our course !

'It was night, and sleep possessed all creatures that breathe
upon earth, when the holy images and the gods of our
Phrygian homes, whom I had borne forth with me from
Troy, out of the heart of the flaming town, seemed, as I lay 150
in slumber, to rise before my vision—radiant in the flooding
light, where the full-orbed moon streamed through the

inset windows. Then thus they began to speak, and with this utterance to assuage my sorrow : "What Apollo shall tell thee when thou hast voyaged to Delos, he revealeth
155 here ; and, lo, he hath sent us unsought to thy threshold ! We who have followed thee and thy arms, since our Dardan realm sank in flame, we who under thy ward have gone down to the swelling deep in ships—we shall exalt to the stars thy children hereafter, and we shall bestow empire upon their city. Do thou but build great walls for the
160 great, and abandon not thy long labour of exile ! Change thine abode : not these the shores of Delian Apollo's counsel : not Crete the land where he bade thee rest ! There is a region that Greece styles Hesperia—a country of old time, strong in battle and of fruitful breast. Oenotrians were they
165 that held it : now, fame tells, a new generation has named the people with the name of their leader—*Italy*. There is our abiding-place : thence sprang Dardanus and father Iasius, from whom our race descends. Tarry not, but rise, and in gladness of heart rehearse this our message indubitable to thy
170 grey-headed sire : that he seek Cortona and the Ausonian soil. Jove denies thee the fields of Crete ! "

'Amazed at such vision, amazed at the celestial voice—for it was no sleep, but meseemed I knew their countenance before my countenance, their locks fillet-crowned, and their
175 visage in very presence, and a cold sweat streamed over all my frame—I leapt from my couch, raised voice and hand to heaven, and poured on the hearth my pure libation. This sacrifice rendered, gladly I bore my message to Anchises, and expounded the tale in order. He avouched our
180 doubtful descent and our twofold ancestry, and owned that those ancient lands had enmeshed him in novel error ! Then he spoke : "My son, who hast wrestled so long with Troy's

destiny, Cassandra, and none else, foretold me this fortune. For now I remember, she shewed this fate in store for our race; and oft she called on Hesperia, and oft on the kingdoms 185 of Italy. But who should believe that Teucer's people would visit the Hesperian strand? or whom, in those days, could Cassandra among the prophets move? Come, yield we to Phoebus, and follow, at his warning, a wiser course!"

'He said; and rejoicing we all obeyed his word. Once more we resigned our home, and, leaving a remnant, set sail 190 and sped over the great deep in our hollow barques.

'Our fleet had made the high seas, and no land more met the view, but everywhere the sky, and everywhere the main, when a gloomy cloud halted overhead, fraught with night and tempest, and ocean was ruffled by the dark. Straight 195 the winds rolled up the flood, the great waves arose, and we were scattered and flung over the waste of waters. Clouds invested the day, the drenched night blotted out the heavens, and the recurrent levin leapt from its bursting womb. Driven from our course, we staggered through the viewless 200 waters. Palinurus' self avowed that he knew neither day nor night in the firmament, nor could read his path in the mid brine. Three full days, that we knew not from night in the blinding mist, we wandered over the foam, and as many nights with never a star. Only with the fourth dawn 205 we saw land rise at last, revealing hills in the distance and sending up wreaths of smoke. Our sails dropped down; we rose to the oars, and, unlingering, the seamen bent to their toil, scattering the spray and sweeping the blue.

'Delivered from the wave, I found my first welcome on the shores of the Strophads—Strophads they are named by 210 Greece, islands standing in the broad Ionian sea, wherein dwells dire Celaeno with her sisterhood of Harpies, since

the day when the house of Phineus was shut against them,
and they fled afraid from their wonted boards. Fellest of
abominations, no fiercer plague, minister of Heaven's
215 vengeance, ever lifted head from the Stygian stream. Birds
they are, virginal of countenance, foul-bellied, claw-handed,
pinched always by the pallor of hunger.

'Thither borne, we entered the harbour; and, lo, we
220 beheld fair herds of kine studding the plains, and bearded
flocks warderless along the green. Steel in hand, we assailed
them, and called the gods, with Jove himself, to part and
lot in the spoil; then, on the winding beach, piled couches,
225 and feasted on the bountiful fare. But, with sudden swoop
and horrible, the Harpies were upon us from the hills, their
beating wings clanging loud: they plundered our banquet,
befouled all with unclean touch, and their ghastly screech
was heard amid the noisome stench. Once more, in a long
231 recess under a hollow cliff, we decked our boards and restored
the flame to the altars: once more, from a quarter diverse
of heaven, the noisy rout issued from ambush,—their talons
hovering above the prey, their lips defiling the feast. Then
235 I called to my comrades to take arms, and war on the accursed
tribe. As I said, so they did:—laid their swords in the cover-
ing grass, and hid their shields from the view. Thus, when
the foe descended, shrieking along the sinuous shore, Misenus,
observant from a tall cliff, sounded the alarm on brazen horn.
240 On rushed our band, and assayed the strange fray—to mar
with the steel those obscene fowls of ocean. But their
plumes foiled our strength, their frames our wounds, and
incontinent they soared in flight to the skies, leaving their
part-devoured prey and revolting trail. Alone Celaeno,
245 prophetess of evil, lit on a skyey crag, and thus the words
broke from her soul: "War, even for slain oxen and butchered

steers,—war prepare ye to wage (true seed of Laomedon!) and to banish the guiltless Harpies from their native kingdom? Then hear this my saying, and let it sink into your souls: 250 What the Father omnipotent foretold to Phoebus, and Phoebus Apollo to me, that do I, eldest of the Furies, reveal to you. That ye may reach Italy ye sail the seas and ye invoke the winds. To Italy ye shall go, and ye shall enter her havens: but never shall ye wall the promised city, till 255 the curse of hunger and the sin of your onslaught on us shall constrain you to grind with your teeth your half-eaten boards!” She said, and on fugitive pinion soared again to the woods. For my comrades, their blood froze with the chill of sudden terror; their spirits fell, and they urged me 260 no more to seek peace at point of sword, but by vows and prayers. And father Anchises, his palms outstretched from the shore, called upon sovereign Heaven, and enjoined meet sacrifice: “Ye gods, thwart their menace; avert such 265 disaster, and of your grace preserve the pious!” He ceased, and bade sunder the rope from the strand and shake loose the sheets. The South swelled our sails, and we sped over the foaming waves, whither wind and steersman called our course. And now, in the midmost flood, tree-crowned 270 Zacynthus rose to view, and Dulichium, and Samê, and Neritus, craggy and tall. We fled the rocks of Ithaca, where Laertes reigned, and cursed the region that fostered pitiless Ulysses. Soon the cloud-capped peaks of Mount Leucata opened on our sight, and their Apollo, the mariner’s dread; 275 to whose shrine we sailed outworn, and came to a little city. Anchor was flung from prow, and our barques stood ranged on the beach.

‘Thus, our feet at length on unhopèd soil, we purified ourselves in honour of Jove, lit the altars with votive fires,

280 and made merry the Actian strand with our Ilian games.
Stripped and sleek with oil, my men plied their country's
wrestling : and there was joy in the thought that scatheless
we had passed so many a city of Greece, and had won our
way through the heart of the foe.

‘Meanwhile the sun circled the great year, and icy Winter
285 began to ruffle the waves under his northern blasts. A buckler
of hollow bronze, borne once by giant Abas, I nailed to
the fronting doors, with a verse to note my deed—*These arms*
Aeneas from victorious Greece—then bade my comrades quit
the haven and seat themselves on the thwarts. Zealously they
290 smote the main, and swept the watery level : and anon the
towering Phaeacian hills were vanished, and we skirted the
shores of Epirus, entered the Chaonian harbour, and drew
to Buthrotum's high city.

‘There a tale, surpassing credence, assailed our ears :—how
295 Helenus, Priam's son, reigned over Grecian towns, lord of
Aeacian Pyrrhus' bride and sceptre, and Andromache had
passed again to a compatriot spouse ! I was lost in amaze,
and my heart burned with strange yearning to win speech of
my friend and knowledge of this mysterious chance. Leaving
300 fleet and shore behind, I went forth from the haven, at the
hour, as it fell, when, in a great grove before the town, by
the wave of a counterfeit Simois, Andromache was offering
the wonted feast and her libation of sorrow to dust and ashes,
calling on the dead by Hector's grave,—a tenantless mound
305 of green turf that she had consecrated to him with two altars,
to her a well-spring of tears. When she descried my coming,
and, distraught, saw Trojan steel about her, fear-stricken at
the marvellous vision, she froze in mid gaze, and the warmth
forsook her limbs. Swooning she sank, and hardly, at long
310 last, spoke : “A veritable form—a veritable messenger—

dost thou come to me, goddess-born ? Livest thou ? Or, if the kindly light hath left thee, where is Hector ? ” She said, and melted in tears, and her wailing filled all the place around. To her frenzy of sorrow scarce I made brief response, and, confused, unlocked my lips in broken accents : “ I live indeed, and draw out my life through all extremity of evil. For- 315 bear to doubt : thy vision belies thee not ! Alas, what estate receives thee, fallen from such a spouse ? or what fortune, meet for her, smiles once more on Hector’s Andromache ? Bride of Pyrrhus endurest thou yet ? ” She cast down her eyes, and answered with faint voice : “ O happy, sole above 320 all, Priam’s virgin daughter, whom they doomed to die by her foeman’s grave under the towers of Troy,—who bare not the lot’s arbitrament, nor, captive, knew the couch of a tyrant conqueror ! We sailed over distant seas from the 325 ashes of our country : in servitude and motherhood, we bowed to the insolence of youth and the pride of Achilles’ seed ; till, suitor for a Spartan bridal, he turned to Leda’s Hermione, and passed me to Helenus,—slave mated with slave. But him Orestes, aflame for his stolen bride and 330 goaded by the Furies of his guilt, ambushed and slew by his father’s altar. Pyrrhus dead, part of his realm duly fell to Helenus, who named these plains *Chaonian*, and *Chaonia* all the land, from Chaon of Troy ; and Pergamus is this Ilian 335 tower that he has set upon the cliff. But thou—what winds, what fates, have wafted thy course ? or what god has driven thee unknowing to our shores ? What of child Ascanius, whom to thee erstwhile at Troy . . . ? Lives he yet ? Breathes he 340 yet the upper air ? Aeneas and Hector—sire and uncle—do their names spur him to the valour of his line and the spirit of manhood ? ” Thus her words flowed and her tears fell ; and ever and again she broke into long agonies of weeping,

345 when, lo, from the city-walls came hero Helenus, Priam's son,
amid a great retinue, and knew us for his countrymen, and
gladly led us to the palace, with eyes streaming at every word.

' On I went, and saw a little Troy, a Pergamus mimicking
350 the great, and a waterless brook styled Xanthus, and embraced the portals of a Scaean gate. Nor meanwhile had my Teucrians less joy of their sister city. The king gave them welcome in his ample colonnades : goblet in hand, they made libation of wine in the central hall, and the feast
355 was set on gold.

' And now a day, and a second day were sped ; the breezes wooed our sails, and our canvass was big with the swelling South, when thus questioning I bespoke the seer : " Thou son of Troy, interpreter of god to man, who art cognizant
360 of Phoebus' power, of the tripods and the bays of Claros' lord, who readest the stars, and the speech of birds, and the message of their presaging wing, speak, I prithee,—for fair was every voice of Heaven that declared my course, and every god gave celestial counsel, that I seek Italy and assay
365 her distant shores ; alone the Harpy Celaeno forebodes a strange portent unutterable, and denounces the terrors of vengeance and the horrors of famine,—speak and say : What perils first shall I shun ? or what guidance shall avail me to cope with labours thus arduous ? " Then Helenus first implored the peace of Heaven with ritual sacrifice of
370 steers, loosed the fillets of his consecrated brows, and himself led me by the hand, thrilled with the presence of deity, to those portals, Phoebus, of thine : then, from his priestly lips, spoke inspired :

' " Goddess-born, clear is the warrant that under auspices
375 most high thou sailest the flood : for thus it is that the King of gods allots the fates and ordains their succession, and thus

the cycle revolves. Few things, therefore, out of many, my word shall reveal to thee, that so with the greater safety thou mayest traverse the stranger seas and find rest in Ausonia's haven. What remains the Sisters forbid Helenus to know, 380 and Sāturnian Juno seals his lips. And, first, that Italy, which even now in ignorance thou deemest at hand, thinking to enter a neighbouring port, a far path and pathless estranges from these our far realms. Your oars shall be bent in the Sicilian wave, your barques shall traverse the floor of the 385 Ausonian main, and view the ghostly lake and the isle of Aeaeān Circe, ere it be thine to build a sure city in a safe land. I will give thee tokens, and hold thou them treasured in thy mind: When, in an hour of trouble, thou shalt find by the waters of a sequestered stream a huge sow recumbent 390 under the holms by the river's brim, with a litter of thirty heads,—white as she reclines on earth, and white the young at her teats,—there shall be the site of thy town, there shall thy travailings surely cease. And fear not the boards whereat ye shall gnaw: the Fates will find a way, and Apollo 395 come to your call. But these lands, and the strip of Italian shore laved by the tides of our sea, shun thou: not a city but is habited by our enemies of Greece! There the Locrians of Naryx have built their ramparts, and Lyctian Idomeneus beset the Sallentine plains with spearmen: there is the seat 400 of Philoctetes, Meliboea's prince,—little Petelia leaning on her wall. More, when thy fleet shall have made its passage across the waters and come to station, and, altars raised, thou payest thy vows on the strand, veil thy locks in cover- 405 ing of a purple cloak, that no hostile form may break upon the holy fires, in the worship of Heaven, and trouble the omens. This mode of sacrifice observe both thou and thy comrades, and by this rite let thy children's children devoutly

410 abide. But when, on departure, the gales shall waft thee to
the shore of Sicily, and the straits of narrow Pelorus broaden
on the view, then seek—long though the circuit—the land on
thy left and the seas on thy left, but eschew the coast to the
right and its waters. These regions, men tell, in other days
sprang asunder, convulsed with violent ruin and vast, though
415 then either land was one and continuous : thus puissant for
change are the ageing centuries ! The main came surging
between : its waves severed Hesperia's strand from Sicily's ;
and betwixt fields and cities, apart on confronting coasts, it
flowed with narrow tide. Scylla guards the right : on the left
420 is insatiate Charybdis ; and thrice, day by day, in the lowest
eddies of her abysm, she sucks the mountainous billows sheer
down, and disgorges them alternating to the light, scourging
the stars with spray. But Scylla a cavern confines in viewless
ambush, whence oft she darts forth her mouths, and draws
425 ships upon her crags. Above she wears a human face, to her
waist a maiden with beauteous breast : below she is an ocean-
monster, with dolphin-tails linked to her wolf-encircled
belly. Better, lingering, to make Trinacrian Pachynus thy
430 goal, and round it to bend thy winding course, than once to
have looked on grisly Scylla in her drear cave, and those cliffs
echoing to her sea-hounds' bay ! Farther, if any foresight
dwell in Helenus, if any credence be due to his seerdom, if
Apollo fill his mind with truth, one charge, o goddess-born,—
435 one charge in lieu of all,—I will lay upon thee, and again, and
yet again, admonish thee : To sovereign Juno's divinity let
thy first prayers ascend, to Juno chant thy willing prayers,
and overcome her imperial soul by thy suppliant offerings !
This do, and at length thou shalt quit Trinacria, the victory
440 won, and gain the confines of Italy. And when, thither
voyaged, thou shalt approach the Cymæan walls, and the

mystic lakes, and Avernus, loud with murmuring forests, thou shalt behold the frenzied prophetess, who sings the behests of Fate deep beneath her crag and commits to leaves the written word. And every prophetic verse that the maid 445 inscribes thereon she ranges in due succession and leaves secluded in her cavern. Motionless they hold their station, and quit not their sequence: but when, on turning of the hinge, a breath of air has lit upon them, and the swinging door disturbed their light foliage, never more has she care to capture them as they flit through her cavern, nor to restore 450 their ranks, nor to order her songs; but the questioner departs unanswered and curses the Sibyl's shrine. Count not thou the hours there lavished over-precious,—though thy comrades murmur, though the voyage urge thy sails to the main, and occasion be thine to fill thy sheets with a fair 455 breeze,—but approach the prophetess and entreat her oracles with prayer, that herself she will utter her presages, and deign to uncloset her lips in speech. She will reveal to thee the peoples of Italy, and the wars that shall be, and how thou mayest flee or abide each trial; and, duly besought, she will 460 grant thee a favouring course.—Such the warnings that this voice of mine may give thee. Go thou, and let thy prowess exalt Troy in might to the stars!”

‘When the seer’s kindly lips had so spoken, next he commanded that gifts, ponderous with gold and carven ivory, should be borne to the ships, and burdened our holds with 465 massive silver and caldrons of Dodona,—a hauberk, of linked mail and triple tissue of gold, and a casque with cone and waving plume, accoutrement once of Neoptolemus. My sire, also, had guerdons of his own. He gave us steeds, and he gave us guides: he completed the tale of our rowers, 470 and my crews he equipped with arms.

‘Meanwhile Anchises was bidding us hoist sail on the fleet, that the fair-blowing wind might not meet delay. Whom thus, with all reverence, the minister of Phoebus
475 bespoke : “ Anchises,—thou who wast honoured by Venus’ high wedlock, thou the care of Heaven, the twice rescued from a fallen Troy,—behold Ausonia’s land ! Let thy sails hasten to possession ! Yet this shore it behoves thee to skirt and quit not the wave ; that region of Italy is afar, which Apollo reveals. Go”, he said, “ blest in thy son’s love !
480 Why proceed my words, and impede the freshening breezes ? ”

‘Nor less Andromache, all in sorrow for our last parting, brought robes figured with embroidery of gold, and a Phrygian mantle—equal its splendour!—for Ascanius ; loaded him
485 with presents from her loom, and so spoke : “ Receive these also, child, that they may be memorials of my hands to thee and bear witness to the undying love of Andromache, Hector’s wife ! Take the last gifts of thy kindred, o thou the sole semblance that is left me of my Astyanax ! Such were
490 his eyes, such his hands, such his mien ; and now in like years he would be growing with thee to manhood ! ”

‘With welling tears, I addressed them in act to go : “ Live and be happy : the course of your fortune is run, while we are summoned from fate to fate ! Ye have won your peace :
495 ye have no watery plains to cleave ; ye have no Ausonian fields, ever vanishing, to seek. Your eyes look on a mimic Xanthus, and a Troy that your hands have builded,—builded, my prayer is, under kindlier auspices, and better shielded from Greece ! If ever I shall enter Tiber, and the plains that
500 verge on Tiber, and behold the walls promised to my people, thereafter, from our kindred cities and neighbouring nations, Epirot and Hesperian,—who share a common author in Dardanus and a common lot,—we will fashion

one Troy single-souled : and may that care await our children ! ”

505

‘ Onward along the deep we fared past the nigh Ceraunian cliffs, whence the way leads to Italy and the voyage is briefest across the foam. Meantime the sun fell, and the shadows darkened on the hills. So soon as the lot had chosen who should abide by the oars, we laid us down by the waves, on the breast of the welcome earth, and all along the waterless 510 strand rested our frames, while the dews of sleep sprinkled the limbs of the weary. Nor yet had Night, driven by the Hours, ascended to her mid sphere, when Palinurus, undelaying, started from his couch and explored every breeze, and listened to every breath of air. All the stars he observed, 515 that floated in the silent firmament,—Arcturus, and the rainy Hyads, and the twin Bears,—and he gazed on Orion in his panoply of gold. When he saw that all was calm in the cloudless sky, he sounded his clear signal-note from the stern : we removed our camp, assayed our journey, and un- 520 furled the winged sails.

‘ And now the stars were fled, and the Dawn rose blushing, when we descried the dim, distant hills and lowly coast of Italy. *Italy*, Achates cried the foremost : *Italy*, the crews shouted in joyful acclaim. Then father Anchises wreathed a mighty bowl in a chaplet, filled it with wine, and called 525 upon Heaven, as he stood aloft on the poop : “ Ye gods of ocean and earth, ye lords of the tempest, send us a smooth voyage before the wind, and breathe on us with gracious breath ! ” The gales freshened to his prayer : the haven, closer now, opened clear to our gaze, and we saw a shrine 530 to Minerva on the cliff. The mariners furled sail, and turned their stems to the strand. There a roadstead sweeps curving from the eastern wave in semblance of a bow :

invisible itself, before it stand rocks foaming with salt spray,
535 while turreted crags stretch arms of stone like a double wall
to the beach, and the temple recedes from the sea. Here,
for our first omen, I saw four coursers on the sward, browsing
at large through the plain, all white as the snow. Then
Anchises my sire : “ War, o stranger land, is thy offering :
540 for war is the steed armed, and war these steeds menace !
Yet the same four-footed kind is wont, in time, to stoop
to the chariot and to bear yoke and bit in concord : hope
there is of peace also ! ” Then we prayed to the sacred
power of steel-clashing Pallas, who first had received us in
545 triumph, veiled our heads before her altars in Phrygian cloak,
and, obedient to the precepts of Helenus, that he gave expressly,
kindled duly the sacrifice prescribed to Argive Juno. With-
out delay, so soon as our vows were paid in order, seaward we
turned the horns of our canvass-spread yards, and quitted the
550 dwellings of the children of Greece and their mistrusted soil.
Next we descried the bay of Tarentum—Hercules’ town, if
Fame speaks truth—while over against it rose the goddess of
Lacinium, and the hills of Caulon, and Scylaceum, the home
of shipwreck. Soon, on the horizon, Sicilian Aetna appeared
555 towering above the flood, and we heard from far the giant
moaning of ocean, the crags sea-scourged, and broken
murmurings along the beach, as the waters leapt up
and the surf embroiled the sands. Then father Anchises :
“ Surely here is Charybdis : these are the cliffs, these the
560 awful rocks of Helenus’ burden ! Save yourselves, comrades,
and rise in unison to your oars ! ” As he commanded, so they
did, and foremost Palinurus turned his griding prow to the
waters on the left ; and to the left swung all our company
under stress of oar and sail. On the crested billows we were
tossed to the skies, and again, with the receding wave, we

sank to the Shades beneath. Thrice the cliffs roared among 565
their rocky caverns, and thrice we saw the foam upheaved
and the stars bedewed with spray.

‘Meanwhile breeze and sun abandoned our weariness,
and, in ignorance of the course, we drifted to the Cyclops’
shores. There a haven lies, unapproached and unshaken by 570
the winds, and spacious indeed : but hard at hand Aetna
thunders with hideous ruin, and now hurls skyward dark
clouds, fuming with pitchy tempest and white embers, and
uplifts globes of lambent flame flickering to the stars,—now
belches aloft rocks and her mountain-entrails uptorn, flings, 575
moaning, to day masses of molten boulders, and seethes up
from her uttermost deeps. Under that pile, Fame tells, lies
whelmed the frame of Enceladus, scathed by the thunderbolt,
while vast Aetna, set above him, breathes fire from her 580
bursting furnaces ; and—oft as he turns his weary side—all
Sicily trembles and murmurs, and the heavens are veiled
in smoke. All night long we lay under shrouding forests,
enduring those dread portents, nor beheld the cause of
the sound. For the stars had kindled not their lamps, and 585
the pole shone not with its empyreal lights, but clouds
lowered over a sable sky, and midnight prisoned the moon
in mist.

‘And now the second day was rising with nascent morn,
and Aurora had withdrawn the weeping shades from the
firmament, when suddenly from the woods there issued the
strange form of an unknown man, lean with the extremity 590
of famine, and piteously clad ; and, suppliant, he stretched
his palms to the shore. We turned to gaze. His squalor
was foul, his beard hung down, and thorns clasped his
vesture ; yet in all else he was a Greek, and once he had sailed
with his country’s battle to Troy ! When he saw from afar 595

our Dardan habit and Trojan harness, for a while, fear-stricken at such sight, he stood rooted to earth and checked his step, then rushed precipitate to the strand, weeping and praying : “ By the stars, by the gods, and by this light of
600 heaven that ye breathe, I adjure you, Teucrians,—receive me !
Take me to any land soever : it will suffice. I know that I am one from the Danaan fleet : I own that I bore sword against your Ilian hearths. For which—if so black be the guilt of my crime—scatter my limbs to the waves, and sink me in the
605 unfathomed deep. If I die, it will be good to die by the hand of man ! ”

‘ He ceased, and clung to us, clasping our knees, and prone at our knees. We bade him declare his name, the lineage whence he was sprung, and to reveal what malice of fortune
610 had pursued him since then. My father Anchises delayed not long, ere he proffered his hand to the youth, and reassured him by that potent pledge. He, his terror at length assuaged, thus began :

“ I am a henchman of Ulysses, the evil starred,—Ithaca my country, Achaemenides my name,—and I sailed for Troy
615 from the poverty of Adamastus my sire. And oh that my fortune had so remained ! Here, while hastily they fled from that merciless threshold, my comrades, oblivious, abandoned me in the vast Cyclopiian cave—a house of blood and murderous feastings, sunless within and immeasurable.
620 Its giant lord towers to the stars—may Heaven sweep that scourge from earth !—and no eye may lightly behold him, nor any tongue accost him. His food is the flesh and black gore of miserable men. Myself I saw how, supine in the heart of his den, he seized in huge hand two of our number, and broke them upon the rocks till the crimsoned floor swam
625 in blood : I saw how he champ'd their members, streaming

with red corruption, while the warm flesh quivered under his teeth. Yet not without requital! Ulysses brooked not that deed; and, in the extremity of evil, the Ithacan was still himself! For when, satiate with feasting and buried in drunkenness, he pillowed his drooping neck and lay along the cavern in monstrous length, disgorging in his slumbers foul humours and gobbets of meat commingled with blood and wine, we prayed to high Heaven and allotted each man his office; then from every hand streamed upon him, one and all, and with pointed weapon pierced the eye that lurked, single and enormous, under his stern brow, like buckler of Argos or orb of Phoebus! And thus, in the end, we avenged in triumph the spirits of our companions.—But flee, ye unhappy band,—flee and sunder cable from strand! For in fierceness and stature like to Polyphemus, as he pens the fleecy herds in the hollows of his cavern and drains their udders, dwell a hundred more of the accursed Cyclopiian kind, scattered here and there by this sinuous beach or roaming the mountain-tops. The third crescent of the moon is already filling with radiance, and I still drag out my days in the forests amid forlorn lairs and dwellings of wild beasts, scanning from a cliff the towering Cyclops, and trembling at their voice and the sound of their feet. The boughs yield me a sorry sustenance of berries, and stony cornels and uprooted herbs are my food. Though I watched all, not till now I beheld this fleet drawing to the shore, and to this—prove what it might!—I devoted myself. Enough to have fled that godless race! Destroy ye this life—better so!—by what death soever ye will!”

‘ Scarce had he spoken, when we saw, on the mountain-summit, shepherd Polyphemus himself, moving in huge bulk and tending to the familiar strand,—a monster fearful and

hideous, vast and eyeless. A pine-trunk governed his hand
and strengthened his step, and with him went his fleecy
660 ewes,—sole joy and solace they of his ill! So soon as he
touched the deep waves and was come to ocean, he laved
therein the blood streaming from his gouged eye, and strode
through the flood, now at mid tide; nor yet had the billows
665 wetted his giant flanks. With the eagerness of fear, we
hastened our flight far thence, received the suppliant who
had merited so, and in silence severed the cable; then,
prone, swept the main with emulous oar. He heard, and
turned his foot toward the sound of the signal. But when
670 power was denied him to lay hand on us, and his pursuit
availed not to cope with the Ionian rollers, he lifted his voice
in a mighty cry, at which the deep and all its waves shook,
and Italy trembled to the heart, and Aetna moaned in her
winding caverns. But the Cyclopiæan brood rushed at his
675 summons from the woods and tall hills down to the haven,
and thronged the shores. There we saw the Aetnean
brotherhood—with eyes glaring and heads aloft to the skies—
standing in vain, a conclave of fear:—even so stand heaven-
680 challenging oaks on some mountain peak, or cone-bearing
cypresses—a towering forest to Jove, or a grove to Dian. The
spurs of dread urged my comrades headlong to fling the sheets
loose for any course soever, and to fill their canvass with the
earliest breeze that offered. On the other hand, the command
of Helenus warned them that they should hold not their way
685 betwixt Scylla and Charybdis—where the passage betwixt
either lay a hand's breadth removed from death. Thus our
resolve was taken to set sail back once more, when, lo, the
North came blowing from the straits of Pelorus! Past
Pantagia's mouth and its living rock, past the Megarian gulf
and lowly Thapsus, I voyaged, while Achaemenides, hench-

man of Ulysses the evil-starred, pointed each coast, as return- 690
ing he skirted again the region of his wanderings.

‘ Stretched before the Sicanian bay lies an island, fronting
wave-beat Plemmyrium,—Ortygia styled by an earlier race.
Thither, as Fame witnesses, Alpheus, Elis’ stream, won his
secret way under the foam, and now at the lips, Arethusa, of 695
thy fountain, mingles with the Sicilian wave. So com-
manded, we paid our homage to the high powers of the place,
and thence I passed the bountiful soil of stagnant Helorus.
Anon we grazed the tall cliffs and beetling rocks of Pachynus,
and far away Camarina—by behest of Fate, unstirred for ever 700
—rose before our eyes, with the plains of Gela, and great
Gela herself, named with the name of her stream. Soon the
steep of Acragas—sire of gallant steeds in the years to come !
—revealed its stately walls in the distance. And thee, palm-
crowned Selinus, I left with a heaven-sent breeze, and skirted 705
the Lilybean shallows and the perils of their ambushed reefs ;
till the haven and joyless strand of Drepanum received me.
There, buffeted by so many a tempest of ocean, I lost, alas,
my father Anchises, my stay in all sorrow and calamity.
There, kindest of parents, didst thou abandon my weariness, 710
saved in vain—ay me !—from dangers so stern ! Nor did
prophet Helenus, when he rehearsed his tale of horrors, nor
dire Celaeno foreshow this agony. This was the crown of my
sorrows, this the goal of my long pilgrimage, and thence,
when I parted, a god drove me on your shores.’ 715

Thus, sole amid listening ears, father Aeneas told his tale,
unfolded the decrees of Heaven, and his voyagings : then at
length was mute, and, here ending, ceased.

IV

BUT the queen, stricken long ere this by the pangs of love, fostered the wound in her veins and pined under the secret flame. Full often the hero's worth, full often the glories of his line, came coursing back on her soul : deep-fixed in her breast clung his lineaments and words, and longing withheld the peace of sleep from her limbs.

The morrow's dawn had removed the weeping shades from the firmament, and was revisiting earth with Phoebus' torch, when thus, as the madness wrought on her brain, she spoke to the sister who was heart of her heart : ' Sister Anna, what visions of the night bewilder and appal me ! Who is
10 this stranger guest that is come under our roof ? With what gallant mien he bears him ! How stout of spirit and arms ! For me, I believe—nor believe in vain—that he springs of celestial lineage. Fear argues the base-born soul. Ay me, through what storms of fate he has struggled ! What wars he recounted, endured to the end ! Were not
15 the resolve rooted in my soul, steadfast and motionless, never more to ally me with any man in the nuptial bond, since my earliest love proved traitor and deceived me with death,—were I not utterly weary of bridal chamber and bridal torch, perchance I might have yielded to this one frailty ! Anna,—for avow it I will,—since the day when my
20 hapless consort Sychaeus died, and our hearth was bedewed with the blood that a brother spilt, he alone has swayed my sense and assailed my purpose till it totters. I feel again a spark of that ancient flame : but I would pray that rather Earth yawning to her base may engulf me or the almighty Father smite me to the shades with his thunderbolt—to

the pallid shades of Erebus and the nether midnight—ere, Chastity, I violate thee or annul thy laws! He who first bound me to himself is departed with all my love: let him keep it with himself and cherish it in his tomb!’ Thus she said, and the starting tears laved her bosom. 30

Anna made response: ‘O dearer than the light to thy sister, wilt thou mourn in solitude and wither away through all the days of thy youth, and know not the sweetness of children nor the guerdons of love? Thinkest thou that dust and the sepulchred dead reck of constancy? What though no suitor have yet touched thy wasted heart—not in Libya, 35 nor, before Libya, in Tyre? What though Iarbas be scorned, and those princes else that the Afric soil, victory-fraught, doth nurture? Wilt thou combat love, even when love pleases? And comes not the thought to thy mind, in whose realms thou art settled? On this hand the Gaetulian cities with their unconquered peoples hem thee round: on that, a region 40 parched and forlorn, and Barcaeans raging far and near. Why speak of the wars that impend from Tyre, or the menace of our brother? For me, I believe that under the authority of Heaven and the grace of Juno these Ilian 45 barques have held their course hither before the breeze. How fair, my sister, shalt thou behold this city arise, and this empire, by such alliance! With the swords of Troy at our call, to what pinnacle of power shall the glory of Carthage ascend! Do thou but implore the favour of Heaven, and, when the gracious rites are paid, give scope to thy welcome 50 and weave plea upon plea for delay, while the tempest and watery Orion rave their fill upon the main—while his fleet is shaken and the sky may not yet be braved!’

Her words fired the queen’s soul with the flame of a great desire, gave hope to her doubting mind, and broke the 55

restraints of shame. First they approached the shrine, and from altar to altar sought peace. They offered ewes, duly chosen, to Ceres the Giver of Law, to Phoebus and father Lyaeus, and before all to Juno, mistress of the marriage-tie. 60 Herself, in radiant loveliness, goblet in hand, Dido poured the wine fairly betwixt the horns of a shining steer, or paced by the laden altars before the presence of deity, hallowed the day with sacrifice, and—her eager gaze fixed on some victim's opened breast—sought counsel of the quivering 65 heart. Alas for the blind soul of the seer! What availed vows and fanes to her frenzy? All that while the subtle flame was devouring her marrow, and the unspoken wound lurking and living deep in her breast!

Fire-consumed, the unhappy Dido roved brain-sick through all the town, like a doe when the arrow has found 70 its goal,—a doe, whom, careless amid her Cretan glades, some shepherd in weaponed pursuit has pierced from afar, and left, unknowing, the winged steel in her flank: she, in fugitive course, ranges Dicte's forests and lawns, but the mortal reed clings fast in her flank.—Now she would lead Aeneas at her side through the city's heart, and show him the wealth of 75 Sidon and the walls built to his hand, then begin to speak and in mid utterance grow mute. Now, with declining day, she would seek the self-same banquet, pray once more in her folly to hear the travail of Troy, and once more hang on his moving lips. Then, when the guests were parted, 80 when the dim moon was shrouding her light in turn, and the setting stars advised to sleep, she mourned forlorn in the solitary hall and clung to the couch he had left—hearing him and seeing him, though he was afar and she was afar. Or, enthralled by the sire imaged in the child, she would 85 hold Ascanius to her breast, in hope to beguile the love that

she might not utter. The towers begun rose no more, the youth resigned the practice of arms, and built neither haven nor sure rampart for the day of battle: the disused works hung idle, and the giant menace of the walls, and the fabric evened with the skies!

So soon as Jove's loved consort was ware that the queen 90 was possessed by thus dire a malady, and that thought of her womanly fame could no more retard her passion, so speaking the child of Saturn accosted Venus: 'Fair, in all truth, the renown, and ample the spoils that yewin, thou and thy boy,—that great and glorious deity!—when one woman falls under 95 the wiles of two gods! Nor deem that it escapes me, how, in dread of my city, thou hast held in mistrust the hospitable hearths of stately Carthage. But what shall be the term? or what skills now this bitterness of strife? Were it not better done to establish an eternal peace and a marriage-pact? What thou soughtest with all thy soul, that thou hast: 100 Dido loves and burns, and has caught the madness in her blood! Then let us rule this people in common with joint sovereignty: be it hers to serve a Phrygian lord, and, in lieu of dowry, to commit her Tyrians to thy right hand!'

To her—aware that she had spoken with feigned intent, 105 seeking to draw the empire of Italy to her Libyan coasts—thus Venus, answering, began: 'What folly could spurn such offer, or choose rather to battle against thee?—if only, as thou sayest, Fortune shall attend our deed! But I wander uncertain of Fate's decree, whether it be the will of Jove that 110 a single city should enfold the Tyrians and them that have sailed from Troy,—whether he would see the nations mingled and alliance joined between them. Thou art his spouse: for thee it is meet to assay his mind by prayer. Advance, and I will follow!' Then imperial Juno took the word:

115 'That task rest with me! Now lend ear, while, in brief,
I expound the mode by which we may achieve our pressing
purpose. Aeneas and with him the stricken Dido prepare
to follow the woodland chase, so soon as the morrow's Sun
shall display his orient flames and his rays uncurtain earth.
On them, while the bustling riders spread their toils round
120 the forest lawns, I will pour from heaven a darkening rain-
cloud with hail commingled, and rouse the startled skies with
thunder. Their train shall scatter and flee, and be lost to
view in the gathering gloom; and Dido and her Trojan
prince shall come to the self-same cave. There I will be,
125 and—thy compliance assured—I will join them in stable
wedlock and consign her to him for ever. Such shall be
their bridal!' Unresisting, Cythera's queen yielded assent
to her suit, and smiled at the discovered ruse.

Meanwhile Dawn rose and abandoned Ocean. Under
130 the nascent beam, the chosen chivalry streamed through the
gates: nets of wide mesh, snares, and broad-pointed hunting
spears were there; Massylian horsemen came spurring forth,
and hounds keen-scented and strong. At the palace-door
the Punic lords awaited their queen, who lingered in her
chamber; while her palfrey stood resplendent in purple and
135 gold, and proudly champed the foaming bit. At last she
came in the midst of her thronging retinue, clothed in
a mantle of Sidon with embroidered hem,—of gold her
quiver, gold-bound her tresses, and golden the buckle that
clasped her purple robe! Nor less the Phrygian squires
140 and joyous Iulus advanced in her train. Himself, fair beyond
all the rest, Aeneas entered the troop by her side, and joined
his company to hers. Such as Apollo is when he deserts his
wintry Lycian and the streams of Xanthus to visit his mother's
Delos, and there renews the dance, while Cretan and Dryop

and painted Agathyrasian revel banded about his altars ; but 145
himself he walks the peaks of Cynthus, confining with plastic
hand his streaming locks in delicate leaves and entwining
gold, and the quiver rattles upon his shoulder :—so, with
tread light as his, moved Aeneas, and beauty as glorious
shone on his peerless countenance ! 150

When they had reached the high hills and trackless brakes,
lo, wild goats, ousted from their rocky eminence, came
running down the slope ; while elsewhere stags were speed-
ing apace over the open plain, rallying in flight their dusty
squadrons, and abandoning their mountains. But, in the 155
heart of the valleys, young Ascanius, exultant on mettled
steed, passed at full speed now these and now those, and
prayed that among those craven herds some foam-covered
boar might be granted to his vow, or a tawny lion descend
from his hill.

Meantime a sullen murmuring confounded the skies, and 160
there followed a flood of rain with hail commingled. The
Tyrian squires, the Trojan chivalry, and the Dardan child of
Venus' son, scattered in terror and sought diverse refuge
throughout the fields ; and the torrents rushed from the
heights. Dido and her Trojan prince came to the self-same 165
cave. Primeval Earth and presiding Juno gave the sign.
The lightnings and conscious ether flashed on their bridal,
and the Nymphs cried acclaim from the mountain-summits.
That day was the first source of death, the first of disaster !
For now Dido was moved by no censure of eye or tongue, 170
and she dreamed no more of a furtive love : but marriage
she styled it, and the name was cloak to her frailty !

Incontinent Fame sped through the great cities of Libya
—Fame, swiftest created of evil things. Nurtured by
motion, at every step she gathers strength,—timorous and 175

small at birth ; but soon she towers to the stars, and hides
her head within the clouds. Her, as men tell, her parent
Earth, stung with ire against Heaven, brought forth, latest
180 sister to Coeus and Enceladus, fleet of foot and rapid pinion,
a monster huge and horrible : and for every plume that
bedecks her frame—hear and wonder !—an eye holds vigil
beneath, a tongue and a mouth give voice, and an ear starts
up to listen. By night she flits shrieking through the dusk
185 betwixt sky and earth, nor declines her eyes in gentle sleep :
by day she sits sentinel on the summit of a roof or stately
tower, and affrights great cities,—lover of the false and evil
no less than herald of truth ! In those days she began
exultant to fill the nations with motley rumour and to blazon
190 alike the done and the undone :—how Aeneas was come, a
scion of Trojan line, with whom as consort the lovely Dido
disdained not to mate, and now they were whiling the livelong
winter away in mutual dalliance, oblivious of their realms
and captive to shameful passion. This news the loathly
195 goddess scattered abroad in the mouths of men ; then
straight turned her course to king Iarbas, incensed his soul
with her word, and added rage to rage.

He, offspring of Ammon by a ravished Garamantid
Nymph, had reared a hundred vast temples, a hundred
altars, to Jove in his broad domains : there he had hallowed
200 the Fire, watcher eternal of the gods,—had hallowed the soil
fattened by the blood of oxen, and the portals blossoming
with garlands of thousand hues. Distraught in soul, and
fired by that bitter rumour, they tell, he stood before the
altars full in the presence of Heaven, and, suppliant with
205 lifted palms, much entreated Jove : ‘ Almighty Jupiter, in
whose honour the Maurusian people, feasting on brodered
couches, now pour libation of the grape, beholdest thou these

deeds? O my father, when thou hurlest thy bolts do we tremble in vain? Are thy cloud-fires, that terrify our hearts, blind, and vain their promiscuous roar? This woman—this 210 wanderer in our territory—who founded her little town at a price, to whom we assigned a strip of our coast to plough, and gave her sovereignty over its soil, has spurned our alliance and taken Aeneas to her throne—her lord and paramour! And now this second Paris with his eunuch retinue, his chin 215 and essenced love-locks bound with turban of Lydia, joys in his conquest, while we, forsooth, bear gifts to thy altars and foster thy bootless glory! ’

As so speaking he prayed, hand upon altar, the Omnipotent heard, and inclined his gaze to the royal walls and the lovers 220 dead to thought of their fairer fame; then spoke to Mercury, and gave him such mandate: ‘Hasten, my son, and go! Call the Zephyrs and wing thee earthward: accost the Dardan prince who now dallies in Tyrian Carthage nor regards the city of Fate’s gift; and bear down my charge 225 through the fleet airs. Not such his fairest mother promised him to us, nor to such end twice rescued him from the Grecian sword; but she deemed that in him was one who should rule Italy, fraught with empire and fierce in battle,—who should perpetuate a line from the proud blood of Teucer, 230 and bring the wide world under his sway. If all the glory of that destiny avails not to fire him, and he assumes not the burden himself for his own renown, does the father begrudge Ascanius the towers of Rome? What devising, or what hoping, tarries he in a hostile nation, nor regards his Ausonian 235 progeny and the Lavinian fields? Let him sail! This is the sum! Herein be thou herald of ourself!’

He ceased: the son prepared to obey the command of his mighty sire. And first he bound on his feet the sandals of

240 gold that bear him in aery flight, whether over ocean or over earth, swift as the rushing blast, then took his wand—that wand wherewith he summons the pale spirits from Orcus, banishes others to the gloom of Tartarus, gives slumber and withholds, and unseals the death-glazed eye. On this
245 reliant he drove the gales before him, and floated through the troubled clouds. And now, onward flying, he beheld the peak and towering flanks of stout Atlas,—Atlas, whose pine-crowned head, encircled by sable clouds, the winds and rains lash eternally,—whose shoulders the drifted snow
250 mantles, while torrents fall sheer from his aged cheeks, and his shaggy beard is stark with ice. There first, poised upon equal wing, he of Cyllene halted : thence headlong he shot with all his force to the flood ; like that bird which wings its lowly flight round shores and fish-haunted cliffs hard above
255 the water-level. Even so the Cyllenian-born, as he fared from his mother's sire, sped through the disparting air, betwixt earth and sky, to the sand-strewn shore of Libya !

So soon as, with plumed foot, he touched the outskirting cabins of Carthage, he descried Aeneas founding towers and
260 building dwellings anew. A blade was at his side, starred with yellow jasper, and a mantle, blazing with Tyrian grain, hung from his shoulders—a gift that Dido had given from her treasures, and shot the warp with threaded gold. Straight
265 he assailed him : ‘ Is it thou who now layest the foundations of proud Carthage, rearing, wife-enslaved, a city of beauty ? Alas for thy forgetfulness of kingship and fortune ! Himself the sovereign of Heaven, who guides by his deity sky and earth, sends me down to thee from the light of Olympus.
270 Himself he enjoins me to bear this his mandate through the fleet airs : What devising, what hoping, laggest thou indolent on Libyan soil ? If all the glory of thy great destiny avails

not to move thee, yet regard thy rising Ascanius—the hope of Iulus thine heir—to whom thou owest the empire of Italy and the Roman realm !’

275

With such utterance the Cyllenian spoke, and, speaking, fled from mortal vision and vanished into thin air, far from ken.

But Aeneas stood dumb and distraught at the sight : his hair rose with horror, and his voice clove to his throat. 280 Aghast at the solemn warning and the imperious voice of Heaven, he burned to flee away and desert that pleasant land. But, alas, what could he do? With what address dare he now solicit the frenzied queen? What prelude should he choose? And as this way and that he divided the 285 swift mind and swept it ubiquitous over all the range of thought, in his hesitance this seemed the better counsel : he summoned Mnesticus, and Sergestus, and gallant Serestus, and bade them mutely equip the fleet, muster their crews to the strand, and hold their tackle in readiness,—but dissemble the cause of their changed design ! Himself mean- 290 while—since Dido, in her singleness of heart, knew naught, nor mistrusted that so strong a love might be severed—would assay to find access and watch what hour might be the smoothest for his tale, what course the fairest to his goal. With joyful speed one and all obeyed his word and discharged 295 his command.

But the queen—who shall deceive a lover’s thought—divined his plot, and first presaged the tempest to come : for even in safety she feared the worst. To her the same godless Fame brought the tidings of madness—that they armed the fleet and prepared for voyage. Sense-bereft and infuriate, she raved aflame through the breadth of the city, 300 like some Thyiad in triennial orgy, when, at motion of the

holy symbols, the cry of *Bacchus* goads her awaking heart,
and Cithaeron calls with midnight clamour. At length she
took the word, and assailed Aeneas: 'Traitor! and didst
305 thou think to disguise such iniquity, and, soft-footed, to
steal from my land? Can our love not hold thee, nor the
hand thou gavest me once, nor Dido who shall die as it is
bitter to die? More, must thou labour at thy fleet under
a wintry sky, and hasten—ruthless that thou art—to plough
310 the main while the North is at his height? What! were thy
bourne no alien fields, no dwellings unknown, did thine
ancient Troy remain thee, would thy barques seek Troy
through mountainous seas? Is it Dido thou fleest? By these
tears and that hand of thine,—since my own deed has left me
315 nothing more in my day of sorrow,—by our union and by
our bridal begun, if in any wise I have deserved well of thee,
if aught of mine has been sweet to thee, pity this sinking
house, and (if prayer still have place!) I pray thee put away
thy purpose! For thy sake I have won the hatred of Libyan
320 tribes and Nomad kings, and my Tyrians are estranged: for
thy sake, yet again, my honour is dead, and that fair fame
of other days—my sole title to the stars! To whose mercy
wilt thou leave me at the point of death, guest of mine?—
since this is the one relic of the name of husband! For
325 why should I linger on? That I may see Pygmalion raze his
sister's city, or Gaetulian Iarbas lead me captive away? At
least if some child had been granted me by thee ere thy
departure, if some baby Aeneas were playing in my halls,
whose face in despite of all might image thine, then would
330 I seem not utterly undone and desolate!'

She ceased: he by warning of Jove stood with fixed
eye, sternly prisoning his grief deep in his heart. Then
briefly at last he replied 'Never, O queen, will I deny

that all the merits thy tongue can number have been thine :
nor ever shall the thought of Elissa be bitter to me, while 335
yet I have remembrance of myself and the breath governs
these limbs. Few words, as the hour demands, I will speak.
I hoped not in stealth to dissemble my departure—deem not
so! I held not out the bridegroom's torch at any time; and
I came not to such alliance. Did the fates suffer me to be 340
captain of my own life, and at my own will to order my
troubles, before all I would dwell in the city of Troy amid
the loved relics of my kindred; the lofty halls of Priam
should yet stand; and this hand should have founded for
the vanquished a resurgent Pergamus. But now to broad
Italy Grynean Apollo bids me fare, and to Italy the Lycian 345
oracles. There is my love, there my country! If the towers
of Carthage and the vision of a Libyan city can stay thee,
Phoenician as thou art, say, what sin is there that the Teucrians
should settle on Ausonian soil? To us, also, is forgiveness if
we seek alien realms! Often as Night invests the earth in 350
her weeping shades, often as the starry fires arise, the troubled
phantom of Anchises my sire admonishes me in slumber and
terrifies me. And I grieve for Ascanius my child, and the
injustice that falls on his dear head, while thus I amerce
him of his Hesperian crown and the fated plains. And now 355
the herald of Heaven, at Jove's own behest—one and both
be witness!—has borne his mandate down through the fleet
airs. These eyes beheld the god in full light of day entering
thy walls, and these ears drank his words. Cease to fire
thyself and me with lamentation: not of free will do I follow 360
Italy!'

For long she viewed him askance as he thus spoke: hither
and thither she rolled her eyes, and her mute gaze roved over
all his frame; then she kindled and flashed into speech:

365 'Traitor that thou art ! no goddess bare thee, no Dardanus
began thy line ; but Caucasus, horrent with rugged cliffs,
begat thee, and Hyrcanian tigresses gave thee suck ! For
why should I wear the mask ? What heavier blow do I still
await ? Did he sigh when he saw me weep ? Did that stony
glance once flinch ? Was he softened to a single tear ? Or
370 had he one thought of pity for her who loved him ? What
first, or what last ? No more, no more, does imperial Juno,
or Saturn's son our father, bend an eye of justice earthward !
In the world is neither faith nor trust ! Flung, a beggar, on
my shores, I took him, and—brain-sick fool !—bade him
375 share my realm. I drew his shattered armada and its crews
from the jaws of death.—Woe is me ! I am whirled away by
the Furies, all aflame. Now must Apollo turn augur ; now
must the Lycian oracles speak ; now, at Jove's own behest,
comes the herald of Heaven through the skies, bearing his
cruel mandate ! These, forsooth, are the tasks that exercise
380 the gods above—these the cares that break their calm ! As
for thee, I keep not thy person, I refute not thy pleas. Go
thy way : seek thy Italy with the winds, hunt thy empire
through the waves ! Yet I trust, if Justice still have a voice
in Heaven, that thou wilt drain the cup of retribution on
some mid-ocean rock, there to call, and call again, on the
name of *Dido* ! From far away will I follow thee with gloomy
385 fires, and when chill death shall have sundered spirit and
clay, wheresoever thy place, there my ghost shall be at thy
side. For, villain, thou shalt be requited ! I shall hear thy
cries, and the tale will reach me in the depths of hell !' Thus
far she said, then curbed herself in mid speech, and fled
sickening from the light ; turned from his gaze, tore herself
390 away, and left him hesitant and timorous with many a half-
framed word on his lips. Her handmaidens raised her, bore

her fainting limbs away to her marble chamber, and laid them on her couch.

But good Aeneas, though he longed to soothe and assuage her agony and to speak comfort to her sorrow, with many a sigh and resolution tottering under the weight of his great 395 love, yet fulfilled the commands of Heaven and repaired to the fleet again. Then, indeed, his Teucrians bent to their toil, and, all along the strand, launched the tall barques. The anointed hulls were set afloat: zealous for departure, the sailors bore down from the forests oars still clothed in leaves and timbers unwrought. From all the city they might 400 be seen flocking in act to go:—even as when ants, in forethought of winter, ravage a great pile of corn and store it in their granaries; their dusky line marches the plain, bearing the spoils through the grass along narrow highway; part, with labouring shoulders, push the big grains; part marshal 405 the column and chastise the malingerer, and all the path is a ferment of toil. What then, Dido, was thy thought, as thou sawest that deed? What sighs didst thou utter, gazing from thy skiey turret on the shores alive far and wide, and surveying before thy gaze the whole main, tumultuous with 410 their loud clamourings? Felon Love, to what constrainest thou not mortal hearts! Again she must stoop to tears, again solicit him with prayer, and bow her spirit to love, lest she should leave aught untried and die in vain! 415

‘Anna, thou seest what speed they make upon all the shore around. From every hand they are mustered: even now their canvass invites the breeze, and the merry sailors have crowned the poops with garlands. If I have availed to look for such bitterness of grief, sister, I shall avail to endure it also. Yet, Anna, in my misery, do me this single office: for 420 thee alone that traitor regarded, and to thee would entrust

even the secrets of his breast ; and alone thou knewest the mode and hour whereat he would soften to access. Go, my sister, and, suppliant, entreat our haughty foe :—I swore
425 not with the Danaans at Aulis to uproot the people of Troy ; I sent no fleet to Pergamus, nor unsepulchred dust or spirit of Anchises his sire. Why forbids he my pleas to enter his obdurate ear? Whither will he rush? Let him grant this last boon to one who loved him to her sorrow :—that he await
430 an easy flight and a fair wind. I sue not now for the whilom marriage which he forswore, nor that he resign his beauteous Latium and desert his empire. I ask but a vain respite—a breathing-space to my frenzy, till the fortune that has overcome me shall teach me how to mourn. This last
435 grace I entreat of thee—pity thou thy sister !—and when thou hast rendered it my death shall find thee requited in full !’

Such were her prayers and such the laments that her sister carried, and carried again, heart-broken. But him no laments could move, and inflexible he heard her every word.
440 Fate stood in his path, and Heaven sealed his unmoved ear. Even as, when the Alpine winds, sweeping with emulous blast now hence and now thence, strive to uproot some oak, strong in the strength of his many years, a moaning rises, the stem quivers, and the deepening leaves strew the soil ; but the tree clings to his cliff, and stretches his roots as far
445 toward Tartarus as he lifts his head to the heavenly realms :—so the storm of entreaty broke from this hand and that incessantly upon the hero, and his mighty heart was pierced with sorrow ; yet unmoved his purpose remained, and idly the tears fell !
450 Then, at last, the unhappy Dido, Fate-tortured, prayed to die : for weariness it was to behold the vaulted heavens.

And, the more that she might fulfil her intent and abandon the day, often as she laid her gifts on the incense-burning altars, she saw—word of horror!—the holy streams darken and the outpoured wine change into foul and boding 455 gore. This sight she revealed to none—no, not to her sister.

More, there stood in the palace a marble shrine to her earlier lord, which she held in wondrous honour, crowning it with snowy fillets and festal boughs. Thence she seemed to hear the voice of her husband speaking and calling when 460 night hung grey over earth; and oft on the roof the owl wailed forlorn with his sepulchral dirge and long-drawn note of melancholy; while many a prophecy, withal, of the old-world seers affrighted her with warning of dread. As she slept, the form of very Aeneas hounded her, pitiless of her 465 frenzy, and ever she seemed abandoned to her sole self,—ever journeying unaccompanied on an endless way, and seeking her Tyrians in a lorn land:—even as when raving Pentheus sees the Eumenids banded, and a double sun and a twofold 470 Thebes dawn on his gaze; or as Agamemnonian Orestes, tragic fugitive, when he flees his mother armed with brands and venomous snakes, and the avenging fiends sit by his door.

Thus, when, overborne by sorrow, she had taken the frenzy to her heart and resolved to die, self-communing she debated the hour and fashion, and accosted her mournful 475 sister, with mien belying her thought and hope serene on her brow: ‘Sister, I have found a way—sister, rejoice with me!—that shall restore him to myself or unchain my love from him. Hard by the limit of Ocean and the sunset lies 480 the farthest Ethiop clime, where mighty Atlas holds, revolving on his shoulder, the pole, gemmed with burning stars. Thence has been revealed to me a priestess of Massylian race, guardian of the Hesperids’ fane, wont erstwhile to

485 preserve the holy boughs on their tree, and to give the
dragon his feast, sprinkling dewy honey and slumber-laden
poppies. With spells she claims to release such minds as
she will, but on others to bring the pangs of desire—to stay
the running water and to turn the stars in their courses.
She calls forth the spirits that walk by night, and thou
490 mayest see earth moaning under the foot, and ashes descend-
ing the hills. Heaven be witness, dear my sister, and thou,
and thy sweet life, that unwilling I invoke the sorcerer's
art ! (Raise silently a funeral-pile to the skies in the inner
court of my palace, and let them lay on it that villain's
495 sword, which he left pendent in the chamber, and all his relics,
and the bridal couch that saw my fall. Some comfort it will
be, as the priestess commands, to blot out every memorial
of his accursed self !' This said, she was mute, and instant
her cheeks paled ; yet Anna deemed not that these strange
500 rites were a curtain for her sister's death : her mind conceived
not such height of madness, and she feared no worse than
when Sychaeus bled. Therefore she prepared to do the deed.

But the queen, when the death-pyre had risen skyward
505 in the heart of her home, huge with brands and cloven oak,
hung the place with garlands and crowned it with funereal
leaves. Above she set on the couch his vesture, his master-
less sword, and his image,—well knowing what should be.
Around stood the altars, and the priestess, with locks un-
510 loosed, thundered from her lips the names of thrice a hundred
gods—Erebus, and Chaos, and threefold Hecate, and maiden
Diana of the triple countenance. Waters she had sprinkled,
that welled (she feigned) from Avernus' fount : rank
herbs were sought, cut by brazen sickle under the moon,
and filled with black and milky venom ; and sought was the
515 love-charm, torn from the brow of a new-born foal and reft

ere the dam could seize it. Herself, the meal in her pure hands, the queen stood by the altars in flowing robe, one foot unsandalled, and called on the gods and fate-conscious stars to be witness ere she died ; then implored what deity soever holds just and mindful ward over them that love as 520 they are not loved.

It was night, and throughout the earth weary frames were reaping the peace of sleep : the woods and the savage seas were still, and the hour was come when the circling stars roll midway in their course, when silent is every field, and the cattle, and the painted birds,—both they that tenant 525 the broad breast of the silvery lake and they that dwell in the thorny thickets of the country,—all laid in slumber beneath the dumb midnight. But not so the soul-racked Phenician queen ; nor ever did she sink to sleep, or welcome the night to eye or heart. Her cares redoubled ; Love rose 530 again remorseless, and she tossed on the mighty tide of anger. Then thus she began, and so she debated within her heart : ‘Think, how is it with me? A laughing-stock, shall I make trial again of my suitors of yore, and, suppliant, entreat a Nomad bridal from those whose hand I have scorned so 535 often ere this? Shall I, then, follow the Ilian fleet and stoop to the Teucrians’ utmost behest? Because, methinks, they warm at thought of the aid I lent before, and the grace of my old-time kindness stands firm in their remembrance ! But grant that I would, and who shall permit? or who receive me, the loathed woman, on those proud decks? 540 Alas, lost one, thou knowest naught, nor yet hast fathomed the forsworn heart of Laomedon’s seed ! What then? Shall I flee alone, companion to his exultant seamen? Or, begirt with my Tyrians and all the array of my people, shall I fall upon them?—to urge once more over the main, and bid

545 spread sail to the winds, them whom hardly I availed to
tear from their city of Sidon ! Nay, die as thou hast merited,
and let the steel annul thy sorrow. Thou it was, sister,—
thou, who, conquered by my tears, didst lay on my madness
this burden of calamity and cast me a prey to the enemy !
It has not been mine to live my life guiltless of wedlock and
550 reproachless as the creatures of the field, tampering not with
such care : I have kept not my faith—faith pledged to the
ashes of Sychaeus !’

Such the lamentation that broke from her heart. But
Aeneas, now that he was steeled to go, now that all was duly
555 ordered, slept on his high poop. And, as he slept, a vision
of the god, returning in the same aspect, visited his dreams,
and seemed thus again to admonish him,—in all things like
to Mercury, voice and colour, yellow locks, and the graceful
limbs of youth : ‘ Goddess-born, and canst thou, with this
560 peril above thee, slumber and sleep ? Madman, seest
not the after-dangers that beset thee ? Hearest not the
Zephyrs breathing fair ? Resolved on death, she is pondering
in her heart fell villany and treachery, and rousing the
swirling tide of passion. Fleest not hence hot-footed, while
565 hot-footed thou mayest ? Anon thou wilt see the brine
a turmoil of shattered timbers, see torches flashing fierce and
the strand fervent with fire, if the rays of dawn discover
thee tarrying in this land. Up and go !—truce to delay.
A fickle thing and changeful is woman always !’ Thus he
570 said, and mingled with the shadows of night.

On the instant, Aeneas, appalled by the sudden phantom,
tore himself from sleep and roused his comrades : ‘ Hasten,
friends ! awake, and seat you by the thwarts ! Linger not,
but unfurl the sails. Lo, once more a god, sent from high
Heaven, urges to make speed and flee, and to sever the

twisted cables ! O holy one above, whosoever thou art, we 575
follow thee and again obey thy mandate with gladness !
O be thou with us, graciously prosper us, and light the sky
with kindly stars !' He said ; snatched his sword lightning- 580
like from the scabbard, and smote on the hawser with naked
steel. Incontinent one and all caught the fire : with eager
hand and foot they quitted the beach, and their galleys hid
the face of ocean, as zealously they tossed the spray and swept
the blue.

And now the early Dawn, rising from Tithonus' couch of 585
saffron, was gilding earth with her new-tricked beams.—So
soon as the queen from her turret saw the first whitening
glimmer of light, and the fleet standing to sea with even sails,
and knew that the strand was vacant and the harbours
tenantless, thrice and four times she struck her fair breast
and tore her yellow hair : ' King of Heaven,' she cried, 590
' shall he go ? Shall this alien have mocked our realm ? And
will they not take sword ? Will the pursuers not issue from
all my city, and men fling out the ships from my docks ?
Away ! bring flames with instant speed, get me weapons,
ply your oars !—What say I ? Where am I ? What madness 595
works on my brain ? Unhappy Dido, now do thy godless deeds
touch thee ? *Then* was the time, when thou gavest him thy
sceptre ! Behold the hand and faith of him who, they tell,
bears always with him his ancestral gods—of him who bowed
his neck to receive his time-worn sire ! Could I not tear him
away, rend him limb from limb, and scatter him over the 600
waves ? Could I not slay with the sword his comrades—nay,
Ascanius himself, and set him a cate at his father's feast ?—
But the fortune of battle had been doubtful ! What though
it had ? Whom feared I, doomed to die ? I had assailed
his encampment with fire : I had filled his gangways with

- 605 flâne: I had blotted out sire and son and all their race; then
crowned the hecatomb with myself. Thou Sun, whose
rays survey every work of earth, and thou, Juno, mediatrix
and witness of this my agony, and Hecate, whose name wails
nightly through the cross-ways of cities, and ye Sisters of
610 vengeance, and ye gods of dying Elissa—hear me now, bend
your wrath on the sins that challenge it, and give ear to my
prayer! If that miscreant must touch haven and float to
earth—if so the fates of Jove require, and thus the decree is
615 fixed—yet harassed by the weaponed battle of a fearless
people, homeless and landless, and rent from the embrace of
Iulus, let him sue for aid and behold his countrymen shame-
fully dead! Nor yet, when he shall submit him to the terms
of a partial peace, may he enjoy his kingship or the day of
620 prosperity, but let him fall before his hour, tombless on the
surrounding sand! Thus I pray: thus ebbs voice with blood.
And ye, my Tyrians—let your hate persecute his stock, with
all the line that shall be, and send this guerdon down to my
dust! Let there be no love betwixt the nations and no
625 league! Arise, thou avenger to come, out of my ashes, and
follow the Dardan settlers with fire and with sword, both
now and hereafter, and whensoever strength shall be given!
May shore be set against shore, wave against wave, and spear
against spear! May they fight—both they and their
children's children! Such is my malison.'
- 630 So she said, and swept her mind over all the range of
thought, seeking how soonest to break from the light she
loathed; then briefly spoke to Barce, Sychæus' nurse—her
own was laid in her ancient country, a handful of blackened
ashes: 'Dear my nurse, bring me hither sister Anna.
635 Bid her hasten to sprinkle her limbs with river-water, and
bring with her the victims ordained for expiation. This

done, let her come ; and shade thou thy brows with the sacred garland. My purpose runs to fulfil those rites that duly I prepared and began, that I may set the seal to my sorrow, and the flames may devour the Dardan's pyre.' She 640 ended : zealously the aged feet went on their errand. But Dido, unnerved and unsexed by her ghastly purpose, with blood-shot eyes rolling and hectic fires burning on her quivering cheeks, burst, pale at the death to come, through the inner door of the palace, mounted in frenzy the towering 645 pile, and bared the Dardan sword,—gift asked not to such end ! There, as her eye lit on his Ilian garb and the familiar couch, she paused awhile for weeping and thought, flung herself on the pillow, and spoke her last words : ' Ye 650 relics, sweet while God and Fate willed, receive this breath and release me from this agony ! I have lived, and the course, that Fortune allowed, I have run ; and now I shall descend a queenly spectre beneath the earth. I have built a stately city ; I have seen my ramparts ; I have avenged my lord, 655 and exacted the penalty from my brother and foe :—happy, alas, and more than happy, if but the Dardan keels had touched not our strand !' She said ; and, with lips pressed to the pillow : 'Unvenged we shall die, but die we !' she cried—' thus, ah thus, is it pleasant to journey to the shadows ! 660 Let the Dardan, with stony gaze, feast on this fire from the main and bear with him my death for omen !' She ceased ; and, with the words yet on her lips, her retinue saw her fallen on the sword, the blade reeking with gore, and her hands incarnadined. To the summit of the halls the cry 665 ascended, and Fame raved through the stricken city. The palace moaned with lamentation and sobbing and the wail of women, and the sky echoed to their dirge :—as though all Carthage or ancient Tyre were falling, with the foemen

670 streaming in and the infuriate flames rolling their tide over
the domes of man and god ! Swooning the sister heard, and
with hasty foot ran, fear-smitten, through the throng,
tearing her cheeks and beating her breast, and called on the
dying by her name : ‘ Sister, and was it this ? Didst thou seek
675 to deceive me ? This did thy death-pile—this thy fires and
altars purpose ? Forlorn that I am, what shall be my earliest
plaint ? Didst thou disdain thy sister’s companionship in
death ? Thou shouldst have called me to the selfsame doom !
One pang of the steel—one hour—would have taken both !
680 Did these hands build thy pyre, this voice call on our country’s
gods, that, with thee so laid, I, the pitiless, should be far
away ? Thou hast undone thyself and me, sister, and the
people and elders of Sidon and all thy city !—Let me lave her
wounds in water, and catch on my lips the last errant breath
685 that may yet linger !’ Scarce had she said, ere she had
mounted the high steps, and, with bitter sobs, was clasping
and caressing her dying sister on her bosom, as she strove to
stem the red streams of blood with her robe. She, assaying
to lift her heavy eyes, swooned again ; and the wound, deep-
690 fixed, grated in her breast. Thrice, leaning on her elbow,
she uplifted herself : thrice she rolled back on the pillow,
and with wandering eyes sought the light in high heaven,
and moaned to find it.

Then all-puissant Juno, in pity for her long agony and
the travail of her passing, sent Iris down from Olympus to
695 release the reluctant spirit from its intermingled clay. For,
since neither by Fate she perished nor by merited death,
but, hapless, before her day in the fire of sudden frenzy, not
yet had Proserpine reft the yellow lock from her crown and
consigned her to the Stygian shades. Therefore Iris, dew-
700 glancing and saffron-winged, flew through the heavens,

trailing a thousand diverse hues in the fronting sun, and halted overhead: 'This I take by command, an offering to Dis, and free thee from the body.' She said; and, with her right hand, severed the lock: and instant all warmth fled away, and life vanished into the winds.

705

V

MEANWHILE Aeneas, under full sail, held unswerving on his mid-ocean course, cleaving the billows as they gloomed beneath the North, with many a backward glance at the city, which now glared to the death-fires of hapless Elissa. What cause had kindled so vast a flame they knew not: but the bitter pang of a great love outraged, and the 5 knowledge what a woman's frenzy may achieve, led their Teucrian hearts through paths of dismal augury.

Their barques had made the high seas, and no land more met the view, but everywhere the sky and everywhere the main, when a gloomy cloud halted overhead, fraught with 10 night and tempest, and ocean was ruffled by the dark. Even Palinurus at the helm called from his high poop: 'Alas, why have these giant clouds girt the pole? Neptune, father, what wouldst thou do?' He said; then commanded to gather the tackle and bend to the toiling oar, turned the 15 canvass aslant to the breeze, and so pursued: 'Great-souled Aeneas, not though Jove's word were my warrant could I hope to make Italy under this sky! The changing gales roar across our track, risen from the sable West: the air 20 thickens to mist, and we avail neither to struggle onward nor barely to maintain our ground. Since the day is with

Fortune, let us follow, and turn our way whither she beckons !
Nor far distant, I ween, are the faithful coasts of thy brother
Eryx and the havens of Sicily, if only with unforgetful mind
25 I retrace the stars that I watched erewhile.' Then good
Aeneas : ' Myself I have long seen that so the winds will,
and in vain thou battlest against them. Veer sail and
course ! Could there be any soil sweeter to me—any bourne
more welcome to our weary ships—than that which holds me
30 Dardan Acestes and guards on her bosom the dust of Anchises
my sire ? ' So said, they sailed for the harbour : the fair-
blowing Zephyrs swelled their canvass and the fleet sped
bounding over the flood, till joyously at last they touched
the familiar strand.

35 But Acestes, far away on a lofty mountain-summit,
admired the approach of his compatriot barques, and ran to
meet them, roughly accoutred with hunting-spears and the
fell of a Libyan bear—Acestes, whom a Trojan mother bore
to Crimisis' stream. Not heedless of his old-time ancestry,
40 he gave them joy of their return, gladly welcomed them
to his country treasures, and solaced their weariness from
friendly store.

When, with the renascent sun, the bright Morn had driven
the stars in flight, Aeneas summoned his men to conclave off
all the beach, and spoke from a mounded eminence : ' Ye
45 great sons of Dardanus, race sprung from the gods' high
lineage, the months are sped and one circling year sees its
fulfilment since we committed to earth those bones, the
relics of my divine sire, and hallowed the mourning altars.
And now the day, if I err not, is come, which ever I shall
50 keep in sorrow and ever in honour :—such, O Heaven, thy
will ! Did I spend this day an exile on Gaetolian quicksands,
or storm-tossed on the Grecian main, or in Mycene town,

yet would I perform my annual vows and the solemn ordered festival—yet would I load the altars with due offering ! But now—not, methinks, without celestial counsel and will—we stand, far otherwise, even by the dust and ashes of my 55 father, and the winds have borne us into a friendly haven. Then, come : one and all let us render this glad homage ! Entreat we the gales ; and may *his* will be that, when my city is raised, I shall pay these rites year by year in fanes 60 holy to his name ! Acestes, the son of Troy, grants you two heads of cattle according to the tale of your ships. ‘Bid to the banquet the gods of your fathers’ hearths and them whom your host adores. More, if the ninth dawn shall display the kindly light to mortal eyes and her rays uncurtain 65 earth, I will appoint contests for my Teucrians :—of fleet vessels the first : then let them whose feet are swift for the race, and them who walk in hardihood and strength, skilled to speed the javelin and light arrow, or bold to join battle with raw gauntlet, be present all, and look for the guerdon 70 that victory merited shall earn.—Set a seal upon your lips, and circle your brows with leaves !’

So saying, he veiled his temples in the myrtle of his mother. Thus did Helymus ; thus Acestes, the ripe in years ; thus child Ascanius ; and all their company followed. From the assemblage he moved to the sepulchre with retinue of many 75 thousands, midmost in the vast attendant troop. There, in due libation, he poured on the soil two goblets of pure wine, two of fresh milk, and two of sacrificial blood ; then scattered bright-hued flowers, and so spoke : ‘Hail, holy father ! hail once more ye ashes that I rescued in vain ! hail soul and shade 80 of my sire ! It was not given, with thee at my side, to seek the borders of Italy and her fated fields, nor yet Ausonian Tiber—wherever his streams flow !’ He said ; and ceased,

when a serpent rolled forth from the holy base, smooth and
85 huge with seven folds and seven coils, peacefully encircling
the tomb and gliding between the altars, his back streaked
with blue, his lucent scales flaming with shot gold :—even
as the rainbow amid the clouds flashes a myriad changing
hues in the adverse sun. While Aeneas gazed and wondered,
90 with long train he wound slowly among the bowls and
polished goblets, tasted the feast, and again vanished innocent
beneath the mound, leaving the altars that had fed him.
Thus spurred, the prince resumed his filial worship, uncertain
95 whether he should hold that vision the Genius of the place or
his sire's Familiar. He slew, as the ritual ordains, two ewes,
two swine, and as many black-bodied steers, poured wine
from the vessels, and invoked the spirit of great Anchises
and the shade unprisoned from Acheron. Nor less his men
100 brought glad offerings, each of his abundance. They piled
the altars, slew the steers, arrayed the cauldrons, and, couched
on the sward, placed embers below the spits and broiled the
flesh.

At length the awaited day was come, and the steeds of
105 Phaëthon swept up the ninth dawn in cloudless radiance.
Fame and the renown of honoured Acestes had roused the
neighbouring peoples, and their festal assemblage thronged
the strand,—some to gaze on the men of Aeneas, some pre-
pared for the contest also. First the rewards were laid to
110 view in the midst of the course :—hallowed tripods and
verdant wreaths ; palms, the victors' guerdon, and weapons
of war ; robes stained in purple, and a talent's weight of
silver and gold. Then, from a central mound, the trumpet
sounded the opening fray.

115 First came to the contest four galleys, the flower of all the
fleet, evenly matched and heavy-oared. Mnestheus and his

bold rowers urged on their swift Leviathan—Mnestheus, in after days, of Italy, from whose name is the Memmian line. Gyas captained the Chimaera, vast of length and of bulk as vast, a floating city, driven by his Dardan seamen in triple tier with oars rising in threefold rank. Sergestus—from 120 whom the Sergian house holds her style—sailed in his great Centaur ; and Cloanthus (Roman Cluentius, know thy race !) in his sea-blue Scylla.

Far out in the main is a rock, fronting the spray-washed shore, which at seasons lies sunken and lashed by the swelling 125 billows when wintry Corus hides the stars, but, under a tranquil sky, rises silent amid the waves, a plain-like surface, loved haunt of the basking cormorant. There father Aeneas set his goal—a green bough of leafy holm—for signal to the sailors, that they might know whence to return and 130 where to reverse the long circuit of their course. This done, they chose their place by lot. On the poops stood the captains, far-refulgent in splendour of purple and gold : for the rest, their manly brows were shaded by wreaths of poplar, and their bare shoulders shone with the anointing 135 oil. They set themselves to the thwarts : their arms strained to the oars ; and, straining themselves, they awaited the signal, while pulsing fear and the wakening lust of glory tugged at their throbbing hearts.

Then, when the trumpet tone sang clear, on the instant all leapt from their stations : the cry of the seamen struck 140 on the heavens, and the brine foamed, upheaved by their swinging arms. Side by side they cleft their furrows, and all the sea yawned under the rending oars and triple-beaked prows. Not with such dizzy speed, when the paired coursers race, do the chariots pour from the barriers, and, rushing, 145 devour the plain ! Not so do the charioteers shake their

streaming reins over the restraintless team and hang prone
for the blow ! Then every grove rang to the cheers and
shouting of men and to the partisans' zeal : the pent shores
150 rolled back the cry, and the smitten hills shook responsive to
the clamour. Amid the loud confusion Gyas passed his peers,
and shot out on the waves ahead : him Cloanthus followed,
better-oared, but clogged by his labouring bulk of pine.
Next, at equal distance, the Leviathan and the Centaur
155 contended to win pride of place : and now the Leviathan
gained ; now the huge Centaur passed her victorious ;
now one and both sped together, front by front, their
long keels ploughing the salt flood !

At length they approached the rock and were hard upon
160 the goal, when Gyas—still foremost and victor over half the
watery course—called loudly on Menoetes, the helmsman
of his barque : ' Whither so far on the right ? Bend thy
course hitherward ; cling to the beach, and let the oar graze
the left-lying cliff ! The rest may hold the deep ! ' He said ;
but Menoetes, in fear of the ambushed reef, turned his
165 prow to the flowing main. ' What dost from thy track ?
To the rocks again, Menoetes ! ' cried Gyas in recall, and, lo,
he descried Cloanthus imminent in his rear, and holding the
nigher course. Between the ships of Gyas and the reverberant
crag he shot inward on the left, and incontinent out-
170 passed his leader, left the goal, and found the sure seas. And
now resentment kindled to flame in Gyas' young heart : the
tears coursed down his cheeks, and, oblivious alike of his own
honour and his crew's safety, he hurled the timorous Menoetes
175 from the tall poop sheer into the flood ; took the helm,
steersman and captain in one, and, cheering his men, swung
the rudder to the rock. But Menoetes, laden with years and
dripping in drenched raiment, rose hardly at last from the

depths below, and, scaling the summit of the crag, sat him 180
down on the dry stone. The Teucrians laughed as he fell,
laughed as he swam, and laughed again as he vomited the
brine from off his chest. And now a glad hope fired
the rearmost pair, Sergestus and Mnestheus, to outrun the
laggard Gyas. First Sergestus took the lead and neared the 185
rock—the lead, yet not by his keel's full length : with part
he led, part the Leviathan pressed with rival stem ! But,
pacing the mid-decks among his men, Mnestheus spurred
them on : ' Now, o now, rise to your oars, ye that fought with
Hector—ye whom I chose for my company when Troy fell ! 190
Now put forth that might, now that spirit, which ye shewed
on the Gaetolian sands, on the Ionian main, and on Malea's
pursuant billows ! No more Mnestheus seeks the palm, no
more strives to conquer ! Though, o—yet be the victory,
Neptune, to whom victory thou hast given ! But think it 195
shame to return the last ! Men of my country, achieve thus
much, and avert dishonour ! ' With giant effort they flung
themselves forward ; the brazen barque quivered to their
mighty strokes, and the ground fled from under them. Then,
while the quick-taken breath shook their limbs and parching
lips, and the sweat flowed in streams over all their limbs, bare 200
chance brought them the meed they hoped. For, as wildly
Sergestus urged his prow inward to the rocks, and came up
in over-straitened passage, he lodged—unhappy !—on the
projecting rocks The crags shook ; the oars dashed griding 205
upon the dented coral, and the shattered prow hung impotent.
The seamen sprang up, and, with loud clamour, stayed the
galley, seized iron-shod stakes and keen-pointed poles, and
gathered their broken oars from the flood. But Mnes-
theus, rejoicing, his zeal but fired by success, with sweeping 210
oars and winds blowing to his call, made the unimpeded seas

and ran his course on the open main. Even as a dove,
startled from the cavern in whose rocky coverts lie her home
and loved nestlings, bends her flight to the fields, and, with
215 loud-beating wings, flutters in terror through her dwelling ;
till anon, floating in the tranquil air, she skims her liquid
way, nor stirs her rapid pinions :—so Mnesteus, so his
fleeing Leviathan, clove the last waters, and so her own
speed lent her wings ! And first he left Sergestus struggling
220 on the tall rock amid the shallows, while he called in vain
for help, and assayed to run with shivered oars. Next he
caught Gyas and his vast Chimaera. Bereft of her helms-
man, she gave way ; and now Cloanthus alone was left, hard
225 at the very goal ! For him he made, and, with force strained
to the utmost, pressed hard upon him. Then, in truth,
the shouting redoubled, and the plaudits of every lip urged
the pursuer on, till the skies flung back the din. These
thought it shame, did they not maintain the glory that was
230 theirs and the honour they had won, and would barter life
for renown : to those success was food, and the semblance
of power gave power indeed ! And perchance, with levelled
stems, they had parted the prize, had not Cloanthus, his
either palm stretched over the wave, broken into prayer and
called Heaven to hear his vows : ‘ Ye gods whose sovereignty
235 Ocean obeys, whose seas I sail, on this strand will I set glad-
hearted a snowy bull before your altars, to discharge my vow,
and cast his entrails far into the salt waves, and pour out the
liquid wine ! ’ He said ; and all the quire of Nereids, and of
240 Phorcus, and maiden Panopea, heard him in the nether flood ;
and Father Portunus himself impelled him on his course
with mighty hand. Fleeter than southern gale or winged
arrow, his galley fled to land and vanished in the deep haven !
Then he of Anchises born, when all were duly summoned,

declared, by the herald's clear tones, Cloanthus the victor, and 245
draped his temples in green laurel ; then, for bounty to the
crews, gave three steers to each at their choice, and wine,
and a great talent of silver to bear away. For the captains
he added especial guerdons : to the conqueror a gold-
wrought scarf, round which strayed, in double stream, a deep 250
bordering of Meliboean purple ; woven wherein was the
princely boy, as with spear and racing foot he pursued the
swift stags to weariness on leafy Ida—bold, and as one that
pants for breath. But soon from Ida the swooping bird,
Jove's armour-bearer, had borne him in crooked talons aloft 255
and away ; and alone stood his grey-haired guards, stretching
their availless hands to the stars, while fiercely the hounds
bayed to heaven. But on him whose prowess had achieved
second place he bestowed a corslet of linked and polished
mail, with triple texture of gold, which, under Troy-towers,
his own conquering hand had stripped from Demoleus by 260
the marge of swirling Simois—a sight of beauty, and, in battle
a sure defence. Scarce could his henchmen, Phegeus and
Sagaris, sustain its massy folds on their labouring shoulders :
yet once Demoleus, clad therein, would pursue amain the 265
wavering of Troy ! Two cauldrons of bronze he made the
third prize, and two bowls, wrought in silver and rough
with chasing.

And now all had received their meeds, and were departing
in pride of possession, their brows bound in crimson ribands,
when—hardly, by dint of toilsome effort, unlodged from that 270
cruel rock—with oars lost and a single crippled tier, Sergestus
brought up his barque, jeered and unhonoured. As oft
a serpent, surprised on the highway, whom a brazen wheel
has crossed athwart, or some wayfarer with heavy blow left
half-slain and mangled under a stone, vainly assays to flee, and 275

writhes his long spires—one half defiant with glaring eye and hissing throat reared skyward : one, wounded and maimed still retarding him, as he twines knot upon knot and coils
 280 himself upon himself :—so the ship rowed on her tardy course ; yet made sail, and under full canvass entered the port ! Rejoiced to find the vessel safe and her crew returned, Aeneas assigned his promised meed to Sergestus, and a handmaid fell to his lot,—not unversed she in Minerva's toils,—
 285 Crete-born Pholoë, with twin sons at her breast.

This contest sped, good Aeneas took his way to a grassy plain, surrounded on all sides by woods and winding hills. In the centre of the vale ran the circuit of a theatre ; and thither, with thousands in his train, the hero moved in the
 290 heart of the assemblage, and took his seat on a rising mound. There, for all who might wish to contend with racing foot, he had rewards to wake ambition and guerdons to propound. From every hand the Teucrians came with Sicanians at their side : and foremost of all came Nisus and Euryalus,—
 295 Euryalus graced by youth's fair bloom, Nisus by reverent love for his tender years. On their steps followed princely Diöres of Priam's generous line ; then Salius and Patron with him, Acarnanian the one, the other of Tegean house
 300 and Arcadian blood ; next two of Sicily's manhood, Helymus and Panopes, both woodland-trained and attendants of old Acestes ; with many else, whom twilit fame has left obscure. Then, amid their throng, Aeneas spoke : 'List to my words, and give heed with joyful heart ! From all your number
 305 there is none who shall depart without gift of mine. To each I will award twin Cretan shafts, refulgent with polished steel, and a silver-chased axe for him to bear. This meed shall be one for all : but the three foremost shall receive the rewards, and the green olive shall wreathe their brows. To

the first be assigned for his victory a gaily caparisoned steed : 310
to the second, an Amazonian quiver charged with Thracian
arrows, embraced by a belt of ample gold and clasped by
a smooth-jewelled buckle : for the third, let him depart
requited with this helmet of Argos ! ’

So said, they took their place, and suddenly, the signal 315
heard, swept over the course and left the barrier behind,
streaming forth like rain from the cloud and looking to the
end. Nisus was first away, and flashed out far in the van
of all the rest, swifter than the breeze or the wings of the
thunderbolt ! Next to him—but at long interval the next ! 320
—followed Salius ; then, a space behind, Euryalus ranked the
third, and, after Euryalus, Helymus ; in whose rear behold
Diores flying, heel grazing heel, and shoulder close upon
shoulder ! And, had more of the course remained, he had 325
passed him, darting in advance, or left the issue in doubt !
And now, hard by the last stage, exhausted they were verging
to the goal, when Nisus luckless wight !—tripped in the
treacherous pools, where the gore of the slaughtered steers
had been spilt upon earth and soaked the green sward below. 330
There, triumphant at thought of victory already won, he
held not his foot, as it tottered on the ground he trod, but
fell prone, full in the unclean ordure and sacrificial blood ;—
yet forgot not Euryalus, forgot not his love ! For, rising
amid the slippery foulness, he threw himself in Salius’ path ; 335
and, as Salius lay rolling on the dense sand, Euryalus shot
past, and, conqueror by grace of his friend, won the leader’s
place and flew onward amid applauding hands and lips.
Behind came Helymus, and Diores, now third for the palm.
But now Salius filled with his outcry the whole assemblage 340
of that vast theatre and the presence of the elders in the
forefront, clamouring that his honours, so foully lost, should

be restored. For Euryalus stood the vulgar favour, his
decent tears, and worth that shines the brighter in a fair
345 frame. Nor less Diores lent loud support—Diores, who
succeeded to the palm, and attained the last prize in vain,
should Salius regain prime honour ! Then father Aeneas
‘ Your meeds remain to you assured, and this boy’s guerdon
none moves from its rank ! Suffer me, then, to shew com-
350 passion to a guiltless friend unfortunate ! ’ So saying, he
bestowed on Salius the ample fell of an Afric lion, ponderous
with shaggy mane and claws of gold. Then Nisus : ‘ If
such rewards pertain to the vanquished, and such pity to
the fallen, what meet recompense shall be given to Nisus ;
355 whose prowess had merited the highest crown, had not he,
like Salius, succumbed to Fortune’s malice ? ’ And, with
the word, he displayed his countenance and limbs marred
by the slime and ordure. Smiling, the kindly prince bade
a buckler be brought, the work of Didymaon’s art, that,
360 on Grecian soil, he had torn from the hallowed portals
of Neptune’s fane. With this fair gift he contented the
gallant youth.

Then, when the race was run and the award discharged :
‘ Come now,’ he said, ‘ in whose stout heart dwells a ready
spirit, and with gauntleted hand let him lift his arms for
365 battle ! ’ So speaking, he assigned a double prize for the
fray : to the victor a steer decked in gold and garlands ;
a sword and noble helm for solace to the vanquished. Delay
was none : for straight the face of Dares was seen, as in all
his vast strength he rose amid the loud-murmuring throng,—
Dares who alone was wont to brave the conflict with Paris,—
370 Dares who, by the tomb where great Hector sleeps, struck
down conquering Butes in his giant bulk (scion, he vaunted,
of Amycus’ Bebrycian race), and laid him in death on the

yellow sands. Such was he who upreared his towering head 375
for the first conflict, his outstretched arms swinging from
side to side, his blows scourging the air! Another they
sought for him: but not one out of all that array found
heart to approach the champion and indue the gauntlets.
Exultant, then, and thinking that all resigned the palm, he 380
stood before the feet of Aeneas, and, no more delaying, laid
his left on the bull's horn, and spoke: 'Goddess-born, if no
man dares to hazard the encounter, what end shall there be to
my standing? How long beseems it that I linger? Bid
me take thy boon away!' With a single voice the Dardans 385
shouted assent, and urged that the promised meed be paid
him.

On this, Acestes assailed Entellus with keen rebuke, as,
couched on the green turf, he sat beside him: 'Entellus,
bravest of heroes once, but bravest in vain! will thy patience
suffer such high guerdon to be won disputeless? Where 390
have we now Eryx the divine, bootlessly famed thy master?
where that glory, broad as Sicily, and the spoils pendent in
thy halls?' To this he: 'No cowardice has banished love
of honour or thought of renown! But my blood is chill and 395
dull with the slow-footed years, and my feeble strength is
frozen within me. Had I—as once I had—the trust of that
idle boaster—had I my youth of old, unbribed by the meed
of yon fair steer I had taken the lists; nor reck I of gifts!' 400
He said; and flung into the midst two gauntlets of giant
weight, wherein bold Eryx was wont to lift his hand for
battle, and to bind his arms in their stubborn hide. All
minds were amazed: so huge the seven vast folds of oxhide
stark with insewn lead and iron! Chief, Dares stood aghast, 405
and, shrinking, refused the issue; while Anchises' great-
hearted son turned this way and that their ponderous mass

and the huge volume of their thongs. Then from the old man's breast came such utterance: 'What if any had
410 beheld the gauntlets that armed Hercules' self, and the fatal fray on this very strand? This harness thy brother Eryx once wore: stained even now thou seest it with his blood and spattered brain! With this he stood against great Alcides; and in this was I trained, while a more generous
415 blood nurtured my strength, and jealous age lay not yet strewn hoar over either temple. But if Trojan Dares brooks not our arms,—if such the resolve of good Aeneas, and so Acestes, author of this combat, approves,—then make we the battle even! A truce to thy tremblings! I forgo thee the
420 gloves of Eryx; and doff thou thy gauntlets of Troy!' He said; and flung back from his shoulders the doubly-folded robe, bared the great joints of his limbs, his great bones and thews, and stood gigantic on the mid sands

Then Anchises' princely child brought gauntlets of equal
425 weight, and bound the hands of each in impartial weapons. Straight either combatant took his stand, rose on tiptoe, and, undaunted, lifted his arms in the air aloft. With heads erect and drawn back from the reach of blows, they mingled hand with hand and challenged encounter:—better, the
430 one, in nimbleness of foot, and reliant on his youth: the other strong in might of limb; but his tardy knees trembled and tottered, and a sick panting shook his vast frame. Many a fruitless blow they showered each on the other, and with stroke upon stroke their hollow flanks and chests echoed long
435 and loud; while about ear and brow the quick hands flashed, and their jawbones rang under the hard-smiting gloves. Entellus stood firm, and, motionless in unchanging posture, baffled the onslaught with body and vigilant eye alone. His foe, as one who with engines of war assaults a stately

city or sits in embattled leaguer against a mountain fortalice, 440
 assayed now this approach, now that, and with guileful
 intent ranged all the lists, pressing him with many a vain
 attack. At length Entellus, rising, shewed his right uplifted
 on high. Quickly the other foresaw the descending stroke,
 and, with nimble body, darted aside from its path ! Entellus' 445
 strength was spent in air, and, self-undone, he fell to earth
 in his titan bulk, a mighty man mightily fallen :—as often on
 Erymanthus or towering Ida falls a hollow pine, uptorn from
 the roots ! Teucrians and men of Sicily—all rose in their zeal. 450
 The clamour mounted to the skies ; and foremost Acestes ran
 to his help, and pityingly raised his lifelong friend from the
 ground. But, nothing downcast nor dismayed by his mis-
 chance, more keenly the hero re-entered the fray, with anger
 waking fury, and shame and conscious worth kindling his 455
 might. Like fire he drove Dares precipitate through the
 lists, raining his blows now with the right and now with the
 left. Delay there was none, nor respite : thickly as the hail
 rattles on the roof from the bursting cloud, so sped the hero's
 recurrent blows, as, with either hand fast-plied, he buffeted 460
 and battered Dares.

Then father Aeneas suffered not their passion to rise
 higher, nor Entellus to rage with exasperate soul, but set
 a term to the conflict and rescued the fainting Dares, thus
 speaking with words of solace : ' Unhappy man ! What dire 465
 frenzy has possessed thy mind ? Perceivest not a strength
 other than thine, and the gods now ranged against thee ?
 Then yield thou to Heaven ! ' He said ; and his word
 annulled the conflict. But Dares his faithful friends led
 thence, with feeble knees trailing and head swaying from
 side to side, as he spat from his mouth clotted blood and 470
 teeth commingled in the blood ! To the ships they took

him ; then, at summons, received the casque and the sword,
and resigned palm and bull to Entellus. And now the
conqueror, flown in spirit and exulting in his meed : ‘ God-
dess-born,’ he cried, ‘ and ye Teucrians learn what might
475 dwelt in my youthful frame, and from what a death ye have
recalled your rescued Dares ! ’ He said ; and planted himself
in face of the fronting steer, as it stood the battle’s reward ;
drew back his hand and levelled the stubborn gauntlets fairly
betwixt its horns, rising for the blow ; then dashed them
480 against the bone and shattered the brain. Prone the creature
fell, and, quivering, lay lifeless on the sod ! He, from above,
thus broke into speech : ‘ A better life, Eryx, I pay thee in
lieu of Dares’ death, and here—victor to the end—resign
glove and art ! ’

485 Straight Aeneas invited all, who so desired, to contend
with the fleet shaft, and proclaimed the rewards. With his
own mighty hand he upreared the mast from Serestus’ galley,
and, from its high summit, hung, in a cord passed through,
a fluttering dove—mark for their levelled steel. The
490 archers gathered ; the lots were flung, and a brazen helm
received them. First before all, amid favouring cheers,
issued the place of Hippocoon, Hyrtacus’ son ; whom
Mnestheus followed, conqueror but now in the naval strife
—Mnestheus in his green olive-crown. Third came Eurytion
495 —thy brother, far-famed Pandarus, who in other days, com-
manded to undo the truce, didst wing the first weapon into
the hosts of Argos ! Last, and lowest sunk in the casque,
was Acestes, ready even yet with heart and hand to assay
the toils of youth.

500 Then, with stalwart arms, the archers bent their curving
bows, each for himself, and drew shaft from quiver. And
first, from the strident sinew, the arrow of Hyrtacus’

youthful son fled through the sky, parting the fleet airs, attained the mark, and struck full in the mast's adverse timber. The bole shook; the bird fluttered her timorous 505 wings, and all around rang again with cheers. Next gallant Mnestheus took his stand with drawn bow, aiming to the height, and levelled eye and shaft alike. But, alas, his steel availed not to touch the bird herself, but severed the knots and flaxen bonds, which chained her foot as she 510 hung from the mast: and soaring she fled to the winds and clouds of heaven! Then quickly Eurytion, who, with ready bow, had long held his arrow on the string, called his brother to his prayer, marked the dove,—triumphant now in the 515 open skies,—and pierced her, as, on beating pinion, she flew under a sable cloud. Breathless she fell, leaving her life in the ethereal stars, and descending brought back the shaft in her breast.

And now, the palm lost and won, Acestes remained alone: yet he sped his arrow into the air aloft, displaying—reverend 520 sire!—his art and loud-singing bow. On this a sudden portent, fraught with solemn presage, broke on their view:—its truth the high issue shewed anon; and too late the dread-inspiring seers declared its boding import! For, flying, the reed caught fire in the humid clouds, writ its course in flame, 525 and vanished, utterly consumed, into unsubstantial air:—as often stars, unsphered from the firmament, shoot athwart the night with streaming tresses! Trinacrians and Teucrians alike stood helpless with bewildered souls and praying lips. Nor did great Aeneas spurn the omen; but, embracing the 530 glad Acestes, loaded him with noble gifts, and so spoke: 'Take them, sire: for Heaven's sovereign Lord has willed by this sign that, exempt from the lot, thou shouldst receive peculiar honour! This guerdon shall be thine, as once it

535 was old Anchises',—a bowl embossed with figures, which, in other years, Thracian Cisseus gave to my father's keeping, a princely gift, memorial of himself and pledge of his love !'

So saying, he crowned his temples with green laurel, and
540 styled Acestes victor, sole above all : nor did good Eurytion grudge him his honour preferred, though himself alone had struck down the dove from her æry heights. Next in order of reward came he who had severed the bonds : last, he whose winged reed had lodged in the mast.

545 But father Aeneas, ere yet the contest was sped, summoned Epytus' son to his side,—guardian and guide of Iulus' childish years,—and thus spoke to his faithful ear : ' Away, and charge Ascanius, if he now holds his boyish troop in readiness and has marshalled his cavalcade, to lead in his
550 squadrons to his grandsire's honour and display himself in arms.' He said ; and himself commanded the instreaming throng to depart from the length of the course and to leave the lists clear. The boys rode in, and, with even ranks, passed shining on bridled steeds before their parents' gaze ; while,
555 admiring as they went, all Sicily and Troy cried acclaim. The locks of all were duly confined in diadems of shorn leaves and each bore two steel-tipped cornel-shafts : on the shoulder of some were polished quivers, and on the upper breast a flexile circlet of gold passed round the neck. Three in
560 number were the mounted squadrons, and three the captains that rode to and fro, each followed by twice six boys glittering in tripartite array under companion chiefs. One youthful band rode gaily behind a little Priam, his grandsire living in his name,—famed scion, Polites, of thine, and destined to
565 Italy's increase ! Now he reined a Thracian courser, dappled with flakes of white, white his fetlocks' forefront, and white the forehead which proudly he reared. Next came Atys,

whence the Latin Atii draw their race,—little Atys, the boyish love of boy Iulus. Last, and in beauty fairest of all, came 570 Iulus on a Sidonian steed, which radiant Dido had given in remembrance of herself and pledge of her love. All their company else rode horses of Sicily, the boon of old Acestes.

With applauding hands the Dardans welcomed their 575 anxious train, and joyed, as they gazed, to trace in the sons their fathers' lineaments of old.—When they had ridden merrily round all the concourse in view of their kindred, the son of Epytus, as they stood expectant, cried the signal from far and sounded his whip. In equal troops they galloped apart and dissolved their array, three by three, 580 into disjunct bands ; and again, at summons, wheeled back and bore down with lances couched. Then they entered on other charges and other retreats, in encountering lines ; wound circle on alternate circle, and under arms evoked the semblance of battle, now wheeling in unguarded flight, 585 now turning their spears in menace, and again riding abreast in all peace. As once, men tell, in high Crete, the labyrinth held a path threaded betwixt sunless walls,—a traitorous device perplexed by a thousand ways, wherein 590 the maze, undiscovered and irretrievable, baffled the signs set for guidance :—even so the sons of Troy rode in their tangled course, weaving a sportive web of conflict and flight, like dolphins, who, skimming the watery expanse, cleave the Carpathian or Libyan main. 595

This mode of horsemanship and these games Ascanius first restored, what time he girdled Alba the Long with walls, and taught the early Latins to celebrate them, even as did he, in his boyhood, and, with him, the youth of Troy. They of Alba taught their children ; and from Alba mighty 600 Rome received the heritage, and preserved the ancestral

wont : and *Troy* now are the boys styled and *Trojan* their company !

Thus far the ritual was paid to Anchises the blest : but now Fortune began to turn and bely her faith. For while, 605 in interchange of sports, they rendered their homage to the tomb, Juno, Saturn's child, sent Iris down from Heaven to the Ilian fleet, and breathed gales to waft her on her way, revolving many a thought, and with her ancient anger yet unsated. She, hasting her journey along the arch of myriad hues, 610 hied swiftly down on her virgin path, unseen by man. She saw the vast concourse ; she traversed the beach, and scanned the forsaken harbour and warderless fleet. But, remote on the lorn strand, the women of Troy wept their lost Anchises, and, weeping, gazed all on the unplumbed deep. ' Alas, and 615 do seas so many, and tracts of foam so wide, await yet our weariness ? ' they cried with a single voice, and prayed for an abiding city, heart-sick of enduring ocean's travail. Into their midst, then, she flung herself, no tyro in the arts of harm, and resigned her celestial countenance and garb. 620 Beroë she became,—Beroë, the aged wife of Tmarian Doryclus, once blest with race and fame and children,—and, in such semblance, mingled with the Dardan matrons : ' O hapless we, whom the Achæan's conquering hand dragged not to death under the walls of our fathers ! O ill-starred race, to 625 what fatal doom does Fortune reserve thee ? The seventh summer now wanes since Troy was cut down ; and we wander still, though we have travelled every sea and every land, past many a churlish rock and under many a star, pursuing the while, wave-tost, a fugitive Italy over the great 630 deep ! Here are the borders of Eryx our brother, and Acestes proffers welcome. Who shall gainsay that we raise our ramparts and give a city to our citizens ? O my country, and

thy gods reft from the enemy's hand in vain ! shall there no more be a Troy-town in the mouths of men ? shall these eyes never see the rivers of Hector, Xanthus and Simois ? Nay, up and burn with me these accursed barques ! For in 635 dreams I have seen the phantom of Cassandra the prophetess, and she gave me lighted brands. *Here seek ye your Troy,* she said, *here your home is !* And now the hour calls for the deed ; nor can portents so high brook delay. Lo, four altars to Neptune ! Flame and resolve the god himself ministers !' 640

She said ; and incontinent seized fiercely the felon torch ; brandished it with forceful hand far uplifted, then flung it forth. The women of Ilium gazed with awakening mind and astonied heart. Then one of their throng,—eldest-born of all,—Pyrgo, the royal nurse of Priam's many sons : 645 'Matrons, here is no Beroë ! Not this Doryclus' Rhoeteian spouse ! Note ye the tokens of divine beauty and the lightning of her eyes, her breath and her lineaments, the sound of her voice, and the walk of her feet ! Not long ago myself I parted from Beroë, leaving her sick and rebellious 650 that she alone must be portionless in this festival, nor might pay to Anchises the honours that are his due !'

She spoke ; but the matrons, wavering and dubious at first, scanned the vessels with malign gaze, hesitant betwixt their wistful love for the country at their hand and the 655 fated realms that beckoned them ; when the goddess on even wing soared to the skies tracing her great arch beneath the clouds. Then, at last, dazed by the portent and stung by madness, they cried aloud and snatched fire from 660 the hearths within,—part despoiling the altars,—then flung on the fleet leaves and boughs and brands. Unleashed, the Fire-god swept raging over thwarts and oars and the painted poops of fir.

To the tomb of Anchises and the seated theatre Eumelus
665 plied, herald of the burning vessels : and, looking back, their
own eyes discerned the dark ashes eddying in clouds. Fore-
most of all Ascanius, as gaily he led the galloping troop,
spurred instantly to the turmoiled camp, nor could his
breathless guardians stay him. ‘What strange frenzy is
670 here?’ he cried. ‘Alas my hapless countrywomen, whither
now, whither would ye go? No foe—no hostile encamp-
ment of Argos—ye burn, but your own hopes ! Behold me—
your own Ascanius !’ And he flung before their feet the
empty casque, accoutred in which he portrayed the mimic
675 war. Aeneas and his Trojan bands came hastening together :
but the matrons, in dismay, fled scattered here and there over
the strand, and stole to the woods or the chance shelter of
rocky caverns. Loathing the deed and the light, they were
changed and knew their friends ; and Juno was banished
680 from their hearts. Yet none the more did the flames and
fire resign their unvanquished strength ! Under the moist
timber the tow lived, disgorging slow wreaths of smoke ; the
clinging heat fed on the hulls, and the plague spread down-
ward through all : nor could the heroes’ might, nor the floods
they poured, avail.

685 Then good Aeneas tore the vesture from his shoulders, and
with outstretched palms called Heaven to aid : ‘Almighty
Jove, if thou loatest not yet the Trojans to a man, if thy
mercy of old aught regards our human sorrow, grant now,
O Father, that the fleet may escape the flame and snatch
690 from destruction the slender fortunes of Troy ! Or, if so
I have merited, fill thou full the cup, and with hostile
thunderbolt send me down to death and whelm me here
under thy right hand !’ Scarce had the words left his lips,
when the rains streamed forth and a gloomy tempest raved

restraintless : and the high places of earth and her plains 695
quaked to the thunder. The tumultuous flood came rushing
from all the sky, pitch-black amid the serried gales of the
South. The hulls were filled to overflowing, and the
smouldering oak was drenched, till all the fire died, and all
the barques, save four, were delivered from destruction.

But father Aeneas, deep-wounded by this cruel hap, 700
revolved in swift change, now this way and now that, his
mighty burden of care :—whether to rest in the Sicilian
fields, careless of Destiny, or to assay the coasts of Italy.
Then aged Nautes, whom Pallas, Tritonian maid, had schooled
beyond all mortals else, and given him the glory of perfect 705
art, inspiring him to answer what the dread wrath of Heaven
foreshowed or what the order of fate required :—he, then,
began, and so spoke comfort to Aeneas : ‘ Goddess-born, as
Fate urges—whether onward or backward—let us follow !
Whatever shall fall, Fortune is conquered always by en- 710
durance ! Here thou hast Dardan Acestes, sprung of celestial
line : take him to share thy councils, and claim his willing
alliance ! Commit to him all for whom there is no space,
now that these ships are lost, and all that are weary of
thy great emprise and of thy fortunes. And choose the
stricken in years, and the wave-worn matrons, and what- 715
soever sails with thee that is weak and timorous of peril ;
and grant their weariness to possess a city in this land.
They shall call their town Acesta, and no man forbid the
name ! ’

Then, kindling to these words of his aged friend, he swept
his distracted mind over all the range of care : and sable 720
Night, throned on her chariot, rode up the sky. In a little
while the form of his sire Anchises seemed to descend from
heaven and break into sudden utterance : ‘ My son, dearer

than life, in the days when life remained me, my son, who
725 hast wrestled so long with Ilium's destiny, I come to thee by
mandate of Jove, who has driven the fire ~~from~~ thy fleet
and pitied thee at last from the empyreal height ! Obey the
sage counsel that now white-haired Nautes gives thee :
convey into Italy the flower of thy chivalry and the stoutest
730 hearts ! A hardy race, and of rugged life, must thou war
down in Latium. Yet first approach thou the nether halls
of Dis, and through the deeps of Avernus hasten, son, to
meet me ! For godless Tartarus holds me not, nor the
shades of sorrow ; but I dwell in the pleasant synods
735 of the just, and in Elysium. Thither the chaste Sibyl will
escort thee when many dusk kine have bled : and then shalt
thou learn all thy race and the city prepared for thee. And
now fare thee well ! Dewy Night rolls on her midmost
course, and the remorseless Day-star has breathed on me
with the panting breath of his orient steeds !' He ceased ;
740 and fled as smoke into the unsubstantial air. ' Whither now
wilt thou speed ?' cried Aeneas. ' Whither thus amain ?
Whom fleest thou ? Or who withholds thee from our
embrace ?' So speaking, he quickened the ashes and slumber-
ing flames, and, with holy meal and laden censer, paid his
suppliant homage to the Lar of Pergamus and the secret
hearth of hoary Vesta.

745 Straight he called his friends—Acestes first—and expounded
the command of Jove, the counsel of his loved sire, and the
resolve now settled in his breast. Not long their debate ;
nor did Acestes gainsay the behest. They enrolled the
750 matrons in a city, and planted there such of the company
as willed—souls that hungered not for glory. Themselves
they renewed the thwarts, restored the charred timbers of
the vessels, and fashioned oars and cordage—few in numbers,

but with valour that fainted not in battle. Meanwhile Aeneas traced the walls with the plough, and allotted dwell- 755 ings : this he bade be *Ilium*, and these places *Troy*. Trojan Acestes rejoiced in his novel realm, appointed a forum, and gave laws to an assembled senate. Then, on the summit of Eryx, they founded a star-pointing fane to Idalian Venus, and assigned a priest and a grove of ample sanctity to Anchises' 760 sepulchre.

And now, when all the people had feasted for nine days, and sacrifice had been rendered on the altars, placid breezes lulled the seas, and the recurrent South called whispering once more to the main. Along the winding shores rose a great lamentation, and, friend embracing friend, they 765 lingered a day and a night. And now the very matrons,—the very men,—to whom erstwhile the sight of the sea seemed bitterness, and intolerable its tyranny, would fain sail and endure to the end the journey in all its weariness, Them good Aeneas solaced with kindly words and, weeping, 770 commended to his kinsman Acestes. Next he bade slay three steers to Eryx, and a ewe-lamb to the Tempests, and duly fling loose the hawser. Himself, meanwhile, crowned in shorn leaves of olive, stood at distance on the prow, and, goblet in hand, cast the entrails into the briny waves and 775 poured the streaming wine. A wind, rising from the stern, followed them on their way, and zealously the seamen smote the foam and swept the watery levels.

But Venus, meantime, care-harrassed, addressed her suit to Neptune and thus unbosomed her plaint : 'The heavy 780 anger and insatiate heart of Juno constrain me, Neptune, to stoop to all entreaty : for neither length of days nor any piety may soften her ; and the dictates of Jove, and Destiny's self, leave her unbroken and unbowed. It suffices not that

785 with dire hatred she has eaten out their city from the heart
of Phrygia's people, and dragged the relics of Troy through
all extremity of vengeance : she persecutes the ashes and
dust of the slain ! The source of such fury may herself
know ! Even thou wert my witness of late in the Afric
790 waves, what sudden turmoil she engendered, mingling, in
vain reliance on Aeolus' storms, all ocean with heaven, and
daring the deed in thy mid empire. And now, behold,
driving the matrons of Troy through paths of crime, foully
she has burned their ships, and compelled them—their fleet
795 destroyed—to abandon their crews to an unknown soil !
For the remnant of their course, I pray thee, grant them
without peril to sail thy waves : grant them to reach Laurentine
Tiber—if my suit is lawful, if there the Sisters vouchsafe
them a city !'

Then spoke Saturn's son, lord of the fathomless deep :
800 ' All right hast thou, Cythera's queen, to trust in my realms
—those realms whence thou drawest birth ! And I have
merited so ! Often have I quelled the madness and dread
fury of sky and sea : nor less upon earth—Xanthus and
Simois bear witness !—has been my care of thy Aeneas !
805 When Achilles in pursuit was hurling Troy's breathless hosts
against their ramparts, and consigning his thousands to
death—when the choking rivers groaned, and Xanthus
availed not to find a passage nor to roll himself to ocean—
on that day I plucked Aeneas from the slayer in sheltering
cloud, as he fronted Peleus' great son with less puissant arm
810 and less puissant gods ; though I desired to uproot from
their foundations those walls of forsworn Troy that mine own
hands had built ! And changeless my purpose still abides :
dispel thy fears ! Scatheless he shall approach the haven of
Avernus, as thou prayest. One alone there shall be, whom,

lost on the flood, he shall seek and find not :—one life 815
shall be given for many ! ’

When his words had soothed her heavenly heart to gladness,
the great Sire yoked his steeds in gold, curbed their fierceness
with foaming bit, and loosely shook forth from his hand the
many reins. In azure car he sped skimming the plains of
ocean ; the waves sank, the heaving main grew smooth 820
under his thundering axle, and the clouds fled from all the
expanse of heaven. Straight appeared the manifold shapes
of his attendant train,—huge whales, Glaucus, with his grey-
beard quire, Palaemon (Ino’s child), and the fleet Tritons,
and all the array of Phorcus—while on the left were banded
Thetis and Melite and maiden Panopea, Nesaeë and Spio, 825
Thalia and Cymodoce.

On this joy’s soft vicissitude thrilled the anxious soul of
father Aeneas ; and he commanded every mast to be reared
with instant speed, and every sail to be stretched on its yard.
Together all set their sheets, and, at one time and the same,
loosed the canvass, now on the left, now on the right : 830
together they turned, and turned again, the peaked sail-
yards aloft ; and favouring gales bore on the fleet ! In
the van, before them all, Palinurus led the serried line ; and
by him the others shaped their course, obedient to command.

And now dewy Night had almost reached her goal in the 835
central heavens, and, stretched by the oars along the hard
benches, the seamen had surrendered their limbs to slumber’s
quiet influence ; when Sleep, lightly gliding from the
ethereal stars, parted the dusk air and clove the shades, in
quest, Palinurus, of thee, and laden with fatal dreams for 840
thy guiltless eyes ! On the tall poop the god alighted in
semblance of Phorbas, and opened his lips to such intent :
‘ Palinurus, Iasus’ son, the seas themselves convoy the

fleet; the winds breathe steadily: it is slumber's hour.
845 Pillow thy head, and steal those weary eyes from their
toil! Myself for a space will assay thy charge.' To whom
Palinurus, scarce lifting his gaze: 'Wouldst thou have me
blind to the face of the tranquil flood and the quiet waves?
Wouldst thou have me put faith in that monster of unfaith?
850 Say, shall I trust Aeneas to the forsworn gales?—I who have
been cozened so oft by the treachery of an unruffled sky!'—
Such reply he vouchsafed; and, rooted to his grasp, withdrew
no whit his hand from the rudder nor his eye from the stars.
But, lo, the god,—waving over either temple a bough, steeped
855 in Lethe's dew and charmed to slumber by Stygian spell,—
constrained his swimming eyes to resign the struggle. And
hardly had the sudden sleep touched his nerveless limbs, ere
bending above he flung him sheer into the flowing waves,
rending away, as he fell, part of the poop and the rudder, and
860 calling vainly and oft to his comrades. Himself, on rapid
pinion, soared into the substanceless air.—Yet no less the
fleet rode securely over the deep, and sped onward, dauntless
in the promise of Father Neptune.

And now, advancing, it neared the cliffs of the Sirens,
865 perilous of yore, and white with the bones of many men,
though then the raucous cliffs but echoed afar to the incessant
waves, when the sire grew ware that the errant barque
floated void of her master, and with his own hand guided
her over the mighty flood, much sighing and stricken to the
870 heart by his friend's doom: 'O trustful over-much in the
calm of sky and deep, thou shalt lie, Palinurus, naked on the
alien strand!'

VI

THUS, weeping, he spoke and gave rein to the fleet, and at length rode by Cumae and her Euboean shores. They turned the prows to sea; the anchor with biting tooth gripped the barks, and the crooked keels lined the beach. All ardent, the banded youth leaped out on the Hesperian 5 strand. Part sought the seeds of flame lurking in veins of flint: part despoiled the woods—dense covert of the wild beast—and shewed the discovered streams. But good Aeneas repaired to the heights, whereover Apollo holds ward aloft, and to the cavern, vast and remote, that guards the secrecy 10 of the dread Sibyl, on whom the seer of Delos breathes his great mind and soul, and unfolds the days to be. And now they drew to the groves of Trivia and the golden fane.

Daedalus,—so fame tells,—when he fled from the realms of Minos, adventuring on rapid pinion to commit himself to 15 the skies, floated along his unwonted path to the icy North, then hovered and alighted on the Chalcidian hill. There first restored to earth, he consecrated, Phoebus, to thee the oarage of his wings, and reared a mighty temple. On the doors was seen Androgeos dead; and, nigh to him, the 20 children of Cecrops, doomed—ah woe!—to the yearly penalty of seven lives of their sons.—There stood the urn, and they drew the lots!—Fronting these, the Gnosian land rose in counterpart from the main. There was portrayed that cruel passion for the bull, the device of Pasiphae's lust, and the mingled birth of two-fold kind, the Minotaur— 25 pledge of a nameless love. There was that laboured pile and its maze,—inextricable for ever, had not Daedalus, in compassion for the queen's great love, himself resolved the

traitorous riddle of the palace, guiding with a clue the
 30 lover's viewless footsteps. And thou, also, Icarus,—a great
 part had been thine in the great work, had grief allowed.
 Twice he assayed to depict thy fate in gold : twice the father's
 hands sank impotent.

All this their gaze would have perused in order, had not
 Achates returned from his errand in their van, and, with him,
 35 the priestess of Phoebus and Trivia, Deiphobe, Glaucus'
 child, who thus addressed the king : ' Not such the sights
 that this hour demands ! Now were it meeter to slay seven
 steers from the unyoked herd, and as many ewes duly chosen.'
 40 Aeneas thus admonished,—and his men delayed not to do
 her sacred bidding—the priestess summoned the Teucrians
 into the lofty shrine.

Of the Euboean rock, one vast side is hewn into a cavern,
 whither lead a hundred broad avenues and a hundred gate-
 ways, whence issue voices as many, charged with the Sibyl's
 response. The threshold was barely gained, when the maiden
 45 cried : ' It is the hour to inquire your fates ! The god, ~~see~~
 behold the god ! ' And as she stood by the doors and spoke,
 suddenly her countenance and her hue changed, and her
 tresses fell disordered : her bosom panted, her wild heart
 swelled with fury, and she grew taller to the view, and her
 50 voice rang not of mortality, now that the god breathed on
 her in nigher presence. ' Art thou slothful,' she cried, ' in
 vow and prayer ? Slothful, Aeneas of Troy ? For only so shall
 be unsealed the mighty portals of this awe-stricken fane.'
 She said, and was mute. A chill trembling thrilled through
 their stout Teucrian breasts, and the king broke into prayer
 55 from his heart of hearts : ' Phoebus, who hast pitied always
 the sore agony of Troy,—Phoebus, who didst wing the Dardan
 shaft from Paris' hand to the frame of Aeacus' son,—under

thy guidance have I entered these many seas, that circle their great continents, and Massyia's farthest tribes, and the fields that the Syrtes fringe. And now, at length, we 60 clutch at the borders of a receding Italy! Then grant that thus far—nor farther—the star of Troy shall have followed us! Ye, too, at this hour, may meetly spare the people of Pergamus, gods and goddesses all, who brooked not Ilium nor the high renown of our Dardan realm! And thou, 65 prophetess most holy, who foreknowest the days to come, vouchsafe (for I ask but the kingdom due to my destiny) a home for the Teucrians in Latium,—a home for their way-worn gods and the storm-tost deities of Troy! Then wil I raise to Phoebus and Trivia a fane of solid marble, and in 70 Phoebus' name ordain days of festival. Thee also a solemn shrine awaits in our realm: for there I will set thine oracles and the mysteries of fate that thou shalt reveal to my people; and I will consecrate chosen men to thy service, gracious maid! Only commit not thy songs to the leaves, lest, 75 disordered, they flit abroad, the sport of boisterous winds. Let thine own lips prophesy, I entreat thee.' He said, and his lips were still.

But in her cavern the prophetess, intolerant yet of Phoebus' will, raved in limitless frenzy, straining to exorcize the mighty god from her soul: but all the more he curbed her foaming lips to weariness, subdued her fierce heart, and 80 moulded her to his constraint. And now the hundred vast doorways of the shrine swung open of their own accord, and the response of the priestess came wafted through the air: 'O thou that at length hast outworn the great perils of the deep—though others, and heavier, await thee upon earth—the children of Dardanus shall come to the realm of Lavinium 85 (trouble not thy soul for this), but they shall joy not at their

coming. War—grim war—I descry, and Tiber foaming with
 torrents of blood ! Thou shalt lack not a Simois, nor a
 Xanthus, nor a Dorian camp. Even now, another Achilles is
 prepared for thee in Latium,—goddess-born no less than thou !
 90 Nor anywhere shall Juno forbear to dog thy Teucrians : while
 thou, suppliant in the day of need,—what people of Italy,
 what city shall have heard not thy prayer ! And the source
 of all this woe to Troy shall again be a foreign bridal,—again
 an alien bed. But yield not thou to any woes : but with
 95 bolder front fare forth to meet them in the path that thy
 fortune shall allow ! The earliest step to salvation,—little
 though thou deem it,—shall be taken from a Grecian
 town ! ’

In such words the Cumaean Sibyl chanted her mysteries of
 fear from her shrine, and moaned from out the cavern, shroud-
 100 ing truth in darkness :—so potent the rein that Apollo shook
 above her frenzy, and the iron that he planted in her soul ! So
 soon as the madness ceased and her raving lips were hushed,
 the hero began : ‘ Maiden, affliction can display no lineaments
 that is new or strange to these eyes. All this I have foreknown
 105 and debated erewhile in my spirit. One boon I entreat !
 Since here, men say, is the portal of the infernal king and
 the sunless pool of brimming Acheron, be it granted me to
 pass to the sight and presence of my dear sire ! Teach me the
 way, and unlock the hallowed gates ! Him, through a ring of
 110 flames and a thousand pursuant spears, I bare into safety on
 these shoulders and rescued from the enemy’s midst : his
 feeble frame accompanied my wanderings, and endured at
 my side every sea, every menace of ocean and sky, beyond the
 strength and desert of age. Nay, he it was who charged me,
 alike by prayer and command, that, suppliant, I should re-
 115 pair to thy presence and draw nigh to thy door ! If Orpheus,

reliant on his Thracian lyre and tuneful strings, could summon again the spirit of his bride—if Pollux redeemed his brother by interchange of death and treads and retreads the path so oft—of thy grace, I entreat thee, have compassion on son and sire ; for thou hast all power, nor in vain hath Hecate set thee over the groves of Avernus !—What skills it to speak of Theseus? What, of great Alcides? In my veins, also, flows the blood of sovereign Jove !’

So prayed he, hand on altar, when thus the prophetess took the word : ‘ Seed of lineage celestial, Troy-born son of Anchises, light is the descent to Avernus ! Night and day the portals of gloomy Dis stand wide : but to recall thy step and issue to the upper air—there is the toil and there the task ! Few only have had the power—sons of the gods, whom a gracious Jove hath loved, or the flame of virtue exalted to the stars ! The tract between is shrouded in forest and round it slide the black encircling folds of Cocytus ! But if such yearning possess thy soul—if so deep thy desire, twice to float on the Stygian lake, twice to behold the gloom of Hell—and thy pleasure be to indulge this frenzied emprise, then hearken what must first be done ! In a shady tree, a bough lies hidden, golden of leaf and pliant stem, and dedicated to Juno below. This all the grove conceals ; and the shadows in the dusky glens enfold it. Yet to none is it given to enter the viewless places of earth, ere he plucked from the tree its golden-tressed fruit ; for such is the tribute that beauteous Proserpine hath ordained shall be brought for her proper meed. When the first is rent away a second, golden no less, succeeds, and the bough blossoms with ore as precious. Therefore let thine eye be piercing in the quest, and thine hand pluck it when duly found. For, if thou art called of Fate, lightly and freely it will obey : else,

the strong hand shall avail thee not to subdue it, nor the tempered steel to sunder it. More,—though, alas, thou knowest it not,—the breathless clay of thy friend lies, defiling
150 all the fleet with the presence of death, while thou seekest our response and lingerest on our threshold. Him lay thou first in his own place, and shelter him in the tomb. Lead black cattle to the altar: be that thy first peace-offering! So shalt thou behold, at the last, the Stygian groves and the
155 realms untravell'd by the living!—She said, and locked her lips in silence.

With eyes downcast and countenance sorrow-clouded, Aeneas left the cavern and pursued his way, revolving in spirit the darkened future. By his side went loyal Achates, pacing under like weight of care; and much they communed
160 with one another in changing discourse—what lifeless comrade the prophetess boded, what corpse for the burial! And, lo, when they came, they descried Misenus on the dry beach reft by an untimely death—Misenus, son of Aeolus, whom none surpassed in waking the heart of man by his clarion
165 and kindling the battle by his note. Henchman once of great Hector, in Hector's train he braved the fray, glorious alike by trump and spear. Soon, when Achilles' victorious hand had despoiled his lord of life, the dauntless hero stooped not
170 to lower service, but followed the banner of Dardan Aeneas. But on that day, while haply he thrilled the seas with hollow shell and, infatuate, challenged Heaven to dispute the palm, jealous Triton—if credence be meet—seized his mortal frame and plunged him amid the rocks into the foaming flood.
175 So all made their loud moan about him; good Aeneas above the rest. Then, unlingering, they discharged in tears the command of the Sibyl, and with emulous zeal piled the altar of sepulture with trees and exalted it heaven-high. Forth

they went into the immemorial forest, where the wild beasts dwelt in lofty covert. The pines tottered and fell, and the smitten holm rang under the axe; ashen beams and fissile 180 oak they cleft with the wedge, and from the hills rolled down the great mountain-ashes.

Nor less, amid their toil, Aeneas was foremost to cheer his men and to gird him with weapons even as theirs. And as, communing himself with his own sad heart, he gazed 185 on the measureless forest, so, haply, he shaped his prayer: 'O that now, in this great forest, the golden bough might gleam upon our eyes from its tree! For over-truly—alas!—the prophetess told of thee, Misenus!' Scarce had he 190 spoken, when it so fell that two doves came flying from heaven before the very visage of the hero, and alighted on the green sward. Straight the heroic prince knew them for his mother's birds, and joyously sent up his prayer: 'If any way there be, O guide ye our feet! and bend your course through the skies to those groves where the precious bough shadows the fertile earth! And thou, 195 goddess and mother, desert not our dubious fortunes!' So saying, he stayed his steps and watched what signs they brought, and whither their flight would tend. Feeding the while, they advanced on the wing so far as the eye of the travellers might discern them: then, when they drew to 200 the gorge of noisome Avernus, incontinent they soared aloft, and, gliding through the unclouded blue, lit side by side on their chosen goal—a tree, through whose branches flashed the contrasting glimmer of gold. As, in the snows of winter, the mistletoe—sown of no parent tree—blossoms in unfamiliar 205 leaves and encircles the tapering boles with shoots of saffron, so seemed the aureate foliage on the dark holm, so tinkled the foil to the gentle breeze.—Straight Aeneas seized it,

210 overbore its reluctance with eager hand, and brought it to the Sibyl's prophetic roof.

Nor less, meanwhile, on the strand, the Teucrians wept Misenus and tendered the last meed to his ingrate dust. And first they built a pyre, unctuous with brands and high-
215 piled with oaken beams. They wreathed the sides in sober leaves, planted funereal cypresses in the front, and decked the summit in the dead man's shining panoply. Part prepared the heated water, in cauldrons bubbling over the flames, and, moaning, washed and anointed the chill clay ; then laid the
220 tear-dewed limbs on their couch, and cast above them purple robes—the wonted pall. Part—sad ministry!—stooped beneath the giant bier, and, as their fathers used, held the torch beneath with averted eyes. Offerings of frankincense,
225 viands, and bowls of streaming oil, were flung upon the fire and consumed. Then, when the embers were sunken and the flames burned low, they slaked the relics and thirsty ashes with wine, and Corynaeus gathered the bones again and enshrined them in a casquet of bronze. Thrice, moreover,
he bore pure water round the circuit of his comrades,
230 sprinkling them with light spray from a bough of fruitful olive, and purified them all, and pronounced the last farewell. But good Aeneas raised over the dead a massy sepulchre, with the arms of the hero's calling, his oar and his trumpet, under a skyey hill, that now from him is called *Misenus*, and
235 preserves his name eternal throughout the ages.—This done, he hastened to fulfil the Sibyl's mandate.

A cavern there was, that yawned abysmal and vast—jagged, and guarded by its sunless lake and the midnight of its groves—whereover no winged creature could fly on its
240 way unscathed : so pestilent the breath steaming from its dark gorge to the cope of heaven ! Here the priestess first

set four steers, black of body, and poured wine upon their brows ; then, plucking the topmost tufts from betwixt the 245 horns, laid them on the holy flames for earliest offering, calling the while on Hecate, queen alike in Heaven and Hell. Others set the knife to the throat and caught the warm blood in vessels. Himself, Aeneas smote with the sword a ewe-lamb of sable fleece to the mother of the Furies and her 250 mighty sister, and to thee, Proserpine, a barren heifer. Then to the Stygian king he reared altars by night, and placed on the flames whole carcasses of bulls, pouring rich oil over the burning flesh. But, lo, about the first rays of the 255 orient sun, earth began to moan under foot, and the ridges of forest to tremble, and hounds seemed to bay through the twilight, as the goddess drew nigh. ‘Hence, O hence,’ cried the prophetess, ‘ye that are uninitiate ! Withdraw ye from all the grove ! And thou—get thee on thy way and un- 260 sheathe thy brand ! Now is the hour, Aeneas, for the dauntless spirit—now for the stout heart !’ So far she spoke ; then, frenzied, cast herself into the cavern ; while he, with no timorous step, held pace with his guide.

Ye Gods, who bear sceptre over souls, ye mute phantoms, and ye, Chaos and Phlegethon, realms far-silent beneath the 265 night,—suffer me to speak as I have heard—suffer me by your will to reveal that which is hidden in the abyssms of earth and darkness !

Dim under the lone night, they journeyed through the shadows, through the vacant halls of Dis and his unsubstantial kingdom :—even as one who journeys in a forest under the niggard light of the faltering moon, when Jove has curtained 270 the sky in shade, and the blackness of night bereaves Nature of her hue. Hard before the portal, in the opening jaws of Hell, Grief and avenging Cares have made their couch ; and

275 with them dwell wan Disease and sorrowful Age, and Fear,
and Hunger, temptress to Sin, and loathly Want—shapes of
ghastly mien—and Death, and Toil, and Sleep, Death's
brother, and the guilty Joys of the Soul, and doom-fraught
War, full in the gateway, and the iron chambers of the Furies,
280 and raving Discord with viperous locks bound in sanguine
fillets.

In the midst is an elm, shadowy and vast, with boughs and
age-worn arms spread wide ; and in it, men say, dwell vain
Dreams, adherent to every leaf. And many a shape else is
285 there of beasts monstrous and manifold—Centaurs couchant
by the doors, Scyllas double-formed, Briareus with his hun-
dred hands, and the creature of Lerna hissing fearfully ; the
Chimaera, weaponed with flame, the Gorgons, and the
Harpies, and the semblance of the tricorporate shade.
290 Thereon Aeneas, unnerved by sudden alarm, snatched at his
sword and offered the naked edge to their approach : and
had not his sage companion admonished him that these
were but lives, substanceless and bodiless, flitting under
a hollow phantasm of form, he had rushed upon them,
cleaving the shadows asunder with idle steel.

295 Hence parts the way which leads to the billows of Tartarean
Acheron ; whose turbid stream seethes with mud and giant
eddies, and disgorges into Cocytus all its sands. Water and
river are guarded by a grim ferryman, ghastly and foul,—
Charon, his chin an unkempt mass of hoariness, his glaring
300 eyes flame-shot, his squalid, knotted garb pendent from his
shoulders. Pole in hand, himself he drives his bark, trims the
sails, and convoys the dead in sable galley : for, old though he
be, the age of a god is hale and green. To him the whole
305 throng rushed, streaming to the bank,—matrons, and men,
and great-souled heroes who had lived their lives ; boys and

maidens unwed, and youths laid on the pyre before their parents' eyes. In legions they came, many as the leaves that fall in the forest at the first chill breath of Autumn,—many as the birds that flock from the unplumbed flood to earth, 310 when the season of snows drives them fugitive across the waves, and consigns them to a sunnier clime. There they stood, all pleading that first they might make the passage, their hands outstretched in yearning for the farther shore. But the grisly ferryman received now these and now those, 315 while others he thrust away and banished afar from the strand. Wondering, and moved by the turmoil: 'Speak, maiden,' Aeneas cried, 'and say, what imports this concourse to the river? What seek the souls? Or what judgement dooms these to quit the brink,—those to row sweeping 320 through the livid waters?' To him the aged priestess made brief response: 'Seed of Anchises, offspring most sure of Heaven, thou seest the deep pools of Cocytus and the morass of Styx, by whose power the gods fear to swear and swear the false. All this throng that thou viewest is helpless and 325 tombless. The ferryman is Charon, and they that sail the flood are the buried. Nor may he bear them away from those awful banks, across the hoarse waters, ere their bones have found a resting-place. For a hundred years they wander and flit round these shores: then, nor before, they are received and review the pool of their desire.' The child 330 of Anchises paused, and, much pondering, stayed his steps, pitying at heart their cruel doom. There he beheld, all mournful and guerdonless of death's last tribute, Leucaspis and Orontes, captain of the Lycian fleet, who together had sailed from Troy over the windy deep, and together 335 were whelmed by the South, vessel and men alike engulfed.

And lo, his helmsman Palinurus drew nigh—Palinurus, who

but now, as he voyaged from Libya, with gaze riveted to the stars, had fallen precipitate from the poop into mid ocean.

340 So soon as with straining eye he traced his sad features in the great gloom, he took the word and thus spoke : ‘ What god, Palinurus, reft thee from us and sank thee under the ocean-floor? Speak and say ! For in this sole response Apollo—never erst proved faithless—deluded my soul, in that he prophesied, thou shouldst be scatheless from the deep

345 and shouldst come to the borders of Ausonia ! And is this his plighted faith? ’ But he :—‘ Anchises’ son, my liege, neither did the tripod of Phoebus beguile thee, nor any god whelm me in the deep ! For, as I kept my appointed ward

350 and governed our course, I fell, and haply by sheer force rent away the rudder, to which I clung, and dragged it down with me. Be witness the cruel seas, that for myself I conceived no such fear as for thy ship—lest, despoiled of her helm and bereft of her master’s hand, she might fail amid the mountainous billows that arose ! For three wintry nights, the

355 boisterous South flung me through the brine, over the infinite main. Hardly, on the fourth dawn, uplifted on a crested wave, I descried Italy, and, little by little, swam to earth. And now safety was in my grasp ; but while, cumbered in my dank weeds, I clutched with bended fingers

360 at the jagged points of a mountain crag, a barbarous race assaulted me with the sword, and in their ignorance deemed me a prize. Now the wave possesses me, and the winds toss me on the shore. Therefore, I beseech thee, by the pleasant light of heaven and the air, by thy sire, and by the hope

365 of thy rising Iulus, rescue me, unvanquished that thou art, from these woes ! Either cast earth upon me—the power is thine—and seek again the Veline port ; or, if any way there be—if any thy goddess mother reveal (for not, methinks,

without celestial warrant thou preparest to sail these dread streams and the Stygian pool)—vouchsafe thy hand to my misery and take me with thee across the flood, that in death 370 at least I may find a haven of calm!’ So had he spoken, when thus the prophetess began: ‘Whence, Palinurus, this unhallowed yearning of thine? Is it thou, the tombless, who wouldst look on the waters of Styx and the Furies’ relentless stream, and tread the brink unbidden? Abandon hope that 375 the decrees of heaven may bend to prayer! Yet hear, and forget not my word, that shall solace the hardship of thy lot: for, far and wide throughout their cities, the peoples upon that border shall be driven by portents from Heaven to propitiate thy dust, to rear thee a sepulchre, and to render 380 yearly offerings thereto; and the place shall bear for ever the name of Palinurus.’ His sorrows assuaged by her word, for a little space grief fled from his anguished heart, and he rejoiced in the land to bear his name.

So they pursued their journey begun, and drew to the river. But, on the instant, so soon as the rower descried 385 them from the Stygian wave, wending through the voiceless grove and turning their steps to the bank, unchallenged he accosted them, and assailed them with rebuke: ‘Whosoever thou art, that in harness of war tendest to our streams, haste thee; speak thine errand whence thou standest, and stay thy step! Here is the world of Shadows, of Sleep, and of 390 slumberous Night: no body of the living my Stygian barque may receive! Nor to my joy, in sooth, did I yield Alcides passage over the lake, nor Theseus and Pirithous—though they were the seed of Heaven, and of strength unvanquished. The one stretched forth his hand to enchain the warder 395 of Hell, and dragged him trembling from the King’s very throne: the twain assayed to ravish our queen from the

chamber of Dis!’ To this the Amphrysian priestess in brief :
 ‘ Shrink not away ! Here no such treachery harbours ; no
 400 violence our weapons import ! In peace the huge watcher
 of the gate may bay for ever in his cavern, affrighting the
 bloodless shades : in peace and honour Proserpine may dwell
 in her uncle’s hall ! Trojan Aeneas, for piety famed and arms,
 descends to seek his sire in the nethermost gloom of Erebus.
 405 If the vision of duty so signal moves thee not, yet know this
 bough ! ’—and she discovered the bough that lay unseen
 in her vesture. At once the surging ire of his heart was lulled,
 and they held no further parle ; but surveying in wonder
 that awful gift of the fateful rod, seen now after so many
 410 days, he turned his sable barque and approached the shore ;
 then discharged the rout of other spirits, who sate by the
 long thwarts, cleared the gangways, and, with the act, received
 the giant frame of Aeneas in his hull. Groaning under his
 weight, the sewn craft drank in the ooze through its bursting
 415 seams ; till at length prophetess and hero were landed scathe-
 less across the wave, on the dreary slime and grey sedge.

These realms echo to the triple-throated bark of huge
 Cerberus, whose enormous bulk reposes in a cavern that
 fronts the stream. To him the priestess, who saw that the
 serpents of his neck began to bristle, flung a cake drowsy
 420 with honey and medicated corn. He, opening his triple
 jaws in rabid hunger, snatched it as it came, and, his mon-
 strous frame relaxed, sank to earth, and lay with vast limbs
 covering all the den. The warder’s vigilance entombed,
 Aeneas gained the approach, and passed swiftly from the
 425 bank of that stream whence none return.

Straight, voices broke on their ears, and sore wailing,—the
 souls of infants weeping, whom, on life’s earliest threshold, por-
 tionless of its bliss and torn from their mothers’ breast, the black

day swept from sight and merged in the bitter wave of death. By these stood they who were doomed to die on lying charge. 430 Yet not without the lot, not without judgement, these seats are assigned ! Minos sits president and shakes the urn : he summons his conclave of the silent, and he notes their lives and sins. The regions, that succeed, a mournful people tenants ;—they, the innocent, who raised their hands in self-slaughter, and, for loathing of the sunlight, flung life 435 away. Alas, how gladly now would they endure, in the upper air, both penury and all duress of toil ! The laws of Heaven forbid ; the unlovely pool with its weary waves enchains them, and Styx, nine times interfused, debars them.

No great way hence, spread wide upon every hand, the 440 Mourning Plains, that men so style, encounter the view. Here, unseen in secret walks and embowered in groves of myrtle, dwell they whom relentless Love consumed with wasting pain : even in death, the pang abandons them not. In this region he discerned Phaedra, and Procris, and sad 445 Eriphyle, pointing to the wounds of her pitiless son, and Evadne, and Pasiphaë. At their side went Laodamia, and Caeneus, once youth, now woman, and restored by revolving Fate to her ancient semblance. Among these, Phoenician Dido, fresh from her death-stroke, wandered in the great 450 forest. So soon as the hero of Troy stood nigh to her, and knew her dim form through the shadows—as one that, when the month is new, sees, or thinks he sees, the moon rising amid the clouds—the tears began to fall, and he spoke to her in loving tenderness : ‘ Unhappy Dido ! and did the mes- 455 senger, then, speak sooth, who told that thou wert undone, and that the steel had wrought thy doom ? Alas, was I the cause of death to thee ? By the stars I swear—by the gods in Heaven, and by all that is sacred in these abysms of earth—

460 reluctantly, O queen, I sailed from thy shore ! But the
divine command, which now constrains me to journey
through these shades, through realms rugged and blighted,
and midnight profound, drove me thence, obedient to the
behest : nor could I deem that, departing, I would bring
465 upon thee this agony of sorrow. O stay thy step, nor with-
draw thee from our view ! Whom wilt thou flee ! The last word
that Fate allows is upon my lips !' So Aeneas spoke, with
welling tears, striving to soothe the burning soul, mirrored
in her grim eyes. She, with averted face, held her gaze fixed
470 on earth ; and her countenance was no more stirred by his
faltering speech, than had she stood a pillar of stubborn flint
or a cliff of Marpesian rock. At length she tore herself away,
and, unreconciled, fled again to the shady grove, where her
old-time lord responded to her sorrow, and Sychaeus gave
475 love for love.—Yet, none the less, stricken to the heart by her
unjust fate, Aeneas followed her afar with tears, and pitied
her as she went.

Thence he assayed his appointed journey.—And now they
walked those farthest fields, where sequestered dwell the
renowned in war. Here Tydeus met his gaze ; here Parthe-
480 nopaeus, battle-famed ; and the phantom of pale Adrastus.
Here were princes of Dardan line, sore wept on the upper
earth, and fallen in fight ; and he sighed to behold them all
in their long array :—Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus,
the three sons of Antenor, with Polyboetes, Ceres' priest, and
485 Idaeus, still charioted, still weaponed. To right and to
left, the clustering ghosts thronged round him ; and it
sufficed them not, once to have seen him ; but they would
fain linger still, and pace by his side, and learn the cause of
his coming. But the Danaan chieftains and the legions of
Agamemnon, so soon as they discerned the hero, and his

harness refulgent through the dusk, wavered in panic fear. 490
Part turned to flee, as erewhile when they sought the ships :
part lifted a feeble voice, but the cry they assayed left them
frustrate with gaping throat.

And here he descried Deiphobus, the son of Priam, his
whole frame mangled, his visage cruelly marred—his visage 495
and either hand—his temples shorn of the reft ears, and his
nostrils maimed by hideous butchery. Scarce, indeed, he
knew him, as, trembling, he sought to cover the traces of that
nameless vengeance : then, in the once familiar tones,
ungreeted he addressed him : ‘ Deiphobus—hero of battle, 500
scion of Teucer’s exalted line—what heart hath willed to
exact such ruthless penalty? What hand hath been per-
mitted to do this deed on thee ? On that last fatal night,
fame brought me tidings that, wearied by slaying thy
thousands, thou wert sunk above a formless pile of Pelasgian
dead. Then, with these hands, I upraised to thee, on the 505
Rhoetean shore, a tenantless sepulchre, and thrice with loud
voice called upon thy spirit. Thy name and arms stand ward
over the place ; thyself, friend, I could not see nor lay in the
natal soil that I left ! ’ To which the son of Priam : ‘ Naught,
friend of mine, didst thou leave undone ! Thou hast paid 510
in full to Deiphobus and to the shade of the slain ! But me
my destiny, and the deathly guilt of the Spartan woman,
whelmed in this flood of calamity ; behold these, the tokens
that she left of her love ! For how we whiled away that last
night in deluding joys thou knowest : and over clear must
remembrance start ! When the fate-fraught horse came at 515
a bound over the summit of Troy-towers, and brought, in
impregnate womb, an armed infantry, she feigned a solemn
dance and led our Phrygian dames around, clamorous in
Bacchic frenzy, herself, in their midst, waving the broad

flames and summoning her Danaans from the citadel-height.
520 In that hour, I lay care-worn and heavy-eyed in our
accursed bridal chamber : and, as I lay, a deep and pleasant
sleep, calm as death, weighed upon me. Meantime, my
matchless consort emptied the palace of every weapon :—
525 head !—then, flinging wide the door, called Menelaus be-
neath my roof, hoping, I doubt not, that the guerdon would
be precious in a lover's esteem, and that so she might cancel
her ancient tale of ill ! What boots it to linger ? ' They burst
into my chamber—they and, leagued with them, the scion
of Aeolus, that counsellor of sin. Ye gods, repay the like to
530 Greece, if with pious lips I call for vengeance ! But thou,
speak in thy turn, and say what chance hath brought the
quick to the dead. Comest thou driven a pilgrim over ocean ?
Or what pursuit of fate constrains thee to tread these joyless,
sunless abodes, these realms of turmoil ? '
535 In this interchange of converse, the Dawn, on roseate car,
had already crossed the mid cope of heaven in her empyreal
course. And perchance they had so consumed their allotted
space, but the Sibyl at their side admonished them with brief
address :

' Night falls, Aeneas ; we weep, but the hours pass. Here
540 is the place, where the road parts in twain. To the right, it
runs under the palace-walls of sovereign Dis ; and thereby
our way to Elysium lies. But the left-hand path is the path
of vengeance, and guides the sinner to godless Tartarus.'
Thereto Deiphobus : ' Be not angered, mighty priestess !
545 I will go my way,—I will fill full the tale and restore me to
my darkness. Go thou, our glory,—go, and a kindlier fate be
with thee ! ' Thus far he said, and, on the word, turned
and went.

Suddenly Aeneas glanced back, and, under a leftward cliff, descried a broad fastness sheathed in a triple wall. About it shot a circling river of torrent flame, Tartarean Phlegethon, 550 swirling with thunderous rocks. In the van rose a giant gate and pillars of solid adamant, that no strength of man—nay, not the denizens of an embattled Heaven—may overthrow : star-challenging stands the iron tower, and Tisiphone, her gory pall girt high, sits sleepless night and day, holding guard 555 at the portal. Thence issued a sound of moaning, and the strident, pitiless scourge ; anon, the clank of iron and trailing fetters. Aeneas halted, and, paling, drank in the tumult. ‘ What features here hath sin to shew ? Speak, maiden, and say ! What burden of vengeance is thus imposed ? What din so 560 loudly assails our ear ? ’ Then began the prophetess : ‘ Famed captain of Troy, none that is innocent may plant foot on that guilt-stained threshold. But, when Hecare set me over the groves of Avernus, her own lips taught me Heaven’s penalties, and she guided me through all. Over these realms Gnosian 565 Rhadamanthus holds iron sway, and chastises secret guilt, and hears its tale, and exacts confession of every crime, that man hath committed among men, and, exultant in the vain deceit, delayed atonement till the latest hour of death. Forth-with avenging Tisiphone, girt with the lash, scourges the 570 cowering sinner, scorn in her mien, and, with grim serpents brandished in her left, summons her pitiless sisterhood. Then at last the infernal gates dispart, grating on horrid hinge. Seest thou the sentry that sits by the portal—the shape that 575 guards the threshold ? With fifty throats yawning black, the Hydra, yet fiercer, habits within : while ‘ Tartarus ’ self gapes with abrupt descent, and stretches twice as far, down through the shades, as the heavenward gazing eye looks up to Olympus and the firmament. Here the antique brood of Earth—the 580

Titan strain—hurled down by the bolted thunder, welter
in the nethermost abyss. Here, too, I saw the twin sons of
Aloeus, giant-statured, who set their hand to pluck down
the height of Heaven, and to banish Jove from his ethereal
585 throne. And Salmoneus I saw, acquitting the remorseless
penalty, that fell on him as he mimicked Jove's fire and
the thunder that speaks from Olympus. Charioted behind
four coursers, a torch shaken in his hand, he fared in
triumph through the peoples of Greece and the heart of
Elis' city, demanding the homage due to deity ;—madman,
590 who would counterfeit the storm-cloud and the levin inimi-
table, by the clang of bronze and the trampling of horn-
footed steeds ! But the almighty Sire, amid serried clouds,
flung his bolt—no firebrands he, nor torches of pitchy glare !
—and smote him headlong below in the raving whirlwind.
595 Tityos, moreover, was there to see—foster-child of Earth's
universal motherhood. Over nine full acres his body lies
stretched, while a monstrous vulture tears with crooked
beak at his imperishable heart and the flesh impregnate with
pains : deep lodged beneath his breast, it delves for the
600 banquet, and the renascent filaments know no respite.
What boots it to rehearse the Lapiths, Ixion or Pirithous ?
<What boots it to tell of Tantalus>, over whose head pends
the gloomy rock, ever in act to fall, ever in seeming descent ?
The banqueting couches gleam high on golden pillars, and
the feast is set before his face in kingly luxury : but, couched
605 at his side, the eldest of the Furies forbids him to lay hand
upon the board, and starts erect with torch uplifted and
thunder on her lips. Here dwell they who, while life endured,
had hatred for their brethren, a blow for a parent, or the
toils of fraud for a client ; who found wealth and brooded
610 thereover alone, nor shared it with their kin (the greatest

number this); who were slain for adultery; or who followed unrighteous war, nor feared to break the allegiance plighted to their lords—all prisoned, all awaiting their doom. That doom, seek not thou to learn; nor yet the guise of 615 fortune wherein they are whelmed! Some roll huge rocks unceasingly, or hang bound on the spokes of wheels: Theseus, unblest, sits where he shall sit for ever, and Phlegyas in agony cries warning to all, and, loud-voiced, proclaims through the gloom: *Behold, and learn to do justice and condemn not the 620 gods!* This bartered his country for gold and set upon her the tyrant's yoke; laws he made for a price, and for a price unmade. This assailed his daughter's bed and forced a nameless bridal. All dared unutterable sin, and succeeded where they dared.—Not though a hundred tongues were mine— 625 a hundred mouths and a voice of iron—could I number all those forms of crime, or rehearse the tale of vengeance.'

So said, the aged priestess of Phoebus pursued: 'But come thou now, resume thy way, and fulfil the service thou hast assayed. I descry those battlements, reared by the Cyclopi- 630 an forge, and the gates with fronting arch, where our commandments received enjoin us to lay these offerings.' She ceased; and, advancing side by side through the twilight of the ways, they abridged the intervening space and drew to the doors; where, gaining the entry, Aeneas sprinkled him- 635 self with living water and planted the bough full on the threshold.

This at length performed and the service of the goddess discharged, they came to the realms of joy—the pleasant lawns of the Happy Groves, and the seats of the Blest. Here an ampler ether invests the plains in radiance, and they know 640 their own sun and their own stars. Part ply their limbs in the verdant lists and, in sportive conflict, wrestle on the yellow

sand : part tread the dance, and sing. Amid these the
645 priest of Thrace sits in flowing cincture, and, with seven-
fold note, makes music to their measure, sweeping his lyre,
now with the hand, anon with quill of ivory. Here is Teucer's
immemorial race, a fairest line—great-hearted heroes, that
650 were born in better years—Ilus and Assaracus, and Dardanus,
parent of Troy.—Distant, he marvelled at their arms and
shadowy cars. Their spears stood planted in earth, and
their yokeless steeds browsed over the champaign at large.
For all the delight in chariot and armour, that was theirs
among the living—all their care in pasturing their sleek
655 coursers—follows them, changeless, when they are laid
beneath the soil. And, lo, others he descried, to right and
left, feasting on the green-sward and singing in quire a joyful
paean, all in a scented grove of laurel, whence the waters
of Eridanus roll upward, broad-brimming through the forest.
660 Here was the company of them, who battled and bled for their
fatherland ; here they who were priests and holy, while life
knew them still ; they who were loyal bards and sang
meetly for Phoebus' ear, or ennobled life by arts discovered ;
with all whose service to their kind won them remembrance
665 among men — each brow cinctured with snowy fillet.
Whose circumfluent throng the Sibyl accosted :—Musaeus
before the rest ; for he stood the centre of the multitude,
that gazed upward to his face, as head and shoulders he
towered above them : ' Say, ye happy souls, and thou, best
670 of bards, what region—what haunt—owns Anchises ? For his
sake have we journeyed hither and sailed the great rivers of
Erebus.' To her the hero, in brief reply : ' To none is
there a fixed abiding-place. We tenant the shady groves, and
dwell pillowed on the velvet banks, or in meadows fresh with
675 running brooks. But ye—if such be the desire of your heart

—ascend this ridge, and instant I will set your feet on an easy path.’ He said, and, stepping in their van, showed them the lustrous plains below. These seen, they descended the mountain-crest.

But, deep in a green valley, father Anchises stood lost in thought, surveying the prisoned spirits, destined hereafter 680 to the sunlight, and reviewing, as it fell, the full tale of his people—his loved posterity, and their fates and fortunes, their manners and deeds. He, soon as he saw Aeneas advancing to meet him over the sward, extended either eager 685 palm, while the tears streamed down his cheeks and a cry escaped his lips: ‘And hast thou come at length? Has the love that failed not thy father’s hope vanquished that perilous path? Is it mine, my son, to look on thy face, and to hear and answer thy familiar tones? Thus, in truth, my musing heart 690 deemed that the issue would be, as I pondered thy times; nor hath my care belied me! How many the lands, how wide the seas, wherever thou hast travelled to my arms! What storms of peril, my son, have tost thee! How I feared the Afric realms might harm thee!’ But he: ‘Thy shade, my 695 father, thy troubled shade, that ever and again rose before me, constrained me to wend to these portals! My fleet rides the Tyrrhene brine. Suffer me to clasp thy hand—suffer me, father of mine—nor withdraw thee from our embrace!’ So he said, while the tears rained down his cheeks. Thrice, where he stood, he assayed to throw his arms round his neck: 700 thrice the phantom fled through the hands that clutched in vain, light as the winds and fleet as the pinions of sleep!

Meanwhile, in a retired vale, Aeneas discerned a sequestered grove and whispering forest brakes, with the river of Lethe floating past those homes of peace. About it hovered 705 peoples and nations unnumbered:—as when, in the cloudless

summer, bees alight on the thousand-hued flowerets and stream round the snowy lilies, while all the plain murmurs
710 to their busy hum. Starting at the sudden vision, Aeneas, unknowing, inquired the cause—what were yon distant streams, who the men that in serried array beset the banks? Then father Anchises: ‘Spirits they are, to whom Fate owes a second body, and by the wave of Lethe river they
715 drink the careless waters and deep oblivion. Long, in truth, I have desired to tell thee of these and reveal them before thine eyes—long, to rehearse this generation of my children, that so the more thou mayest rejoice with me in Italy discovered.’—‘O father, shall we deem that any spirits travel
720 hence, aloft to our earthly sky, and return again to the sluggish clay? What unblest yearning for the light possesses their blind hearts?’—‘I will speak, my son, nor hold thee in doubt,’ rejoined Anchises; and unfolded all in order.

‘First, know that heaven and earth, and the watery plain,
725 and the Moon’s lucent sphere, and Titan’s star, an indwelling spirit sustains, and a mind, fused throughout the limbs sways the whole mass and mingles with the giant frame. Thence the race of man and of beast, and the life of every winged thing, and the monsters that Ocean bears under his
730 marble floor. To these seeds a flame-like vigour pertains and an origin celestial, so far as the noxious bodyfeters them not, nor terrene limbs dull them, and members born but to die. Hence they fear and desire, and grieve and joy, nor discern the sky from their midnight fastness and viewless
735 dungeon. Nor yet, alas, when life’s latest gleam is fled, are they utterly freed from all ill and all the pests of the body; and it needs must be that many a taint, long ingrained, should be rooted wondrous deep in their being. Therefore they are amerced by punishment and pay the price of ancient evil.

Some are hung outspread to the substanceless winds : from 740
others the stain of guilt is washed clean under the waste of
waters, or burnt away by fire. We suffer, each in his proper
spirit ; then are sent to the spacious plains of Elysium,
where some few abide in the blissful fields ; till at length
the hoary ages, when time's cycle is run, purge the incarnate 745
stain, and leave but the purified ethereal sense and the
unsullied essential flame. All these, that thou seest, when they
have turned the wheel through a thousand years, God
summons in their legions to the river of Lethe, that, with
memory disenthroned, they may review the vaulted heavens 750
and conceive desire once more to tenant the flesh.'

Pausing, Anchises drew his son, and, with him, the Sibyl,
into the midmost assemblage and the heart of the murmuring
throng ; then mounted a hillock, whence, in full view, he
might scan all their long array, and note the lineaments of 755
them that came :

' Come now and hearken to thy destiny, while my lips
rehearse the glory that hereafter shall follow the Dardan line,
and thy children's children, who shall be born of Italian
race—illustrious souls and heritors of our name. He whom
there thou seest—a youth leaning on maiden spear—holds 760
the next allotted place in light, and first shall rise into the
realms of day, Italian blood mingling in his veins—Silvius,
Alban name. Him—thy latest child—thy spouse Lavinia
shall bear to thee in the evening of life, a silvan king and 765
the father of kings ; and from him shall our line bear sceptre
in Alba the Long. He that stands next is Procas, glory of
the Trojan race ; and, with him, Capys and Numitor, and
he who shall renew thy name, Silvius Aeneas—peerless alike
in piety and battle, if ever he shall mount the throne of 770
Alba. What men they be ! Mark the might their port

displays, and the civic oak that shades their brows ! These are they who shall rear for thee Nomentum, and Gabii, and Fidenae city :—these, who shall set on the hills Collatia's
775 towers, and Pometii and Inuus' fort, and Bola and Cora, that now are nameless lands, but shall then be names. Romulus, withal, the child of Mavors, shall come at his grand-sire's side—Romulus, whom his mother Ilia shall bear of the blood of Assaracus. Seest not, how the twin plumes rise from his crest—how his father's own cognizance even now
780 marks him for the world above ! Look, my son, and know that under his auspices shall glorious Rome bound her empire by earth, her pride by Olympus, and, one in self, circle with her battlements the seven hills, blest in a warrior race : even as the Berecyntian Mother rides, chariot-borne,
785 tower-crowned, through the Phrygian cities, rejoicing in her celestial offspring and clasping a hundred of her children's children—all dwellers in Heaven, all tenants of the upper skies. Hither now turn thine either eye, and behold this people, Rome's and thine. Here is Caesar and all Iulus ?
790 strain, destined to ascend the great cope of heaven. Here, yea here, is he of the promise that so often thou hast heard—Caesar Augustus, child of deity, who shall establish again the age of gold in Latium, through the fields where Saturn erewhile was king, and shall enlarge his sway past the
795 Garamant and Indian, to the land that lies beyond the stars, beyond the path of year and sun, where heaven-sustaining Atlas upholds on his shoulder the fiery star-gemmed sphere. Even now, at dread of his coming, the Caspian realms and Maeotian land tremble to the divine response, and wavering
800 and confusion reign by the mouths of sevenfold Nile. Nor, in truth, did Alcides traverse such space of earth, though he pierced the stag of brazen foot, though he stilled the woods

of Erymanthus, and taught Lerna to quake before his bow ;
 nor he who guides his car by reins of the vine-leaf, all-
 conquering Liber, driving his tigers down from the tall 805
 peak of Nysa. And doubt we yet to enlarge valour by
 exploit? Or doth fear forbid to set foot on Ausonian earth?
 —But who is he apart, conspicuous with olive-boughs, and in
 act of sacrifice? I know the locks and hoary beard of that
 Roman king, who, called from lowly Cures and a penurious
 earth to high dominion, shall base the infant city securely on 810
 his laws. Next shall succeed one fated to break his country's
 ease, and *Tullus* shall rouse to battle his peace-worn warriors
 and the hosts that have forgot to triumph. On whom follows
 Ancus, the over-vaunting—even now too eager for the breath 815
 of vulgar favour. Wouldst thou see the Tarquin kings, and
 the proud soul of avenging Brutus, and the fasces he regained?
 He shall be first to receive the consul's power and the axes
 of dread ; and, when his sons would wake the sleeping 820
 war, their father shall summon them to penalty, for free-
 dom's fair sake. Unhappy he, howsoever the after-world
 may judge of that deed ! Yet shall the patriot's love prevail,
 and the unquenched thirst of renown !—And now survey the
 Decii and Drusi yonder, and Torquatus with pitiless axe,
 and Camillus bringing the standards again ! But they 825
 whom thou seest refulgent in equal arms, souls at concord,
 now and so long as they are prisoned in night—alas, what
 mutual war, what battled legions and carnage shall they
 rouse, if ever they mount to the vital air ! For the father shall
 descend from the Alpine heights and Monoecus' citadel, and 830
 his daughter's spouse shall confront him with the weaponed
 East ! O my children, steel not your hearts to such dire
 conflict, nor turn your mighty hands against the breast of
 your motherland ! And thou, who drawest thy lineage from

Olympus—be thou first to shew mercy ! Cast the sword
835 from thy grasp, thou blood of my blood !—There stands he
who shall drive his car in victory to the Capitol heights—
triumphant over Corinth, glorious from slaughtered Achaea.
Argos he shall uproot, and Agamemnonian Mycenae, and
the heir of Aeacus' line, seed of Achilles armipotent,
840 avenging his fathers of Troy and Minerva's polluted fane !
Who could quit thee in silence, great Cato—or, Cossus,
thee ? Who the Gracchan race, or the twain of Scipio's line
—two thunderbolts of war, the bale of Libya ? or Fabricius
great in poverty ? or thee, Serranus, as thou sowest in
thy furrowed fields ? Ye Fabii, whither whirl ye my toiling
845 steps ? Thou art he, the Greatest, who singly restorest
our state by delay !—Others, I ween, shall labour the
breathing bronze to softer mould ; they shall charm the
features of life forth from the marble ; they shall plead
the cause with apter tongue ; their wand shall trace the
850 courses of heaven ; and they shall tell the renascent stars !
Roman, be this thy care—these thine arts—to bear dominion
over the nations and to impose the law of peace, to spare
the humbled and to war down the proud ! '

Thus father Anchises ; then, while they admired, pur-
855 sued : ' Behold, how Marcellus advances, graced in the spoils
of his own good sword—his victorious brow towering over
all. This is he shall stay the Roman realm, when it totters
beneath the shock of armed confusion : his horse's hooves
shall trample on Carthaginian and rebel Gaul, and his hand,
that reft it, shall hang before Father Quirinus the third suit
860 of steel ! ' And now Aeneas—for he saw walking by his side
a youth of comely form, shining in arms, but with down-
cast eyes and little joy on his visage : ' Who is he, my father,
that thus attends the warrior's path ? A son, or one of the

heroic strain of his children's children? How the retinue about 865
him murmurs praise! What majesty is in his port! Yet sable
Night hovers round his head with mournful shade.' Then
father Anchises began, while his tears welled: 'O my son,
seek not to know the great agony of thy people! Him the
fates shall but shew to earth, nor suffer longer to be. Too
great in thy sight, O Heaven, the power of Rome's children, 870
had this thy guerdon endured! What moaning of men shall
echo from that famed Field to Mavors' queenly city! What
obsequies, O Tiber, shalt thou see, when thou flowest by his
new-raised grave! No child of Ilian blood shall raise his 875
Latin ancestry so high in hope, nor ever again shall Romulus'
land so vaunt her in any that she fosters. Alas for piety, alas
for old-world faith, and the hand unvanquished in war!
Nonescathelless had met his blade, whether on foot he marched 880
against the foeman, or buried the spur in the flank of his
reeking steed! Ay me, thou child of tears, if haply thou
mayest burst the cruel barriers of fate, thou shalt be *Mar-*
cellus! Give me lilies from laden hands; let me scatter
purple blossoms, and shower these gifts—if no more—on
the spirit of my child, till the barren service be so discharged.' 885
Thus, through all that region, they wandered at large in the
wide plains of mist, surveying all. And when Anchises had
escorted his son throughout, and fired his soul with love of
the glory to be, anon he rehearsed the wars that forthwith he
must wage, and told of the Laurentine peoples, and the city 890
of Latinus, and how pursuing he might flee or face each toil.

There are two gates of Sleep:—of horn, fame tells, the one,
through which the spirits of truth find an easy passage; the
other, wrought smooth-gleaming with sheen of ivory, but false
the visions that the nether powers speed therefrom to the 895
heaven above. There, with these words on his lips, Anchises

parted from son and Sibyl, and dismissed them by the ivory gate.

Plying his way to the fleet, Aeneas joined his company ;
900 then sailed unswerving along the shore to Caieta's haven.

VII

THOU, too, Caieta, nurse of Aeneas, dying hast bequeathed an eternal fame to our shores ; and still thine honour keeps thy resting-place, and in great Hesperia—if that be glory !—thy name marks thy dust !

- 5 But good Aeneas, when the last rites were duly rendered—when the mounded tomb was raised, and the deep seas were still, sailed forth on his way and left the haven. The breezes were blowing into the night ; and, with beams dancing on the lustrous main, the bright moon smiled on their voyage.
- 10 First they skirted the coast of Circe's realm ; where, amid her treasures, the daughter of the Sun thrills her untrodden groves with incessant song, and in her queenly halls burns sweet-scented cedar-wood to illumine the night, the while with shrill comb she sweeps the delicate warp. Thence
- 15 they heard the ireful cry of lions, recusant of their bonds and roaring in the late nocturnal hour, and the raging of bristled boars and pent bears, and the howling of vast phantasmal wolves ; creatures all, that Circe—fell deity !—had transformed, by potent herbs, from human semblance to bestial visage and frame ! But lest the pious of Troy should approach that unholy strand, and, entering the haven, suffer the same unblest spell, Neptune filled their sails with a fair wind, and winged their flight, and bore them past the fervid waters.—
- 25 And now the sea mirrored the orient red, and from her ethereal height the yellow Dawn shone in rosy chariot ; when

the winds were hushed and every breath suddenly fell, and the oars toiled slowly through sluggish waves. And now Aeneas, gazing forth from the flood, descried a mighty forest ; and, in the midst, Tiber's pleasant stream, leaping to the 30 main with racing eddies and yellow burden of sand. About and above were gay-plumed birds, familiars of bank and channel, charming the heavens with song and flitting amid the woods. Bidding his crews change course and turn their 35 prows to land, glad-hearted he entered the shaded river.—

Now come thou, Erato, and I will unfold what kings, what times, what modes of circumstance,—reigned in ancient Latium, when first the alien host ranged its barques on Ausonia's strand ; and the prelude of opening battle I will 40 recall ! Heavenly maid, be thou my monitress ! I will sing grim wars, and embattled lines, and princes whom valour urged to doom,—sing Etruria's bands and all Hesperia mustered in arms ! A nobler cycle of deeds dawns on my view : a nobler task I *é*ssay !

King Latinus, grey-headed now, ruled over field and town 45 in the calm of a long peace. He, fame tells, was sprung of Faunus and Marica, Laurentine nymph. To Faunus Picus was sire ; and Picus vaunts him thy seed, O Saturn : thou art the prime author of their line. To him, by Heaven's doom, was no son, nor male descent ; for the flower that 50 budded was plucked in youth. One daughter remained—sole stay of the house, sole mistress in the ample palace-halls—already ripe for wedlock, already of womanly years. From broad Latium and all Ausonia came many a wooer : but fairest of all came Turnus, the mighty heir of a far-descended 55 line ; whom to call son the queen strove with wondrous yearning ; but celestial portents with manifold terrors forbade. In the heart of the palace, deep-bowered in the inmost

60 courts, stood a laurel, sacred of leaf and preserved in awe
through many years. Men told how old Latinus himself found
it there, when he built his earliest towers, and hallowed it to
Phoebus, and named his people *Laurentine* by its name.
Now on its summit—hear and wonder!—clustering bees,
65 floating with loud murmur athwart the limpid air, sate
leaguered, and, foot linked to foot, hung in sudden swarm
from the verdant bough. Instant the prophet spoke:
‘Behold an alien’s advent! From the self-same region
70 marches his host to the self-same goal, and commands our
topmost towers!’ More, while Lavinia stood maiden-
like by her father’s side, with holy brand kindling the altar,
they saw a sight of dread. For she caught the fire in flowing
tresses, and all her head-gear burned in the bickering flames,
75 —her queenly hair blazing, blazing her jewelled coronet,—
till, enwrapped in smoke and yellow light, she scattered fire
throughout the palace. Fearful and wondrous Fame re-
ported that vision. For the voice of the seers declared, that
to herself she boded glory of fame and fate, but to her
80 people a mighty war.

But the king, troubled by the omen, sought the oracle of
Faunus, his prophet-sire, and questioned the groves beneath
deep Albunea, where the queen of forests sounds to her sacred
rill and her dim glades exhale in pestilential vapour. Hence
85 the peoples of Italy and all the Oenotrian land seek answer
in the day of doubt; hither when the priestess brings her
offering and lays her down to sleep under the silent night,
couched on skins of slaughtered ewes, she sees a myriad
phantoms flitting in marvellous mode, and hearkens to voices
90 manifold,—holds communion with Heaven and speaks with
Acheron in the abysm of Hell. Here then, also, King Latinus,
himself in quest of answer, duly slew a hundred fleecy sheep

and lay pillowed on their hides and outspread wool; when suddenly a voice spoke from the deep grove: 'Seek not, my 95 child, to ally thy daughter in wedlock with the Latin, nor rest thy faith in the bridal chamber that is prepared! From afar shall come thy sons, whose blood shall exalt our name to the stars—whose children's children shall view the subject globe spinning beneath their feet, where the recurrent sun, 100 looks upon either ocean!' This, the response of Father Faunus and the counsel he gave in the silent grove, Latinus confined not within his lips; but Fame's wide-circling flight already had borne the tidings to Ausonia's cities, when the children of Laomedon moored their barques to the river's 105 grassy bank.

Aeneas, and his captains, and fair Iulus, couched their limbs under the boughs of a lofty tree, and there set forth the banquet, spreading wheaten cakes along the sward to sustain their viands—for Jove himself inspired the thought— 110 and crowning the Cereal base with fruits of the field. Here, then, it chanced that the poverty of their meal constrained them—all else consumed—to assail their scant store of bread, to profane with hand and venturous tooth the cake's fateful round, nor to spare the broad squares. 'What! we 115 devour our tables too!' quoth Iulus, jesting; then ceased. Instant that utterance revealed the bourne of their travail; instant the sire caught it from the lips of his son, and stilled his speech, admiring the celestial sign. Then straight he cried: 'Hail, land of destiny, promised to me! And hail, 120 ye faithful divinities of Troy! Behold our home; behold our country! For now remembrance comes that Anchises bequeathed me this mystic decree of fate: *My son, when borne to an unknown shore, hunger shall compel thee—all viands spent—to consume thy boards, then hope thou a home to thy weariness,* 125

and there remember to rear thine earliest dwellings and to gird them with a wall ! This was that hunger : this the supreme trial reserved, that shall set an end to death ! Then up,
130 and, glad with the sun's prime ray, let us walk abroad from the haven, and explore what be these regions, who their habitants, and where the city of the nation ! Now pour your goblets to Jove, invoke with prayer Anchises our father, and restore the wine to the board.'

135 So said, he wreathed his brows in a leafy spray, and implored the Genius of the place, and Earth—eldest of gods—and the Nymphs, and the rivers yet unknown ; then Night, and Night's orient signs, and Jove of Ida, and the great Phrygian Mother, each in order, with the twain that gave
140 him life—in Heaven the one, in Erebus the other. On this, the Father omnipotent thrice thundered loud from the firmament on high, and, with his own hand, shook forth to view a cloud blazing with golden shafts of light. Incontinent the bruit was noised through the Trojan ranks, that the day
145 had come to found their promised city : emulously all renewed the banquet and, cheered by the high presage, set on the bowls and crowned the wine.

On the morrow, when the nascent Day was gilding earth with her earliest torch, disparting they explored the city and bounds and coasts of the nation. Here, men told, were
150 the waters of Numicius' fount ; here Tiber's stream ; and there the stout Latins dwelt.—Then he of Anchises born commanded a hundred envoys, the chosen of every order, to bend their steps to the king's august town, shaded all by the boughs of Pallas—there to place gifts in his hand and
155 entreat peace for Troy. Delay was none : they hastened with zealous step to do their mandate ; while the prince with shallow trench traced his city-walls, labouring the ground,

and circling, after the semblance of a camp, this his first settlement on the strand with battlements and mounds. And now, their journey outworn, the embassy discerned the 160 towers and stately roofs of Latium, and drew to the ramparts. Before the city, boys and youths in the first flower of age schooled them in horsemanship, and tamed their harnessed steeds on the dusty plain ; or bent the elastic bow, or hurled the tough javelin amain, or vied in strife of foot or hand— 165 when a messenger spurred past with tidings for the ear of his grey-haired king, that men were come of gigantic port and attire unknown. Bidding them be called within the palace, he seated him in the midst on the throne of his fathers.

Royal and vast, sublime on a hundred columns, rose his 170 halls above the city height, erst the palace of Laurentine Picus, clothed in reverend forest and the awe of generations. Here, obedient to sacred ordinance, the kings received their sceptres and first uplifted the insignia of power : this temple was their senate-house, the scene of their sacrificial feasts ; and here, when the ram was slain, the elders sat ever along 175 the tables' unbroken line. More, there stood in the portal the images of their forefathers of yore, all wrought in sequence from ancient cedar,—Italus and father Sabinus, planter of the vine, the pruning-hook still in his carven hand, and aged Saturn, and the semblance of Janus, double-visaged, 180 and all their kings else from the beginning, and they who felt the mortal steel in battle for their fatherland. And many arms, moreover, hung on the sacred doors,—captive cars and crooked axes, helmet-plumes and massy bars of city- 185 gates, and spears, and shields, and beaks wrenched from ships of war. Picus himself sat there, bearing Quirinus' wand and girt in shortened robe, on his left the holy shield,—Picus, the

tamer of steeds, whom, in the frenzy of desire, Circe smote
190 with her golden rod, and by poisons changed to a bird with
scattered hues upon his wing.

Such was that temple of the Gods, wherein Latinus, seated
on his ancestral throne, summoned the Teucrians to his hall
and presence, and, as they entered, greeted them with placid
195 mien: 'Say, ye sons of Dardanus,—for your race and city we
know, nor unheralded hath been your course over ocean,—
what seek ye? What cause, or what necessity, hath borne
you to our Ausonian shore through so many an azure sea?
But, whether strayed from your way or tempest-driven,
200 chances that full often betide the sailor on the main,—how-
soever ye have entered the banks of our river and ride in our
haven,—mistrust not our welcome, but know in our Latin
race the people of Saturn, just by no rigour of law, but
established in righteousness by untrammelled will and the
205 custom of ancient deity. And in truth I remember, though
years have dimmed the tale, that Auruncan elders told how
Dardanus was sprung from this soil of ours, and hence won his
way to Phrygia's Idaean cities and Thracian Samos that now
men style Samothrace. From Corythus' Tuscan home he
210 fared; and now the golden courts of starry Olympus receive
him to his throne, and yet an altar is added to the altars of
the gods!'

He ceased, and Ilioneus pursued: 'O king, illustrious seed
of Faunus, no murky tempest hath driven us, wave-tost, to land
215 upon your shores; no star nor strand misread hath beguiled us
from the course we held! Of fixed purpose and free intent
we draw, one and all, to this thy city—exiles from an
empire, the greatest once that the Sun beheld as he jour-
neyed from the uttermost heavens. From Jove is the
beginning of our race; in Jove their sire glory the children

of Dardanus ; and of Jove's sovran line is Trojan Aeneas, 220
our king, that hath sent us to thy doors. How fierce the
storm that burst from fell Mycenae, to pass over the plains
of Ida,—how, driven by fate, the twin worlds of Europe and
of Asia met in the shock of arms,—even he hath heard, whom
the ends of earth hold sequestered, by Ocean's reflux 225
stream ; and he whom the zone of the tyrant Sun, midmost
extended of the four, estranges from mankind ! From out
that cataclysm we have fled over many a waste of waters ;
and now we ask a little space for our country's gods,
a harmless footing on thy coast, and the air and water 230
open to all. We shall bring no shame upon the realm, nor
light shall be the report of your glory or dim the grace of this
your deed, nor ever shall Ausonia repent that she received
the Trojans to her breast ! By the star of Aeneas I swear,
and his right hand, puissant in trial of friendship or 235
weaponed battle : many a people and many a nation—scorn
us not, that we come to thee with fillets in our hands and
prayers on our lips !—have courted our alliance and desired
our union ; but Heaven's imperious decree drove us in quest
of your soil. Hence Dardanus was sprung ; hither Apollo 240
calls our returning feet, and, with instant mandate, urges us
to Tuscan Tiber and the hallowed waters of Numicius'
spring. More, these lowly guerdons from the days of our
prosperity—relics snatched from a flaming Troy—our prince
bestows upon thee. This the gold, wherefrom his sire 245
Anchises poured libation by the altars : this the apparel
of Priam, when he gave, as his fathers gave, their laws to the
assembled nations—his sceptre, his sacred diadem, and his
robes that the dames of Ilium wrought.'

While thus Ilioneus spoke, Latinus sate motionless, with
downcast gaze rooted to earth and eyes intently rolling. 250

And much though the embroidered purple and sceptre of Priam touched his kingly soul, yet more his daughter's bridal and marriage-chamber gave him pause, as he revolved in spirit the oracle of ancient Faunus. 'This,' he mused, 'is
 255 he, the pilgrim from an alien home, foreshown my son and called to sovereignty co-equal with my sceptre; sire of a brave and peerless race, whose might shall gain the world!'

Gladly, at last, he spoke: 'Heaven prosper our emprise,
 260 and the presage itself hath given! Trojan, thy wish shall be granted! Nor scorn I your gifts: long as Latinus shall reign, ye shall lack not the bounty of a generous soil nor the opulence of Troy! Let but Aeneas come in presence, if so he yearn for us, if so he covet the bond of our amity and the
 265 style of our alliance—let him come, nor shrink from friendly faces! To me it shall be a moiety of peace, to have touched your sovereign's hand! And now, in return, bear back to the king this my charge: I have a daughter, whom the voice of my father's fane and many a celestial sign forbid me to unite with any bridegroom of our people: for sons shall
 270 come from a foreign shore—such, say the prophets, is Latium's fate—whose blood shall exalt our name to the stars. Him, I deem, Fate calls; and him, if my soul augurs aught of truth, I choose.'

So said, the old king made choice from all the number of
 275 his steeds:—three hundred stood sleek in their lofty stalls. Straight he commanded that to each Teucrian, from first to last, one should be brought, fleet of foot and caparisoned in broidered housings of purple. Golden were the chains that hung pendent from every breast, of gold their trappings, and yellow gold foamed under their champing teeth; but
 280 to Aeneas, the absent, he assigned a chariot and twin coursers of ethereal seed, with nostrils expiring flame, sprung of that

furtive issue which subtle Circe raised to her father from the womb of a spurious dam.—So, with Latinus' gifts and message, high-mounted on their steeds, the children of Aeneas returned, and peace went with them.

285

But, lo, Jove's fierce consort, heavenward-bound from Inachian Argos, was sailing through the air, and, above Pachynus, looked forth from the far Sicilian sky, and discerned Aeneas, light-hearted, and his Dardan fleet. She saw his roofs arising—saw the land his friend, and the barques 290 deserted; then, pierced with bitter anger, halted, and, shaking her head, broke into speech: 'Ay me, that loathed stock! That Phrygian doom, which crosses our doom! Fallen, did they bleed on the Sigeian plains? Captured, were they led captive away? When Troy burned, were they con- 295 sumed with fire? Through walls of steel and walls of flame they have found their way! But, methinks, my deity is weary at last, and sleeps! My hatred is sated, and I am still! Nay, when they were hurled from their country's breast, still my vengeance was bold to follow them through the waves, and I fronted the exiles over all the main! I have 300 spent against Troy the powers of sky and sea. And what have the Syrtes and Scylla—what drear Charybdis—availed me? They have reached their bourne: they are hid in Tiber's channel, careless of ocean and me! And Mars could destroy the Lapiths and their giant race: the sire of gods himself yielded time-honoured Calydon to 305 Dian's choler—though what sin in Lapith or in Calydon had merited such penalty? But I, Jove's imperial spouse, who have endured—alack!—to leave naught undared, who have stooped to every device—I am vanquished by Aeneas! 310 But if my godhead be over feeble, surely I shall not shrink to implore aid, where aid may be found; and if Heaven be

inflexible, Hell shall be unleashed ! It shall not be mine—
I grant it—to debar him from the Latian crown ; and
Lavinia remains his bride irrevocably by the doom of Fate :
315 yet mine it is to defer the issue and admit impediment to
his high emprise,—mine to blot out the peoples of either
king. At this price of their lieges' lives, be father and son
united ! Trojan and Rutulian blood shall flow for thy
dowry, maiden, and Bellona shall lead thee to the bed !
320 Not sole the daughter of Cisseus bare a fire-brand in her
womb and was delivered of nuptial flames ! In her own child
Venus hath borne the like—a second Paris, a second deathly
torch for resurgent Troy !'

So said, she descended to earth, clothed in terror, and
summoned baleful Allecto from the seat of the vengeful
325 goddesses and the infernal dusk ; Allecto, to whom tearful
wars, and strife, and treachery, and noxious crimes, are a well-
spring of delight :—a fiendish shape, loathed even by her
Plutonian sire, and loathed by her hellish sisterhood ;—so
manifold her changing forms, so dire the aspect of each,
so frequent the vipers that breed from her sable head !
330 Whose fury Juno inflamed with such utterance : ' Grant
me, maiden daughter of Night this task—thine own—this
service, that our honour and glory may abide unshaken and
unremoved, nor the children of Aeneas avail to ensnare Latinus
in their alliance or to beset the borders of Italy ! Thou canst
335 arm brethren, single-souled, to strife, and kindle discord on
the hearth ; thou canst win entry for the scourge and funeral
torch under the quiet roof : thou hast a thousand names,
a thousand arts of mischief. Rouse thy prolific breast, smite
asunder the pact of peace, and sow the seed of war in guilt !
340 In one self-same moment, let the youth desire, demand, and
seize the sword !'

Straight *Allecto*, dank from Gorgonian poisons, sped first to *Latium* and the lofty halls of *Laurentum's* king, and sat before the silent door of *Amata*, who, with fervent heart tortured by woman's distress and woman's anger, brooded 345 on the *Teucrians'* advent and *Turnus'* hymeneal. On her the fiend cast a serpent from out her livid tresses, and thrust it into her bosom, to her very heart of hearts, that, maddened by its unholy power, she might embroil all the house. Gliding between her robe and smooth breasts, it rolled untouching and inspired with viperous breath the 350 frenzied heart of the unwitting queen. To the twisted gold on her neck it turned in all its snakish bulk—turned to the riband of her long fillet, enwreathed her locks, and strayed, soft-sliding, over her limbs. And while the nascent plague, stealing onward in fluent venom, began to thrill her sense 355 and pervade her frame with fire, nor yet her soul had caught the spark throughout all her breast, softly, and as mothers use, she spoke, much weeping for her daughter's and the Phrygian's wedlock: 'Father, and shall *Lavinia's* hand be given to exiled *Troy*? nor pitiest thou thy child and thee? 360 Pitiest not her mother, whom—soon as the North shall blow—false-hearted he will desert—a pirate that hastes to ocean, when the damsel is reft? Was it not thus, that the Phrygian shepherd won to *Lacedaemon*, and bore *Helen* from *Leda's* arms to his Trojan towns? Where is thy plighted faith? Where thine old-time care for thy people, 365 and the hand so oft outstretched to *Turnus*, thy kin? If a Latian maid must seek an alien alliance—if so thy resolve be fixed, and the command of *Faunus*, thy father, bind thee—yet I hold it truth that all lands, which freedom disjoins from our sway, are alien; and that so the gods 370 import! Even *Turnus*, wouldst thou trace his line to

the fount, is sprung of Inachus and Acrisius and mid Mycenæ !'

When, after such vain trial of words, she saw that Latinus stood firm against her,—when the serpent's
375 maddening venom was pulsing in every vein and coursing through all her being,—then, in truth, the unhappy queen, stung by ineffable torment, raved in ungoverned frenzy through the great city. As oft a top, spinning under the fast-plied scourge, which boys in gamesome mood urge
380 circumvolant round some forlorn court, wheels in dizzy career beneath the driving thong, while the beardless throng gazes down, in untaught wonder, on the whirling wood to which their blows lend life—so, with course as furious, she was swept through the heart of cities and fierce peoples.
385 Nay, more, she feigned the Bacchic call, adventured a greater sin, and embarked on greater madness—flew to the forests and hid her child on the leafy hills, thinking to bereave the Teucrians of their bridal and retard the nuptial torch. 'Evoe Bacchus !' her cry rang loud, 'thou alone art worthy of
390 the maid ! For to thee she assumes the supple wand, for thee she leads the dance, and vows to thy service her lengthening tresses !' Fame winged her flight abroad, and the matrons, with flaming souls infuriate, hastened all with a single zeal to seek abodes, they knew not where ! From their vacant homes they came, and bared neck and hair to the winds ;
395 while with vibrant cries others thrilled the heaven, and, in cincture of fawn-skins, bore spears of the vine. Central in their throng, the fiery queen lifted high a blazing pine-brand, and sang the marriage-song of her daughter and Turnus ; then rolling her sanguine eye-balls, cried sudden and fierce :
400 'Hearken, O matrons of Latium, wheresoever ye be ! If in your faithful hearts there be any kindness left for hapless

Amata—if ye are still stung by care for a mother's right—
unbind the fillets from your hair, and enter the orgies with
me!' Such was the queen, as, from this hand and that,
Allecto drove her with Bacchic goad amid the woods—amid
the wild-beasts' solitary coverts!

405

So soon as she deemed that the first shafts of frenzy were
edged enough, and Latinus' purpose overthrown with all
his household, incontinent the woeful fiend soared on dusk
wing to the walls of the bold Rutulian—that city which,
men tell, Danae, thither borne by the headlong South,
founded and peopled from Acrisius' kingdom. Ardea our 410
grandsires styled the place; and still Ardea stands, an
august name; but her sun is set. Here, in his stately towers,
Turnus slumbered and slept at dead of midnight; when
Allecto resigned her grim lineaments and hellish limbs, and 415
assumed the face of an aged dame,—furrowed her loathly
brow with wrinkles, indued silver tresses, fillet-bound, and
enwreathed a spray of olive;—then, in semblance of ancient
Calybe, priestess of Juno and her shrine, offered her to the
prince's view, and thus spoke:

420

'Turnus, and wilt thou brook all thy toils outpoured in
vain, and thy sceptre passed to Dardan strangers? The king
denies thee thy bride, thy blood-bought dowry, and they
seek an alien to inherit thy crown! Go now, front the
thankless peril, and be laughed to scorn! Go, hew down 425
the Tyrrhene lines, and shield Latium with thy peace! Thus,
in very presence, Saturn's almighty daughter bade me speak
to thee, when thou shouldst lie in the calm of night. Then
up, and, with glad heart, make ready to arm thy powers,
and issue from the gates to battle! Burn the captains of 430
Phrygia, who are anchored in thy fair stream, and consume
their painted barques! The imperious might of heaven

commands ! Let King Latinus himself—if he consent not to yield thy bride and observe his word—feel thine arm, and approve at last the might of Turnus and Turnus' sword !'

435 Then, with mocking lips, the prince responded : ' Their fleets ride on Tiber's wave. I know ; nor, as thou deemest, has the news escaped my ear : raise no such terrors before me ! Nor yet is queenly Juno forgetful of us. But thou,
440 O mother—thine age is outworn and rusts, and, effete to conceive the truth, vexes thee with profitless care, and, among warring kings, deludes thy presaging soul with idle alarm. Thy watch is over images and fanes. War and peace men shall administer, whose charge war is !'

445 At his words Allecto flashed into anger : and, as he yet spoke, a sudden trembling assailed his limbs, and his eyes were set in horror ; so manifold the serpents that hissed from the Fiend, so vast the shape that dawned on his view ! Then, rolling her flaming eyes, she flung him backward, hesitant
450 and seeking further speech ; reared twin snakes from her tresses, brandished her resonant scourge, and pursued from rabid lips : ' Behold me, who am outworn and rust,—whom age, effete to conceive the truth, deludes among warring kings with idle alarm ! Look well and see ! I am come from
455 the seat of the dread Sisters, and war and death are in my hand !'

So saying, she hurled a torch full upon him, and deep in his breast fixed the brand, fuming with pitchy glare. A horror of fear broke his slumbers, and the sweat, bursting from all his frame, laved bone and limb alike. Insane, he shrieked for
460 arms—sought arms in chamber and hall, while within him raged the lust of the steel and the guilty frenzy of war, with resentment crowning all :—even as when flaming twigs are piled, loud roaring, under the sides of a bubbling caldron,

and the heated waters leap up ; the pent flood steams and chafes, high surging in foam, till no longer the wave contains 465 itself and the black vapour mounts skyward. Thus the word went forth to the captains of his chivalry, that they march upon king Latinus ; for peace was sullied. ‘Sharpen the sword,’ was his command, ‘defend Italy, expel the foe from her bounds : for I come, and, coming, will suffice for both 470 Teucrians and Latins !’ When so he had said and called Heaven to witness his vow, emulously the Rutulians spurred each the other to arms—one, moved by the peerless grace of his youth and beauty ; one, by his ancestral kings ; and yet a third, by the glorious deeds of his hand !

While Turnus filled his Rutulians with the spirit of 475 valour, Allecto, on Stygian wing, sped to the Teucrians. With new guile she marked the place, where, along the shore, fair Iulus was hunting with net and horse. Here the maid from Hell’s stream flung before his hounds a sudden lure to madness, touched their nostrils with the familiar scent, and 480 urged them hot-footed in chase of the stag. This was the source of disaster to be : thence the rustic spirit was kindled to war ! There was a stag of faultless form, stately-antlered, torn erewhile from its mother’s breast, and nurtured by Tyrrhus’ sons and by Tyrrhus—ranger he of the royal herds, 485 and warder of the plain far and wide. Their sister Silvia had trained him obsequious to her command, and with ceaseless care she adorned him—wreathing his antlers in soft garlands, combing his wild coat, and laving him in the crystal spring. He, patient of her hand and accustomed to his master’s 490 board, roved the woods and, late though the night, returned freely to his home and its welcome door.

But now, as he wandered afar, the ravening hounds of huntsman Iulus roused him, while haply he floated down

495 the stream or allayed his heat on the verdant bank.
Ascanius, too, burning with desire of the prime honour, sped
a shaft from his bended bow : nor did Heaven desert his
errant hand ; for, sharp-singing, the reed came driven through
belly and flank. But the wounded creature fled for refuge
500 under the familiar roof, and moaning, entered his stall, where,
bleeding and suppliant-like, he filled all the house with his
plaint. First Sister Silvia, with open hands beating on her
arms, cried for aid, and summoned the stout countrymen.
505 They, for the cruel fiend lurked in the still woods, came ere
she thought—armed, one with a charred stake, one with
ponderous knotted club : for whatsoever lay ready to their
quest, anger made a weapon. Breathing great wrath, an
axe in his hasty hand, Tyrrhus summoned his array—in such
510 guise as when the tidings chanced to find him, cleaving an
oak in four with inward driven wedges.

But, from her watch-tower, the un pitying goddess, seizing
the moment of ill, mounted the stall's lofty roof, and from
the summit blew the shepherds' signal, straining her hellish
515 voice on the writhen horn, till every grove trembled and the
deep forests echoed again. Even Trivia's distant lake heard
the sound : Nar river heard, in his white and sulphurous
waters : the springs of Velinus heard, and startled matrons
clasped their babes to their breasts. Then swift to the voice
wherewith the dread clarion sang to arms, the stubborn
520 husbandmen, snatching their weapons, ran mustered from
all hands : nor less the opening camp disgorged the warriors
of Troy, to succour Ascanius. The edge of battle was set.
No more they contended in rustic quarrel with heavy clubs
and fire-pointed stakes, but with double-edged steel they
525 tried the issue. Far and near bristled the black harvest of
naked swords, while brass shone to the challenging sun, and

flung its light to the clouds :—as, when a wave begins to whiten under the wind's earliest breath, little by little the sea swells, and higher its waves rise, till from the uttermost 530 deeps it surges to heaven ! And now young Almo, once eldest of 'Tyrrhus' sons, as he fought in the foremost line, fell beneath the hurtling shaft : for the wound lodged in his throat and cut short in blood the passage of the liquid voice and the slender life. About him lay many dead, and among 535 them old Galaeus, slain while, in the cause of peace, he flung himself between the hosts—justest then, and wealthiest, of all in Ausonia's fields. For him five flocks bleated, five herds lowed their return, and a hundred ploughs turned his soil.

While thus they battled with wavering issue along the 540 plain, the goddess, her promise achieved, now that the war had tasted blood, and the first encounter joined in carnage, fled from Hesperia, and, mounting the cope of heaven, addressed Juno in the haughty tone of victory :

'Lo, for thee discord is made perfect in grim war ! Bid 545 them now unite in amity and conclude alliance ! Since I have sprinkled the Teucrians with Ausonian blood, thus will I crown my task, if thy will be assured : I will bring by my rumours the bordering cities to battle ; I will kindle their spirit with the lust of infuriate war, that from this hand and 550 that their succour may stream ; and their fields shall be strewn with arms !' Then Juno, in answer : 'Of terror and treachery is no dearth ! The seed of battle is sown ; sword against sword the combat is waged ; and the weapons, that chance first supplied, new blood stains ! Such union, 555 such bridal, be solemnized by Venus' illustrious son,—yea, and by King Latinus ! But he our Sire, sovereign in high Olympus, would not, that, licentious, thou shouldst thus wing the upper air. Hie thee away ! Whatsoever may yet

560 betide in this struggle, myself shall order it ! ' Thus Saturn's daughter : she, upraising her strident pinions, serpent plumed, sought her home by Cocytus' flood and abandoned the heights above. There is a place in the heart of Italy, on which the tall hills look down, renowned and fabled on
565 many shores—the vale of Amsanctus. Obscure with myriad leaves, it lies pent between two walls of forest ; and in its midst a roaring torrent crashes in dizzy eddies over the rocks. Here men show an awful cavern, the vent of cruel Dis ; where a fathomless gulf, through which Acheron breaks,
570 yawns with pestilential jaws. There the Fury plunged her fell deity, and unburdened earth and sky.

Nor less, meanwhile, Saturn's imperial daughter set the last touch to war. One and all, the shepherds rushed from the stricken field to the city, and bore back their slain,—
575 Almo's boyish limbs, and old Galaesus' mangled visage,— imploring Heaven and adjuring Latinus. Turnus was there, and, amid the fever and the cry of blood for blood, harped their fear again : ' Troy was bidden to Latium's realm, the Phrygian stock tainted Latium's blood, and he was spurned from the door of Latium's king.' Then the kindred of those
580 dames, who, in Bacchic frenzy, revelled dancing through the trackless forests,—for not lightly weighed Amata's name,— came mustering from every hand, and importuned war. For war they clamoured incontinent with one voice, blinded by jealous deity—for an unblest war, thwarting omens and oracles
585 celestial. Emulous, they surged round Latinus' palace : he, like a rock of ocean unmoved, stood resistant—like a rock of ocean, that, while the seas break in thunder, fronts, broad-based, the many barking waves ; and the cliffs and foaming boulders roar round it in vain, and the seaweed, dashed
590 upon its side, falls frustrate back. But when no power

was vouchsafed him to overcome their purblind counsel, and all things moved to the nod of pitiless Juno, with reiterate appeal to Heaven and the dumb skies, the old king spoke : ' We are broken, alas, by Fate, and whirled by the storm ! O my hapless people, with your own impious 595 blood shall ye acquit this penalty ! Thee, Turnus, thy crime—thee, the dire vengeance—shall await, and with belated vows thou shalt cry on the gods. For my peace was won ; and now, full in the haven's mouth, I am despoiled of a tearless passing ! ' Nor farther he pursued, but shut him in his chamber and dropped the reins of kingship. 600

A custom ruled in Hesperian Latium, held sacred, in unbroken line, by the Alban cities, and sacred held still by Rome, when they wake the War-god to thought of battle—whether their hands prepare to carry bloodshed and lamentation to Getan or Hyrcanian or Arab, or whether they march 605 on Ind and follow the Morn to her rising, and reclaim their eagles from the Parthian. There are twin Gates of War—so men style them—hallowed by religious fear and the awe of cruel Mars. They are shut by a hundred brazen bolts and the iron's immortal strength, and Janus quits not his 610 ward on the threshold. There, when the Fathers' sentence stands immutable for battle, the consul, stately in Quirinal robe and Gabine cincture, unbars with his own hand the grating portals, and with his own lips invokes the sword : then the rest take up the cry, and the brazen horns ring 615 conspiring in harsh assent. Such the mode, in which, then also, they urged Latinus to proclaim war against the people of Aeneas, and to unclosethe fatal gates. But the grey-headed king refrained his hand, recoiled averse from the loathed ministry, and hid himself in the obscure dark. Then the queen of Heaven, down-shooting from the empyrean, smote 620

with her Saturnian hand on the reluctant portals, and upon revolving hinge burst open the iron-clamped doors of War.—Unstirred, erewhile, and inert, Ausonia flashed into flame. Here, on foot they assayed to march the plains ; there, high-mounted on stately coursers, men spurred infuriate through
 625 the dust : and every tongue cried for arms. Part, with unctuous lard, burnished their smooth shields and lucent spears, and on whetstones edged the battleaxe : and joyfully they saw the standard upreared, and joyfully heard the trumpet call. With anvils set, five great cities renewed their
 630 armament—Atina's might, Tibur's pride, Ardea and Crustumeri, and Antemnae, tower-crowned. These forged hollow helms for the guarded head, and plaited willow frames for the buckler : those hammered breastplates of bronze, and polished greaves from the ductile silver.—Thus ended the
 635 honour of share and scythe, thus all their love of the plough ; as they tempered again their fathers' swords in the furnace ! And now the bugle sang, and the watchword for war passed on. Hastily one seized the casque from his chambers ; one compelled his snorting steeds to the yoke, accoutred him in
 640 shield and triple hauberk of gold, and girt his constant blade to his thigh !

Now from opened Helicon, ye Muses, wake your strains,—what kings arose to battle ; what legions, by whom captained, thronged the champaign ; what harvest of men, what blaze of steel, even then graced Italy's kindly earth ! For, heavenly
 645 Sisters, ye remember and ye can tell : but to us scarce the low whisper of Fame is wafted !

Fierce from the Tyrrhene strand, Mezentius, scorner of the gods, came foremost to war, and armed his array. At whose side went Lausus, his son, unmatched in fairness of
 650 frame save by Laurentine Turnus—Lausus, tamer of steeds

and scourge of wild beasts, who from Agylla's city led a thousand men, that followed him in vain—Lausus, whose filial obedience merited a happier lord—a sire other than Mezentius !

After these, Aventinus, beauteous seed of beauteous 655
Hercules, vaunted on the sward his palm-crowned chariot and victorious coursers, and on his shield bore his father's cognizance—the hundred snakes of the serpent-cinctured Hydra. Him, the fruit of her furtive travail, Rhea the priestess bore into the regions of day—a woman mingled 660
with deity—after the conquering Tirynthian, fresh from the blood of Geryon, had touched the Laurentine fields, and laved his Iberian oxen in the Tuscan stream. In their hands his men bore javelins and grim pikes to battle, and fought 665
with tapering falchions and the Sabellian dart. Himself he marched on foot, swinging a huge lion's skin, that bristled shaggy and terrible, the white teeth grinning above his head ; and thus he entered the royal halls in his grim attire, with the Herculean garb clasped on his shoulders.

Next twin brethren left the walls of Tibur, and the people 670
styled by their brother Tiburtus' name—Catillus and gallant Coras, youths of Argos. In the van of battle they rode through the thick-volleyed spears, as when two cloud-born Centaurs descend from a mountain's tall crest, while with racing feet they leave Homole or snowy Othrys, and the 675
vast forest yields place to their course, and loud-crashing the thickets give way.

Nor was the founder of Praeneste's city found wanting,—that king, who, as consenting ages witness, was born to Vulcan among the rural herds, and found on the hearth,—Caeculus. 680
Him a rustic legion followed, wide-spread—both they who dwell in high Praeneste and the fields of Sabine Juno—by

the cool Anio and the Hernican rocks with their dewy streams,—and they who are nurtured by rich Anagnia, or,
685 father Amasenus, by thee ! Not all of them had armour, nor shields and rattling chariots : the most hailed bullets of livid lead ; in the hands of part were two javelins ; and caps of tawny wolfhide were the covering of their heads. The left foot
690 was bare as they stepped ; a boot of raw skin enclosed the right.

But Messapus, the tamer of steeds, offspring of Neptune, whose life was proof against fire and against steel, with sudden call summoned to arms his peoples, lapt in ease so long, and his hosts disused to battle ; and once more he loosened his
695 blade. Here marched the Fescennine powers and they of the Falerian plains : here the men of Soracte's crags and the Flavianian fields, of Ciminus' mountain and lake and the groves of Capena. They marched in even measure and sang of their
700 king :—as often snowy swans in the moist clouds, when full-fed they return, and from their long throats the clear strains issue, till Cayster and the reverberant Asian fen echo far away. Nor would any deem that these mingled multitudes were brass-clad legions : but rather that, high in air, a raucous
705 cloud of birds urged their flight from the deep to the shore.

And now Clausus came, captaining his great array—great the captain as his array—Clausus, of the ancient Sabine blood, from whom the Claudian tribe and house are now spread abroad in Latium, since the day when Rome was portioned with the Sabine. With him went Amiternum's
710 vast battalion and the Elder Quirites, Eretum's mustered powers and olive-bearing Mutusca, they who dwell in Nomentum's city, in Velinus' Rosean lands, on Tetrica's rugged crags and Severus' mount, in Casperia and Foruli,
715 and by the waters of Himella—they who drink of Tiber and Fabaris, they whom cold Nursia sent, the Hortine orders, the

Latin peoples, and they betwixt whom Allia, name of woe, flows with estranging flood :—many as the billows that roll on the floor of the Libyan main, when fierce Orion sinks in the wintry wave ; dense as the ears that parch under the new-risen sun, on the plain of Hermus or the yellow fields of Lycia ! Their bucklers rang, and the fearful earth quaked under their trampling feet. 720

Next, Agamemnonian Halaesus—sworn foe of the Trojan name—yoked his steeds to the car, and, in 'Turnus' cause, swept a thousand warlike nations to battle : those who delve the Massic hills and their smiling vineyards ; those whom the Auruncan sires sent down from their mountain-tops, or who fared from the bordering Sidicine plains ; those who marched from Cales ; those that tenant the banks of Volturnus' shallow stream ; and, by their side, the rough Saticulan and the Oscan bands. Polished javelins were their weapons, but these it was their use to fit with a pliant thong. A targe protected their left, and they wielded crooked scimitars for the close encounter. 730

Nor, Oebalus, shalt thou pass unheralded by my strains—thou, who, men tell, wast borne by the Nymph of Sebethus' stream to Telon, what time he reigned over Teleboan Capreae, stricken already in years. But the paternal fields sufficed not his son ; and even then, broad-realmed, he ruled over the Sarrastian peoples and the plains that Sarnus waters—over all that dwell in Rufrae and Batulum, and on Celemna's soil, and over them on whom Abella's towers look down through the apple-blossom ! In Teuton fashion they hurled the lance ; their helms were bark reft from the cork-tree ; and brass glittered on their crescent shields, glittered from their brands. 740

Thee, too, Ufens, Nersae sent to battle from her moun-

745 tains, illustrious in the fame of thy prospering sword—whose clan, rugged among the rugged and bred to the woodland chase, walks the harsh Aequiculan glebe. Armed they till the earth, and exultant they drive the new-won spoils and live by the pillaging hand.

750 More, from the Marruvian race, his helm featly decked with leaves of the fruitful olive, came stout-hearted Umbro, the priest, sent by Archippus the king—Umbro, who, by the spell of his song and hand, would sprinkle the dews of sleep on the viperous brood and on the foul-breathing snakes
755 of the water, soothing their ire and healing their bite by his skill. But the bite of the Dardan point he availed not to heal, and against that stroke he found no charm in his slumber-laden songs, nor in the herbs that he culled on the Marsian hills! Umbro—thee the groves of Angitia wept,
760 thee Fucinus' crystalline wave, thee thy limpid lakes!

Nor less Hippolytus' fairest son marched to war—Virbius, whom his mother Aricia sent, all-glorious. In the groves of Egeria he was nursed round the moist shores, where Diana's altar stands blessing and blest. For the tale is told, how
765 that Hippolytus—when he fell by his stepdame's art and slaked his father's vengeance in blood, rent asunder by his panic-smitten coursers—was restored by the Healer's herbs and the love of Dian, and once more beheld the starry firmament and respired the upper air. Then the Sire omnipotent,
770 in anger that any mortal should rise from the nether shades to the vital light, with his bolted thunder himself hurled down to the Stygian flood that child of Phoebus, discoverer of such daring leechcraft. But Trivia, gracious Queen, hid Hippolytus from the view of man, and sent him far away to
775 the keeping of Egeria, the Nymph, and her grove, that there, alone in the Italian woods, he might live out his days unknown

and, *Virbius* named, be no more Hippolytus. And thence it comes that no hooves of horses may tread her fane and holy forest, since, in terror of the ocean monsters, they 780 wrecked the chariot and flung her charioteer forth upon the shore. None the less, his son schooled his ardent steeds on the level plain, and, charioted, sped precipitate to battle!

In radiant beauty, with weaponed hand, and head towering sheer above all, Turnus himself moved in the van. On his lofty helm, triple-plumed, rose the Chimaera, with throat 785 breathing Aetnean fires; raging the more and wild with dire flames, as the blood flows faster and the fray waxes fiercer. But, on his spotless shield, Io—memorable theme!—was blazoned in gold, a heifer now with bristled hide and uplifted 790 horns, while Argus stood ward over the maid, and, from embossed urn, father Inachus poured his stream. There followed a sable cloud of infantry, and on all the plain the bucklered squadrons gathered thick—the Argive hosts and the Auruncan bands, the Rutules and the old Sicani, the 795 Sacranian lines and the Labicians with painted targe; they, O Tiber, who till thy glades and Numicius' sacred shore, whose ploughshare cleaves the Rutulian hills and Circeii's headland, whose fields are watched by Jove of Anxur and 800 Feronia smiling in her verdant grove; where the black marsh of Satura lies, and cold Ufens threads his way through the lowly vales and sinks into ocean.

To crown the tale, Volscian Camilla, warrior-maid, came leading her mounted host and her squadrons resplendent in brazen mail. No distaff, no weaving basket, claimed those 805 womanly hands: but her girlish frame was stubborn to endure the battle, and her feet were swift to outstrip the winds. She might have flown over the topmost blades of the untouched corn, nor, flying, have scathed the tender ears.

810 She might have sped over the mid seas, poised above the swelling wave, nor dipped her glancing feet in the flood.

The youth came streaming from house and field, and matrons stood in admiring throng, viewing her, as she rode, with rapt astonishment—how the purple's regal splendour
815 draped her shoulders of marble; how the clasp entwined her tresses with gold; how her own hands bore the Lycian quiver and the pastoral myrtle tipped with steel!

VIII

WHEN high on Laurentum's tower Turnus upreared the ensign of war, and the horns rang in harsh concert—when he spurred his fiery steeds, and clashed his weapons—straight men's souls were troubled; eagerly
5 all Latium conspired in rude rebellion, and her warriors raged exasperate. Messapus and Ufens, chief of the captains, with Mezentius, scorner of Heaven, levied succours from every hand, and far and near bared the wide fields of husbandmen. More, Venulus was sent to the city of great Diomedes, there to entreat aid, and
10 announce that the Teucrians planted foot in Latium; that Aeneas was come with his fleet, bearing his vanquished gods into Italy, and proclaiming himself the fate-crowned king; that many tribes flocked to the Dardan standard, and the Dardan name was heard through the breadth of Latium:—what structure this foundation augured, what issue of
15 battle he desired, should Fortune attend him, was clearer to himself than to King Turnus or King Latinus.

Thus it went with Latium. But the hero of Laomedon's line watched all, tossing on the troubled tides of care; and
20 now hither, now thither, swiftly he transferred his divided

mind, and swept it over all the range of thought : as when a gleam of water, tremulous in the brimming bronze, is flung back from the sun or the lustre of the mirrored moon ; then glances abroad over all, till mounting skyward 25 it strikes the fretted roof high above. It was night, and, through all the earth, weary creatures, bird and beast alike, lay wrapped in deep slumber ; when father Aeneas, with heart wrung by that lamentable strife, flung him down by the river's brim, under the chill cope of heaven, and allowed sleep to steal, belated, over his frame. Before him the deity 30 of the place, Tiber of the pleasant stream, seemed, in very presence, to uplift his white head through the poplar leaves. Thin lawn draped him in mantle of grey, and shady reeds crowned his hair. Then thus he addressed the prince, and, speaking, assuaged his sorrow : 35

‘ O child of celestial race, who, from the foeman's midst, dost bring to us again the city of Troy and preservest Troy-towers immortal, thyself long awaited by Laurentine soil and Latin fields—here thy home is sure, and sure the gods of thy home ! Shrink not, nor dread the menace of war : the ire and malice of Heaven are spent ! Even now, 40 lest thou deem this the idle figment of sleep, thou shalt discover beneath the holms on my bank a huge sow with a litter of thirty heads, white as she reclines on earth, and white the young about her teats : a sign, that when thirty 45 years have rolled, Ascanius shall found the White Town—Alba, illustrious name. Doubt clouds not my prophecy ! Now lend ear, and I will show thee in brief how thou mayest surmount in triumph the task that confronts thee. In these 50 coasts an Arcadian people, sprung from Pallas, who have followed Evander the king and his banners, have chosen a site and set their city on the hills—from Pallas their forefather

55 styled Pallanteum. These wage ceaseless war with the Latin race : these unite to thy camp in alliance, and league thee with them. Myself I will guide thee betwixt my banks, unswerving along the stream, that thy climbing oars may overcome the adverse current. Then rise, goddess-born, 60 and, as the first star fades, meetly prefer thy prayers to Juno, and vanquish with suppliant vows her anger and her menace. When thine is the victory, mine shall be thy worship. I am he whom thou seest, as I lave the banks with my welling flood, and wind through the furrowed fields of plenty—azure Tiber, dearest of rivers to Heaven ! Here is my stately 65 home : my fount flows from towering cities.’

Thus the River said ; then plunged into the nethermost depths of his pool, while night and sleep fled from Aeneas. He rose, and, with eyes turned to the orient light of the ethereal orb, held, as use ordains, water from the stream in 70 his hollow palms, and poured this utterance to Heaven :

‘Nymphs, Laurentine Nymphs, from whom is the generation of rivers, and thou, O father Tiber, with thy sacred wave—receive Aeneas, and, in this late hour, guard him from peril. In what spring soever thy pools contain thee, as thou pitiest our travails,—whatsoever the soil whence thou 75 issuest in thy beauty—ever my worship, ever my gifts shall grace thee, horn-crowned River, monarch of the Western streams ! Only be thou present, and more nearly confirm thy will !’

So he prayed, and, choosing two galleys from his fleet, 80 manned them with oarsmen and accoutred the crew in arms.

But, lo, the omen broke sudden on their wondering gaze : for on the green marge, recumbent along the sward, they descried a spotless sow, one in hue with her milk-white brood : whom good Aeneas offered in sacrifice to thee—even to thee—

imperial Juno, and set mother and young before thine altar. 85
All that livelong night Tiber calmed his swelling flood, and,
refluent, halted his silent wave, smoothing the face of the
waters to the semblance of a gentle lake or unruffled pool,
that naught might impede their labouring oars. Thus,
swiftly they abridged the voyage begun. With cheerful
murmur the pine slid careened along the stream, while the 90
waves and the unwonted wood admired the heroes' far-
flashing shields, and the painted hulls that breasted the river.
Through the night and the outworn day they rowed and
ascended the spacious reaches, overshadowed by motley 95
trees and glancing betwixt verdant woods over the tranquil
tide.—The flaming sun already had scaled the mid arch
of heaven, when they discerned in the distance city-walls,
and a tower, and scattered roofs—now exalted to the
stars by Rome's empery, then Evander's scant domain! 100
Quickly they swung the prows to land, and drew to the
town.

It fell that on that day the Arcadian king paid his annual
homage to Amphytrion's great child and his kindred of
Heaven, in a grove before the city. With him Pallas his son,
with him the flower of his realm and his needy senate, offered 105
incense, and the warm blood reeked by the altars. At sight
of the high-masted ships, gliding through the twilit forest
and plying the noiseless oar, alarmed by the sudden vision
they started, one and all, from their abandoned boards.
But Pallas, undaunted, bade them forbear not the rite, and, 110
seizing his spear, flew himself to front the strangers, and called
from a mound afar: 'Warriors, what cause hath constrained
you to adventure on an unknown path? Whither bend ye?
What race claims you? what home, where left? And bring
ye hither peace or the sword?' Then father Aeneas spoke 115

from the tall stern, a branch of peaceful olive outstretched in his hand : ‘ Men of Troy thou seest, and arms inimical to Latium, whose haughty battle hath driven us fugitive. We seek Evander. Bear this message, and say that chosen
120 captains of Dardania are come, suing for his allied spears.’ Pallas stood, awe-struck at the mighty name ; then : ‘ Come forth,’ he cried, ‘ whosoever thou art ; speak before my father’s face, and prove the welcome of our hearth ! ’ And with kindly grasp he greeted him, and seized and clung to his
125 hand. Thus, advancing, they forsook the stream and entered the grove ; where with courteous speech Aeneas accosted the king :

‘ Best of the sons of Greece, to whom Fortune has willed that I address my prayer and proffer the fillet-wreathed bough, I feared not because thou wert a Danaan chief—an
130 Arcadian and linked to the twin sons of Atreus by blood. But conscious worth and Heaven’s holy oracles, the kindred of our sires, and thy fame that pervades the earth, allied me with thee, and urged me willingly on the pathway of Fate. Dardanus, first father and founder of Ilium’s city, born—as
135 Greece relates—of Atlantean Electra, sailed to our Teucrian realm. Electra was sprung of mightiest Atlas, whose shoulder sustains the celestial spheres. Ye have Mercury for sire, whom fair Maia conceived and bore on the snowy peaks of
140 Cyllene. But Maia, if we credit the tale that our ears have heard, was the seed of that self-same Atlas who uplifts the starry firmament : and thus the lineage of both disparts from a single stock. Reliant on this, I sent no envoys, nor assayed my overtures by rule : myself and my life are in thy
145 hands, and, suppliant, I stand at thy gates ! The pitiless sword of Daunus’ race is drawn against us, as thee : and they deem that, if we be cast forth, nothing lets but their

yoke shall be set over Hesperia's uttermost bounds, and themselves shall hold the sea that laves her above and the sea that laves her below. Then give friendship, and receive ! With us are hearts stout in battle, high souls, and a people 150 approved by deeds !'

Aeneas ceased. While he spoke, Evander's gaze had long roved over his face, and eyes, and all his frame : then in brief he returned : ' Bravest of the Teucrians, with what joy do I receive and acknowledge thee ! How memory strays to the 155 words, the voice, and the visage, of great Anchises thy sire ! For I call to mind, how Priam, Laomedon's child, when he journeyed to Salamis to view the kingdom of his sister Hesione, prolonged his way and visited our cold Arcadian borders. In those days the springtide of youth bloomed on 160 my cheeks, and I wondered at the princes of Troy, and wondered at Laomedon's son ; but statelier than all Anchises moved. My heart burned with youthful ardour to accost the hero and feel his hand in mine ; till I approached him, and eagerly led him under the battlements of Pheneus. And 165 as we parted, he gave me a lordly quiver, furnished with Lycian shafts, a scarf inwoven with gold, and two golden bridles that now my Pallas possesses. Therefore, this hand that ye seek is already plighted to you in league, and, so soon as the morrow's light shall dawn once more on the world, 170 I will send you hence cheered by my succour and aided by my powers. Meanwhile—since in amity ye are come hither—with minds attuned, solemnize with us this yearly festival, which it were sin to defer, and be strangers no more to your allies' board !'

This said, he commanded that they replace the viands and 175 the goblets removed, and himself ranged his guests on the grassy seat, with especial honour welcoming Aeneas to the

cushion of a lion's shaggy hide and gracing him with a throne of maple. Then youths, chosen for the service, and the priest of the altar, brought, in emulous haste, roasted carcasses of
180 bulls, piled on the baskets Ceres' corn, wrought by the hand of man, and ministered the juice of Bacchus' grape; while Aeneas, and, with him, his warriors of Troy regaled them on the chine of an ox entire and on the flesh of sacrifice.

When hunger was appeased and the desire of food assuaged, King Evander spoke: 'No vain superstition, ignorant of the
185 gods of old, has burdened us with this solemn rite, with this ordinance of festival, and this altar of reverend sanctity. Preserved, O Trojan guest, from the bitterness of peril, we render sacrifice, and, year after year, pay honour where honour
190 is due. First mark yonder rock-hung cliff,—how the massy crags are flung shattered afar, how the mountain home stands desolate, and the boulders are fallen in giant ruin. Here, receding to fathomless depth, pierced never by the solar ray, yawned a cavern, tenanted by the dire shapes of
195 half-bestial Cacus. The ground steamed incessant with new-spilt blood, and, nailed to the proud doors, pale faces of men hung grim and gory. This monster was sprung of Vulcan; and Vulcan's black fires he belched from his mouth, as he
200 stalked in titanic bulk. But to our longing also there was an end, and Time brought succour in the advent of a god. For the great avenger came, and Alcides, triumphant in the slaughter and spoils of triple Geryon, drove this way the huge bulls in victory, and his oxen thronged vale and stream.
205 But Cacus, with his robber's soul infuriate, resolved to leave naught undared or untried in crime or in craft, ravished from the stalls four goodly bulls and as many beauteous heifers. And these—to annul the true course of their footprints—he
210 dragged by the tail to his cave, and, when the track gave

perverse testimony, hid his booty in the sunless rock ; and he that searched saw no signs leading to the cavern. Meanwhile, when, in act to depart, Amphitryon's son was already moving the full-fed herds from their stalls, the oxen began to low farewell, and all the woodland was filled with their 215
plaint, as clamorously they left the hills. But one of the kine returned the cry, bellowing in the dreary cave, and from her dungeon baffled the hopes of Cacus. Instant at this Alcides' wrath flashed out in black choler, and, 220
snatching his arms and his oaken club, all knotted and ponderous, he raced to the crest of the skiey hill. Then, as never before, our eyes saw Cacus in fear and trembling : for swifter than the East he fled on the moment, and sought his cavern with feet winged by dread.

‘ Scarce had he shut him within, and, from severed chains, 225
lowered the vast boulder hung in iron by his father's art, and fortified his doorway by support of such barrier, when, lo, he of Tiryns came in the fury of his heart, and, surveying every access, turned his face this way and that, and gnashed his teeth. Thrice in hot anger he traversed all Mount 230
Aventine : thrice he assailed the craggy portals in vain, and thrice sank wearied in the valley. There stood a pointed column of flint, with the rock on all sides cut sheer away, rising from the ridge of the cavern in dizzy eminence—fit site for the nests of unclean birds. This—as, sloping from 235
the ridge, it inclined to the river on the left—he shook, urging it full from the right, till he tore it loose from the nethermost base ; then, with sudden shock, hurled it down. To that shock the infinite heavens thundered, the banks leapt apart, and the shuddering stream recoiled. But the den of Cacus, 240
and his vast palace, lay naked to the view, and the gloomy pit stood plain : even as though earth, rent asunder by some

resistless force, were to unlock Hell-gates and disclose the
pallid realms abhorrent to Heaven, and from above were
245 descried the unbottomed abyss, and phantoms dazed by
the invading light. On him, then,—as he bellowed in
unearthly sort, surprised by the un hoped day and pent in the
hollow rock,—Alcides rained missiles from aloft, and called
250 every weapon to his aid, pressing him with boughs and great
millstones. But he, for now no other escape from peril was
left, belched from his jaws huge volumes of smoke—hear and
wonder!—and involved his lair in viewless obscurity, till the
eye was impotent to see, and, in the depths of his cave, rolled
255 a smoke-wrapt midnight of darkness commingled with fire.
The high heart of Alcides brooked not this, and headlong he
flung himself at a bound through the flames, where the
eddyng smoke whirled thickest, and the vast cave surged
black and vaporous. Here, where amid the gloom Cacus
disgorged his idle fires, he seized him, limb entwined with
260 limb, and, in unremitting grasp, stifled him till the eyes burst
forth and his throat was drained of blood. Straight the doors
were torn open and the dark den bared to sight: the pur-
loined oxen and the rapine, abjured erewhile, were displayed
to the sun, and the hideous carcass dragged out by the heels.
265 Men could not sate their hearts, gazing on those terrible
eyes,—on the visage of the brutish monster, on his shaggy
bristled breast, and the flames quenched in his throat.
From that time has this worship been paid, and a joyous
posterity keeps the day — Potitius foremost, founder of
270 this observance, and the Pinarian house, guardian of Hercules'
rite. This altar himself set in the grove—this altar, that by
us shall ever be named the Greatest, and ever greatest shall
be. Then come, sirs, and, in homage to merit so glorious,
wreathe your hair with leaves and stretch forth the cup in

your hand ; call on our common deity, and with willing 275
hearts make offering of wine.' He ceased : and the double-
hued poplar, pendent in twining foliage, invested his locks
with the shade of Hercules' love ; and a goblet charged his
right. Unlingering, all poured glad libation on the board,
and prayed to the gods.

Meanwhile the star of evening drew nigher along the slope of 280
heaven. And now the priests, clad in hides, as custom ordained,
moved in procession—Potitius at the head—with torches flam-
ing in their hands. Renewing the festival, they brought wel-
come offerings for a second repast, and piled the altars with
laden platters. Then came the Salii to sing round the fires of 285
sacrifice, their temples crowned with poplar sprays,—of youths
the one quire, white-haired the other,—and with chanting
lips they extolled the glories and deeds of Hercules :—how
his infant hand strangled the twin serpents, earliest of his
stepdame's terrors ; how the sword in that selfsame hand 290
shivered mighty cities, Troy with Oechalia ; how he endured
to the end a thousand perilous toils under King Eurystheus,
by the bitter doom of Juno. 'Thou, O hero unvanquished—
thou it was who didst slay the cloud-born people, double-
bodied, Hylaeus and Pholus, and the monsters of Crete, and
the great lion under Nemea's crag. Before thee the Stygian 295
waters trembled : before thee, the warder of Hell, as he lay
in his bloody cave upon half-gnawn bones. Not any shape
could affright thee,—not Typhoeus himself when he towered
in arms,—and counsel forsook thee not, when with multi-
tudinous heads the snake of Lerna encircled thee. Hail, 300
seed indubitable of Jove, thou new-won glory of Heaven,
and with auspicious foot visit us and our worship of thee !'
Such was the burden of their song ; and they crowned the
tale with Cacus' cavern, and its lord of the fiery breath, till

305 all the forest and every reverberant hill echoed to their clamour.

Then, the rite discharged, the concourse repaired to the city. The time-worn king kept his son and Aeneas by his side to attend his steps, and, walking, lightened their way
310 with changing discourse. Admiring, Aeneas turned his swift glance over all, and, spell-bound by the scene, inquired gladly and gladly heard, each by each, the memorials of an earlier world. Then King Evander, founder of Rome's citadel :
' Once these woods were tenanted by Fauns and Nymphs,
315 native born, and by a generation of men, sprung from boles of trees and the obdurate oak. They had neither rule of life nor culture, nor knowledge to yoke the ox, nor to lay up stores, nor to husband their gains ; but forest boughs and the huntsman's rude trade yielded their sustenance. And no help came till Saturn descended from skiey Olympus, fleeing
320 before the arms of Jove and exiled from his ravished throne. He it was gathered into a state that ungentle race, scattered over mountain peaks, and gave them laws, and chose that their land be called Latium, since within those borders he had lain latent and secure. Under his sway passed those ages
325 that men style golden : in such serenity of peace he ruled the nations ; till with stealthy step there succeeded a degenerate time of a baser hue, and, in its train, the frenzy of war and the lust of possession. Then came the Ausonian host and the Sicanian tribes, and time and again the land of
330 Saturn resigned her title. And kings came, and Thybris, gigantic and fierce, from whom in later days we of Italy have called Tiber's stream, while ancient Albula has lost her authentic name. Myself—as, outcast from the land of my fathers, I voyaged to the extremity of ocean—the inevitable doom of Fate, and Fortune's omnipotence, planted on this

soil, spurred onward by the awful warnings of Carmentis, 335
Nymph and mother, and Apollo, who inspired her lips.

Scarce had he ceased ; when, advancing, he showed the
altar and the gate that Rome styles Carmental, in im-
memorial tribute to Carmentis the Nymph, prophetess of fate,
who first foretold the greatness that should dawn on the 340
sons of Aeneas, and the renown of Pallanteum. Next he
displayed a spacious grove, where bold Romulus made his
Asylum, and the Lupercal, shrouded by the cool rock, and
hallowed, in Arcadian wont, to the name of Lycaean Pan.
He showed, moreover, the forest of sacred Argiletum, and 345
called the place to witness, as he rehearsed the slaying of
Argus, his guest. Thence he led them to the Tarpeian
height, and the Capitol—golden now, erst an unkempt mass
of thickets. Yet even then the dread sanctity of that region
appalled the fearful rustics : even then they quailed before 350
the forest and the crag. ‘This grove,’ he said, ‘this hill
with its leafy crown, a god inhabits :—what god, we know
not ! My Arcadians hold that full oft they have looked on
Jove himself, when his right hand shook the darkening aegis
and summoned the storm-clouds. More, in these twin 355
towns of the shattered walls, thou seest the relics and
memorials of men of an elder day. This tower father Janus
built, this Saturn ; and Janiculum one was styled, and
Saturnia the other.’

In such interchange of converse they neared the palace
of Evander’s poverty, and saw scattered herds lowing in the 360
Roman forum and amid the splendours of Carinae. When
they stood before the dwelling : ‘These doors,’ he pursued,
‘victorious Alcides stooped to enter, and these halls con-
tained his might. Dare, O guest of mine, to condemn riches ;
like him, mould thy soul till it be worthy of deity ; and bring

365 not disdain to our scanty estate.' Thus saying, he led Aeneas' heroic frame under the roof of his lowly dwelling, and couched him on strewn leaves and the fell of a Libyan bear.—And Night came down, and her sable wings enfolded earth.

370 But Venus—for not idle the maternal care that dismayed her soul!—moved by the Laurentine menace and the grim call to arms, had recourse to Vulcan, and thus began in her golden nuptial chamber, with words breathing celestial love: 'While the embattled Grecian kings harried the fated citadel
375 of Troy, and her towers, doomed to fall by the hostile flame, I asked no succour to their misery, no weapons of thy resource and art; nor, dearest consort, would I task thee and thy toils to no avail—deep though my debt to the children of Priam,
380 many though my tears for the bitter agony of Aeneas. Now, by Jove's mandate, his foot is on the Rutulian borders; and suppliant I come to thee, as I came not before, and ask arms from the deity I revere—a mother for her son. Thou didst bend to the tears of Nereus' daughter, to the tears of Tithonus'
385 spouse! Behold the mustering nations—the cities that with closed gates sharpen the sword against me and the lives of my people.'

The goddess ceased, and, as he delayed, flung her snowy arms about him and fondled him in soft embrace. Sudden he caught the wonted spark; the familiar glow entered his
390 being, and coursed through his melting frame:—even as when, bursting from the thunderclap, the glittering streak of fire runs fringing the storm-clouds with blinding light. His consort felt, and, smiling at her ruse, knew that she was fair.—Then the old god spoke, bound in love's eternal chain:

395 'Why delvest so deep for pleas? Whither, goddess, is vanished thy trust in me? Had such been thy care of old,

of old I had armed the Teucrians, and deemed it not sin :
for neither the all-puissant Sire nor Fate forbade Troy to
stand, and Priam to wear the crown, for ten years more.
And now, if thou preparest war, and this is thy sentence, 400
whatever diligence I may avouch to my craft, whatever iron
and molten electrum may achieve, whatever fire and air
avail—cease to mistrust thy power by this humility of prayer !
So saying, he bestowed the embrace desired ; then sank on
the bosom of his queen, and wooed calm slumber to his 405
limbs.

Then, so soon as sleep was fled, banished by the rest it
gave, and retiring Night wheeled in mid career—at the hour
when a woman, whom need constrains to support life by her
distaff and the pittance of the loom, wakes the embers and
slumbering flames, and, adding night to her laborious day, 410
holds her maidens to the long lamp-lit task, that she may keep
her husband's bed without stain and nurture his infant sons :—
even thus, nor at more slothful hour, the Lord of Fire rose
from his soft couch to the labours of the smith.—Fast by 415
the Sicilian coast and Aeolian Lipare rises an island, sublime
with smoking cliffs. Beneath it thunders a cavern, and the
vaults of Aetna, hollowed by Cyclopiian forges ; mighty blows
are heard re-echoing from the anvil, bars of Chalyb steel hiss 420
through the depths, and the fire pants in the furnace : for
here is Vulcan's home, and the soil owns Vulcan's name.—
Hither, on that day, the Lord of Fire descended from high
Heaven.

In the dreary cave his Cyclops were labouring iron—
Brontes and Steropes and Pyracmon with naked limbs. In 425
their hands a thunderbolt was assuming shape, such as those
that the Father hurls down unnumbered from all heaven ;
part already was polished, part remained imperfect. Three

shafts of writhen rain, three of watery cloud, they had wrought
430 therein—three of ruddy fire and the winged southern blast :
and now they were blending in their work glittering terrors,
and sound, and fear, and the anger of pursuant flames. Else-
where they urged on for Mars the chariot and flying wheels,
wherewith he rouses men and cities to battle ; and with
golden scales of serpents emulously burnished the horrid
435 aegis—accoutrement of ireful Pallas—and her knotted snakes,
and the Gorgon's self on her divine breast, with neck severed
and eyes revolving. ' Away with all,' he cried, ' remove your
440 labours begun, O Cyclops of Aetna, and give ear to me !
Arms ye shall make for a fearless warrior. Now is need of
strength, now of the quick hand, now of the lessons of our
art. Banish delay !' No farther he said : but incontinent
445 all bent to their equally portioned toil. Brass and golden ore
flowed in streams, and the wounding steel was molten in the
vast furnace. They formed a mighty shield, that, sole, might
withstand every Latin spear, and plated it with seven folds,
circle on circle. Some with panting bellows drew in and
450 expelled the blast : others plunged the hissing bronze in the
trough ; and the cave moaned under its load of anvils. In
measured rhythm, one by one they lifted their giant arms,
and with gripping tongs turned the metal.

While the lord of Lemnos made such dispatch on his
Aeolian shores, the gracious dawn and the matin songs of
455 birds under his eaves roused Evander from his humble home.
The old king arose, drew on his tunic, and bound his feet in
Tyrrene sandals ; then buckled to shoulder and side his
blade of Tegea, flinging round him a leopard's skin pendent
460 from his left. Nor lacked he guard ; for two dogs went
before him from his high-raised threshold, attendant on
their master's steps. Thus the hero, mindful of his words

and the service promised, sought the dwelling of his guest and the privacy of Aeneas. Nor less the Trojan was abroad 465 with the morn. With his father Pallas walked ; with his comrade, Achates ; till meeting they clasped hands, and, seated in the inmost chamber, at length enjoyed full freedom of converse. And first the king :

‘ Mightiest captain of the Teucrians—whose life enduring, 470 this tongue shall never confess the star of Troy set, nor her empire vanquished!—our name is great, but our strength is small to give succour in war. On this hand we are prisoned by the Tuscan stream : on that, the Rutulian presses hard, and his weapons clash about our wall. None the less, my purpose is to unite with thee broad peoples and hosts that 475 flourish under many a king. An unhopèd chance reveals thy salvation, and the call of fate hath led thee hither. No great way hence, established on immemorial rock, stands Agylla’s peopled city, where of old the war-famed Lydian race settled on the Etruscan peaks. For many years it prospered, 480 till Mezentius the king governed it with iron sceptre and bloody sword. What profits it to recount the nameless murders, the pitiless deeds, of that tyrant? Heaven visit them on him and his ! Nay, he would link the quick to the 485 dead, joining—fell discovery of torment!—hand to hand and face to face, and, in the streaming gore and corruption of that woeful union, so slay them by a lingering doom. But the day came when his citizens, outworn by such impious frenzy, besieged him and his palace in arms, hewed down his hench- 490 men, and hurled fire to his roof. He, amid the slaughter, fled for refuge to Rutulian soil, and found defence among the friendly spears of Turnus. Therefore all Etruria has risen in righteous fury, and at the point of the sword they demand 495 their king for punishment.—Of these thousands, Aeneas,

I will make thee captain ! For their chafing barques throng
all the shore, and they bid the banners advance ; but the
aged soothsayer restrains them with fateful presage : *O ye
chosen of Maeonia's land, flower and strength of your fathers'*
500 *realm,—ye, whom just resentment spurs against the enemy, and
Meczentius kindles with the anger himself hath earned,—none
of Italy born may sway thus mighty a people ! Choose ye an
alien leader !* Therefore the Etruscan array is encamped on
this plain, awed by the warning of Heaven ; and Tarcho
505 himself has sent envoys to me, with the crown and sceptre
of the kingdom, and offers the ensigns of royalty, will I but
enter their camp and mount the Tyrrhene throne. But the
frosts of sluggish eld, the feebleness of many years, and
strength that is past the day of deeds, deny me dominion.
510 My son I would fain urge to the task, did not the blood of
his Sabine mother, mingled with mine, make this in part
his fatherland. Thou, on whose years and descent alike Fate
smiles—whom deity summons—enter thou on this office,
the fearless captain of Troy and Italy ! More, I will give
thee this my Pallas, our hope and comfort. Under thy
515 guidance let him learn to endure warfare and the grim toils
of battle ; let him view thy prowess, and revere thee from
his early years. To him I will consign twice a hundred
Arcadian horsemen, the choice of our chivalry ; and Pallas
shall bring thee as many else by his proper gift.
520 Scarce had he spoken ; and Aeneas—Anchises' child—and
faithful Achates stood with downcast eyes, revolving each in
his own sad heart many a troubled thought, had not Cythera's
queen granted a sign from the cloudless sky. For, unforeseen,
a flash came quivering from the empyrean, thunder-heralded,
525 and suddenly all nature seemed to totter, while the trumpet's
Tyrrhene note rang through the firmament. They looked

up : again, and yet again, the mighty peal crashed, and in the serene expanse of heaven they saw arms, cloud-enwrapped, gleaming red through the translucent air and clashing in thunder. The rest were aghast : but Troy's hero knew that 530 in the sound spoke the promise of his goddess-mother. Then :

‘ Ask not, my friend, ask not,’ he cried, ‘ what issue these portents bode to our journey ! It is I who am called ! This sign the goddess who bore me foretold she would send from Olympus’ height, did war assail, and would bring through the skies Vulcanian arms to my succour ! Alas, what carnage 535 awaits the hapless of Laurentum ! What vengeance, Turnus, thou shalt yield me ! How many a buckler and helm, how many a warrior’s stalwart frame, shalt thou roll, O father Tiber, under thy wave ! Now let them clamour for battle, 540 and dishonour treaty ! ’

This said, he rose from his lofty seat, and, first quickening the oblivious altars with the fire of their divinity, approached in gladness the Lar of yesterday and the household’s lowly gods ; while Evander alike and the men of Troy offered 545 chosen ewes in wonted sacrifice. Next he plied to the ships and revisited his men, from whose number he chose the stoutest hearts to follow himself to battle : the residue sailed down the waters and floated idly along the descending stream, messengers to Ascanius of his sire and his fortunes. 550 Steeds were assigned to the Teucrians who sought the Tuscan borders ; and one they led to Aeneas for especial guerdon, all caparisoned in a tawny lion’s fell that glittered with claws of gold.

With sudden flight Rumour sped blazoned through the little town—that the horsemen rode with speed to the doors 555 of the Tyrrhene king. Trembling matrons redoubled their vows ; fear trod closer on peril, and the War-god’s semblance

rose larger on their view. Then Evander, clasping the hand of his departing son, clung to him with insatiable tears, and so spoke :

560 'O, would Jupiter restore me the years that are fled, and make me as I was when, hard beneath Praeneste, I smote down their vanward lines and, victor, burned their high-piled shields ! With this right hand I sent King Erulus down to hell, though at birth—a tale of dread !—Feronia
565 gave to her child three lives and threefold weapons to wield. Thrice must he be laid low in death ; yet on that day this hand bereft him of all his lives and as oft stripped him of his arms. Never, my son, would I now be torn from thy sweet embrace ; never should Mezentius have loaded his neigh-
570 bour's grey head with scorn, nor slain his thousands with ruthless sword, nor widowed my city of so many a citizen ! But ye, O powers above, and thou, Jupiter, king and lord of gods, pity, I implore, the Arcadian king, and list to a father's
575 prayer ! If destiny and your will ordain the safety of my Pallas, if, living, I shall see and meet him again, then I pray to live—I am patient to endure whatsoever trial ye will ! But, Fortune, if thou threatenest some nameless disaster, now, oh, now be it granted me to break the bond of this cruel
580 life,—while my care is ambiguous still, while my presage is unproved, while thou, dearest boy, my sole and latest delight, art still in mine arms ; nor let a message more bitter wound these ears !' Such the words that the father uttered at their last parting ; then swooned, and his servants bore him within the palace.

585 And now the horsemen had issued from the open gates, Aeneas and loyal Achates in the van, then the princes else of Troy ; while in the midmost line rode Pallas himself, conspicuous in broidered scarf and emblazoned arms : such

as the star of morn, that Venus most loves of all the sidereal 590
fires, when, laved in the ocean flood, he uplifts his sacred
head in heaven and the darkness melts away. On the walls
stood trembling matrons, with eyes pursuing the dusty cloud
and the squadrons that glittered in brass. They, by the path
that led soonest to their journey's goal, moved in panoply
through the brakes. A shout arose, a column was formed, 595
and the sound of galloping hooves shook the crumbling plain.
There stands a vast grove by Caere's cool stream, that the
reverence of an earlier day has endowed with sanctity far
and near : on all sides sheltering hills enclose it and surround
the woodland with sombre pines. Fame tells that the
Pelasgians of yore, pristine habitants of Latium's borders, 600
dedicated grove and festal day to Silvanus, the god of field
and flock. Not far thence Tarcho and his Tyrrhene bands
lay encamped in sure position ; and now from the hill-top
all their host could be discerned, and their pavilions wide- 605
spreading over the champaign. Hither came father Aeneas
and his chosen warriors, and refreshed their steeds and weary
limbs.

But Venus was come in celestial beauty, bearing her gifts
through the clouds of heaven ; and when she descried her
son in a secluded vale, in the chill stream's distant privacy, 610
offered herself to his view, and thus accosted him :

‘ Behold this guerdon that my lord hath perfected by his
promised art ! Then, shun not, my child, in the coming
days to defy the haughty Laurentines and their fiery Turnus
to battle ! ’ So saying, Cythera's queen sought the embrace 615
of her son, and placed the arms all radiant under an oak that
fronted his view. He, exulting in the divine gift, and in
honour thus signal, could not sate his eyes with the vision,
as he swept them from point to point, and, admiring, turned

620 in hand and arm the helmet, plumed with terror and shooting
flame, the fate-fraught sword, and the stark corselet of brass,
huge and blood-red,—as a sable cloud, when it kindles to
the sunbeams and glitters far,—then the burnished greaves
of electrum and doubly-refined gold, the spear, and the
625 shield's ineffable fabric. There the Lord of Fire—no stranger
he to prophecy nor witless of the ages to dawn—had wrought
the fortunes of Italy and the triumphs of Rome ; there, every
generation of the stock that should spring from Ascanius,
and the ordered line of their stricken fields. And the mother-
630 wolf he had fashioned, couched in the green cave of Mars.
About her teats the twin boys hung playing, and, unfearing,
licked their dam ; she, her shapely neck bent back, caressed
each in turn and moulded their limbs with her tongue.
635 Hard by this he had added Rome and the Sabine maidens,
lawlessly reft in full concourse of the theatre, what time the
Great Games were solemnized, and a new war suddenly
arising betwixt the children of Romulus and aged Tati-
640 us with his stern Cures. Soon the selfsame kings, their mutual
conflict resigned, stood armed before the altar of Jove,
goblet in hand, and with sacrifice of swine concluded their
league. No great way thence chariots driven apart had torn
Mettus asunder (but, Alban, it behoved thee to abide by
thy word !), and Tullus whirled the liar's corpse through the
645 forest, and the briars dripped with a ghastly dew. Nor
lacked there Porsenna, commanding that they receive the
exiled Tarquin again, and hemming the city with mighty
leaguer ; while the sons of Aeneas rushed upon the sword
for freedom's sake. On his brow might be seen anger and
650 menace portrayed, that Cocles should dare to lay the bridge
low and Cloelia should break her fetters and swim the river.
In the topmost shield, Manlius, warder of the Tarpeian

height, stood before the temple and held the lofty Capitol ;
and the rough thatch lay fresh on Romulus' palace. And
here the silver goose, flitting through gilded arcades, cried 655
that the Gauls were on the threshold. The Gauls were
come through the thickets and their feet were on the summit ;
for they were shielded by the darkness and the dusk guerdon
of night. Their locks were golden, and golden their vesture ;
the stripes of their cloaks shone bright, and their snowy necks 660
were encircled with gold ; each brandished two Alpine
javelins, and long shields guarded their limbs. Here his
hammers had wrought the bounding Salii and the naked
Luperci, the wool-bound crests and the sacred bucklers that
fell from heaven ; and in cushioned cars chaste matrons 665
moved in solemn train through the city. Away from these
he added, withal, the abodes of Hell, the towering portals
of Dis, the penalties of sin, and thee, Catiline, hung from
a frowning cliff and trembling before the face of the Furies ;
and the privacy of the just, and Cato giving laws to them. 670
Betwixt all the semblance of the swelling sea flowed wide-
streaming in gold, though the blue foamed with whitening
waves ; and about it wheeled dolphins of lustrous silver,
lashing the waters with their tails, and cleaving the tide.
In the midst the brazen-beaked fleets of Actium's battle 675
met the view ; and the eye might see all Leucate aswarm with
the array of war, and the waves ablaze with gold. Here on
the tall poop stood Caesar Augustus, leading his Italy to the
fray, with senate and people and gods of home and of heaven,
while from his auspicious brows twin flames shot, and his 680
father's star beamed over his crest. Elsewhere Agrippa,
under the favour of wind and deity, high-towering led his
column—his temples refulgent with the prows of the naval
crown, that glorious cognizance of battle. There Antonius,

685 with his barbarous powers and motley arms, victor from the
peoples of the Dawn and the strand of the ruddy sea, bare with
him Egypt, and the might of the East, and utmost Bactra ;
and by his side went—O vision of shame !—his Memphian
paramour. At once all closed, and the whole main foamed
690 convulsed by the sweeping oars and triple-toothed prows.
To the deep they sped. A man might deem that the Cyclades
floated, upturned, on ocean, or that mountain-height clashed
with mountain :—so mightily the seamen urged onward their
turreted ships. Flaming tow and winged steel flew volleyed
695 from their hands, and the plains of Neptune were crimsoned
with unfamiliar carnage. In the midst, the queen called
upon her hosts with their native cymbal, nor as yet cast
back her glance on the twin serpents behind her. Gods
monstrous and manifold, and barking Anubis, stood with
lifted weapons against Neptune and Venus, and against
700 Minerva. In the heart of the conflict Mavors raged, graven
in iron, with the fell Sister-fiends descending from heaven ;
and in rent robes Discord walked exultant, while Bellona
followed her with bloody scourge. Actian Apollo saw the
sight, and drew his bow from on high ; in terror whereof all
705 Egypt and Ind, and all of Arabia and Saba, turned to flee.
The queen herself seemed to spread her sails to the responsive
winds, and even now to fling loose the slackened sheets.
Her, amid the slaughter, the Lord of Fire had shown pale
710 at the coming death, convoyed by the waves and the western
gale ; while over against her was Nile, his mighty frame in
the throes of grief, opening wide his folds, and with all the
expanse of his raiment inviting the vanquished to his azure
bosom and sheltering streams. But Caesar, entering the
walls of Rome in threefold triumph, consecrated to the
715 gods of Italy the immortal tribute he had vowed—thrice a

hundred stately shrines throughout all the city. The ways rang with mirth and games and applause.—In every fane was a quire of matrons; in every fane an altar stood, and before the altar slain steers strewed the ground. Himself, seated in the snowy portal of shining Phoebus, reviewed the 720 offerings of the peoples and affixed them to the haughty doors, while the conquered nations defiled in long procession, diverse in tongue, diverse in fashion of attire and in arms. Here Mulciber had portrayed the Nomad race and the ungirt African, here the Lelex and the Carian and the quivered 725 Gelonian. Euphrates now passed with gentler wave, and the Morini, uttermost of men, and the double-horned Rhine and the untamed Dahans, and Araxes fretting at his bridge.

Such sight the hero surveyed, admiring, on Vulcan's shield, that his mother gave, and, though he knew not of the deeds, yet rejoiced in their pictured semblance, as he upraised on his 730 shoulder the fame and fate of his children's children.

IX

WHILE in the far distance such deeds were wrought, Saturnian Juno sent Iris from heaven down to the gallant Turnus,—Turnus, who then, as it fell, sate in his sire Pylumus' grove and the hallowed vale. To whom, with roseate lips, spoke the child of Thaumás : 5

'Turnus, that which thou mightest have prayed, and no god promised,—behold, the circling hours have brought it thee unsought ! Aeneas has left town, and crews, and fleet, to seek the kingdom of the Palatine and the habitation of Evander. Nor suffices this ! He has won his way to Corythus' utmost cities and the Lydian host, and he arms 10 the mustered countrymen. Why art thou hesitant ? Now

is the season to call for thy steeds—the season to summon thy chariots! Away with all delay, and fall on the turmoiled camp!’ She said, and on even wing soared
15 skyward, tracing, as she fled beneath the clouds, the mighty arch of her bow. The prince knew his monitress, and, lifting either hand to heaven, with such utterance pursued her flight: ‘Iris, glory of the sky, who hath sent thee, shot from the clouds, down to me upon earth? Whence is this sudden
20 serenity of the air? I see the firmament parting in twain, and the stars wandering about the pole! Whosoever thou art that callest to arms, I bow to thy powerful sign!’ And so saying he went onward to the river and took up water from the brimming wave, with reiterate prayer entreating the gods and burdening heaven with vows.

25 And now all the army was advancing over the open plains, splendid on gallant chargers, splendid in broidered raiment and gold, with Messapus marshalling the van, the sons of Tyrrheus the rear, and Turnus their captain in the midmost
30 column:—even as Ganges, when through the silence he rises high with his seven tranquil streams, or Nile, when his bountiful flood ebbs from the champaign and at length he is sunk in his channel. The Teucrians looked forth and saw a sudden cloud gathering black in dust, and darkness arising
35 over the plains. First Caicus called from the ramparts opposite: ‘What mass, my countrymen, rolls hitherward in misty gloom? Get ye steel, and linger not! Serve weapons; ascend the walls! The enemy is on us, ho!’ Loud clamouring, the Teucrians streamed in through every gateway and manned the bulwarks. For such had been the
40 charge of Aeneas, the wise in war, when he went upon his way:—that, were aught to chance in the meanwhile, they should neither adventure to order their array for battle nor

to put faith in the open field, but should keep only to the camp and their walls' protecting mounds. Therefore, though shame and anger advised them to the conflict, yet they barred the gates and discharged his behest, awaiting the foe under 45 arms in the shelter of their towers.

Turnus, who had spurred onward in the van of his tardy column, with retinue of twenty chosen horsemen, rode suddenly to the gates, borne on a white-dappled courser of Thrace and helmed in a red-plumed casque of gold. 'Is 50 there one, ye gallants, who at my side will lead the way to the enemy! Behold!' he said; and, whirling his javelin, flung it heavenward—the prelude of war—and galloped towering on the plain. His band took up the cry, and followed with dread and dissonant clamour, wondering at the craven hearts 55 of Troy—that no man was found to brave the impartial field and the encountering lance, but all nursed the camp! Hither and thither he rode in fury round the walls, seeking entry where entry was none. Even as a wolf that lies in ambush against the full fold, when, beaten by the winds and 60 rains, he ravens round the pens at dead of night, and safe beneath their mothers the lambs bleat unceasingly; he, exasperate and reckless, rages in anger against the absent prey, wearied by the long-gathering lust of food and his dry, bloodless jaws:—not otherwise kindled the Rutulian's 65 ire, as he surveyed walls and camp; and resentment blazed in his iron frame. By what mode should he assay his approach? what path pursued might dislodge the imprisoned Teucrians from their rampart, and drive them streaming into the plain? Fast by the side of the camp lay the fleet, hedged by earthen 70 mounds and by the flowing river: the fleet he assailed, calling to his exultant train for fire, and, with heart as hot, clutched the flaming pine in his hand. Then in truth they bent to the

toil, spurred by Turnus' presence, and all the band armed them with murky torches. Instant they stripped the hearths :
75 smoking brands flung a pitchy glare, and Vulcan rolled to the stars a cloud of glowing ashes.

What god, ye Muses, repelled those fierce flames from Troy? Who warded from the ships that perilous fire? Speak and say! Ancient the warrant of that deed, but everlasting the fame!—In those earliest days, when, on
80 Phrygian Ida, Aeneas began to shape his fleet and prepared to sail the deep seas, the tale is told how she of Berecynthus, the great Mother of gods, addressed sovereign Jove, and said :
‘Grant, O son, to thy mother’s prayer the boon that she
[85] asks thee for Olympus subdued! A grove I had on the mountain crest, whither men brought me sacrifice, dim with the shade of many a pine and with boles of the maple. These gladly I bestowed on the Dardan prince, when he lacked a fleet; but now anxious fear racks my doubting soul. Resolve thou my dread, and vouchsafe that thy parent’s
90 entreaty may thus much avail—that they be overborne neither by stress of voyage nor by the whirling wind. Be it counted to them for good, that their roots were in my hill!’

Whom answering, her son who sways the stars in the firmament : ‘O mother, whither wouldst thou wrest the fates?
95 Or what seekest thou for thine own? Shall barques fashioned by mortal hand possess the immortal privilege? Secure, shall Aeneas traverse perils insecure? To what god is such power permitted? Not so: but hereafter when their service is done and they have attained their bourne in Ausonia’s
-havens, from each that hath escaped the waves, and borne
100 the Dardan prince to the fields of Laurentum, I will take away the shape of mortality and bid them be goddesses of

the great sea, like to Doto, Nereus' child, and Galatea, when they breast the foaming main!—He ended; and by the waters of his Stygian brother, by those banks where the torrent pitch eddies in black abysm, he nodded confirmation, 105 and, nodding, shook all Olympus.

Thus the promised day was come and the Sisters had fulfilled their appointed times, when Turnus' injurious deed admonished the Mother of Heaven to avert the brands from her sacred ships. First now a strange light flashed before 110 their eyes, and a great radiance was seen speeding from the Dawn athwart the sky, and in it the quires of Ida. Then a voice of terror fell through the air, filling the hosts of Troy and Rutulia: 'Take not thought, ye Teucrians, to defend my ships, nor lay your hands upon your swords. Sooner shall 115 Turnus fire the seas, than these holy pines! Go ye in freedom; go, goddesses of ocean: the Mother commands!' And incontinent each vessel severed her bonds from the shore; and, like dolphins, all plunged with submerged prow into the depths, whence—strange and portentous sight!—as 120 many maiden faces appeared, glancing amid the waves.

Aghast was every Rutulian heart: behind his affrighted steeds even Messapus trembled; and, with hoarse murmur, Tiber river paused and recalled his waters from the brine. 125 But his trust failed not Turnus' unfearing soul! Nay, he spoke in encouragement and rebuke: 'On the Trojans these portents fall! Jove himself has stripped them of their wonted succour. They await not our Rutulian steel and flame! Thus the ways of ocean are shut against Troy, and 130 hope of flight there is none. The moiety of nature is lost to them, and the earth is in our hands: for in all their thousands the nations of Italy bear the sword. The fateful responses of Heaven—whatsoever they be—that these

Phrygians vaunt, dismay me not. Fate and Venus are paid
135 in full, now that their Trojans have attained the fruitful
fields of Ausonia. I, too, have my fate to encounter theirs,—
to hew down with the sword the accursed race that has
stolen my bride! That pain stings not the sons of Atreus
alone, nor alone is Mycenæ licensed to rise in arms. *But once*
140 *to have perished is enough!* Nay, enough it should have been
once to sin, then loathe utterly all but the whole of woman's
kind! These are they who trust in their intervening
rampart,—whose courage is fired by the hindrance of their
trenches, that petty pale betwixt them and death! Yet saw
they not their Trojan battlements, that the hand of Neptune
145 built, sinking in the flames? But ye, my chosen,—who
of you is ready, sword in hand, to tear down their bulwarks?
Who assaults the bewildered camp at my side? I need not
arms from Vulcan, nor a thousand ships, to do battle against
Troy! Let all Etruria join their alliance forthwith! They
150 need fear neither the hour of night nor the coward's theft;
nor shall they find us ambushed from the view in a horse's
belly! My resolve is fixed: in the broad light of day we will
circle their walls with fire. By proof they shall learn that
they are matched not with Danaans, nor with those Pelasgic
155 legions that, till the tenth year, Hector held at bay! Now
since the fairer portion of day is done—for what remains,
gallants, refresh your limbs in gladness after this prosperous
issue, and be assured that battle prepares!'

Meanwhile Messapus received charge to beset the gates
160 with posted sentries, and ring the battlements with fires.
Twice seven Rutulians were chosen to guard the walls with
soldiery, and on each followed a hundred warriors, purple-
plumed and glittering in gold. Disparting they varied
the watch, and, couched on the sword, drank their fill,

up-tilting great bowls of bronze. The fires shone all, and the warders passed the slumberless night in play. 165

All this the Trojans viewed from their rampart above, as they held the height in arms. Weapons in hand, they explored the gates with fearful haste, and threw gangways from bulwark to bulwark. Foremost laboured Mnestheus and bold Serestus, whom father Aeneas had ordained to be captains of his warriors and pilots of the state, should adversity call; while along the walls, dividing the peril, the whole host kept changing vigil over their allotted charges. 175

Nisus was warder of the gate,—Hyrtacus' warrior-son, whom huntress Ida had sent attendant on Aeneas, swift to hurl the javelin and speed the light shaft. At his side was Euryalus—none fairer among Aeneas' people ever wore the harness of Troy!—a boy whose unshaven cheek showed the earliest bloom of youth. They were bound by a single love; side by side they charged in the fray; and in that hour also they kept the gate in community of guard. First Nisus spoke: 'Is it the gods, Euryalus, who kindle this ardour in our souls? Or does the unblest yearning of each become his god? Long time has my heart burned to adventure battle or some great deed; and peace and rest content it not. Thou seest the Rutulians—what faith in their star possesses them. Their lights gleam few and scattered; they lie unmanned by wine and sleep; and far and wide silence reigns. Then learn my wavering thought; the purpose that now rises in my mind. People and senate,—all demand that Aeneas be summoned and messengers sent with certain tidings. If they promise the boon that I ask for thee—for enough the glory to me—methinks I might find a path beneath yonder mound to the city-walls of Pallanteum!' Thrilled by high love of honour, Euryalus stood astounded, and instant he 195

addressed his hot-souled friend : ‘ Nisus, and dost thou shun
200 my alliance in this great emprise? Shall I send thee alone
into the midst of peril? Not so did Opheltes my sire, grown
grey in battle, breed and nurture me amid the terrors of
Argos and the travails of Troy ! Not such the part I have
played at thy side, since I followed noble Aeneas and the
205 utmost hazards of his fate! In this breast—even in this—dwells
a soul that contemns the light, and counts that honour for
which thou strivest well bought at the cost of life.’ To
which, Nisus : ‘ Deem not that I had such fear of thee ; nay,
the thought had been crime ! As I speak truth, so may great
Jupiter, or whosoever beholds us with righteous eyes, restore
210 me in triumph to thee ! But if aught—as oft thou mayest
see betide in like desperate perils—if aught, whether chance
or deity, sweep me to a disastrous goal, I were fain that thou
shouldst live ; for thy years more merit life. Let there be
one to commit me to earth, rescued from battle or redeemed
at a price ; or—if this Fortune’s wonted malice deny—to
215 render the last rites to the absent and pay the tribute of
a grave. Nor, child, would I be the cause of such agony to
thy unhappy mother, who, of many mothers, alone has
followed her son, nor regards the city-walls of great Acestes.’
220 But he : ‘ Vainly thy pretexts are spun ; my purpose changes
not nor falters so soon ! Haste we’ ; he said, and, with the
word, roused the guards. They, succeeding, observed their
watch : he, quitting his ward, walked by Nisus’ side in quest
of the prince.

All creatures else throughout all lands lay in slumber,
225 with cares assuaged and hearts oblivious of their sorrows :
but the chief captains of Troy, flower of the host, held
momentous council on the fortunes of the state,—how it
behoved to act, or who now should be their messengers to

Aeneas. Leaning on long spears they stood, shield upon arm, in the mid-space betwixt camp and plain. It was then that Nisus and Euryalus together prayed with urgency for instant audience : for the matter was great and would requite delay. First Iulus welcomed the impatient pair, and bade Nisus speak his errand. Then thus the son of Hyrtacus : ‘Listen, ye people of Aeneas, with impartial mind, nor measure our offer by our years ! Relaxed by sleep and wine, the Rutulians lie in silence. Our own eyes have seen where stratagem may be assayed—the open ground in the forked way from that gate which lies nighest the sea. There the circle of fire is broken,—the smoke rolls black to the stars. If ye permit us to use occasion, and seek Aeneas and the walls of Pallanteum, soon shall ye see us returned, laden with spoils and fresh from a mighty slaughter. Nor can the path deceive us as we journey. By dint of incessant hunting we have descried the outskirts of the city in the dim vales, and all the river is known to us.’ Then Aletes, bowed with years and ripe in wisdom : ‘Gods of our fathers, under whose shadow Troy ever rests, not yet, in despite of all, do ye purpose utterly to blot out Teucer’s race, when ye have brought us such valour in our youth and hearts thus steadfast.’ And as he said, he held the shoulders and hands each, while the tears rained down his cheeks and face. ‘Sirs, what guerdon—what worthy guerdon—shall I deem may be paid you for this high deed? First and fairest shall be the reward of Heaven and the knowledge of duty done. The remnant ye shall speedily receive from good Aeneas, and from Ascanius, the young in years, who never shall forget your glorious deserts.’ ‘Nay,’ and Ascanius took the word, ‘I whose sole salvation lies in the return of my sire—Nisus, I adjure you both by the great gods of our home, by the Lar

260 of Assaracus, and by white-headed Vesta's shrine—all my fortune and all my trust I lay upon your knees; recall my father, restore him to sight; with his recovery sorrow vanishes! Two goblets shall be my gift—wrought of silver and rough with chasing—that he took when Arisba fell, two tripods,
265 two great talents of gold, and the immemorial bowl that Dido of Sidon gave. But if victory be mine, if ever I grasp the sceptre of captured Italy and assign her spoils, thou hast seen the charger of Turnus and the arms wherein he moved
270 all golden: steed, shield, and crimson plumes will I except from the lot—thy guerdon, my Nisus, from this hour. More, my sire shall bestow on thee twice six matrons of choicest beauty, and captive warriors, his harness with each; and—to crown his boon—all that domain whereof King Latinus
275 himself now is lord. But thee, whose years mine follow at nigher interval, thee, noble boy, I now take to my heart and embrace thee, my comrade in every chance. Without thee will I seek no glory to gild my fortunes: come peace, or come war, in deed or in word thou shalt be the staff of my trust!’
280 To whom Euryalus, in reply: ‘Time shall not prove me degenerate from the promise of this bold emprise: let but Fortune’s first cast aid us, not thwart! But, above all thy gifts, there is one that I would entreat from thee. I have a mother, of Priam’s ancient line, who laid not her careworn
285 head in our Ilian soil, nor in King Acestes’ city, but went forth with me. Her I now leave in ignorance of this peril, be it great or small, and without word of farewell, because—Night and thy right hand be witness—I might not endure that she who bare me should weep. But thou, I pray,
290 comfort the helpless, succour the deserted! Let me carry with me this hope in thee, and with bolder front I will encounter whatsoever shall befall.’

Moved to the heart the children of Dardanus broke into tears—chief of all the fair Iulus, as the image of his own filial love struck upon his soul. Then thus he spoke : ‘Assure 295 thyself that all shall be done that is due to thy mighty enterprise : for thy mother shall be my mother—Creusa, save for Creusa’s name. Not slight our debt to one that has borne such a son ! Whatever fortune attend thy deed, I swear by my life, as my father was wont to swear :—all that I promise 300 to thee, if thou return in prosperity, shall remain forfeited to thy mother and thy house !’ So, weeping, he spoke ; and, with the word, undid from his shoulder the gilded blade fashioned with wondrous art by Gnosian Lycaon, and featly cased in scabbard of ivory. To Nisus Mnestheus gave the 305 fell, stripped from a shaggy lion, and loyal Aletes changed helm for helm. Once armed, they advanced without delay ; and, as they went, all the throng of nobles, young and old, escorted them to the gate with vows. Nor lacked there 310 fair Iulus, dowered beyond his years with manly spirit and thought, burdening them with many messages to his sire. But the winds scattered all, and flung them, frustrate, to the clouds !

Issuing, they crossed the trenches, and through the shadows of night sought the fatal camp—doomed, yet charged with the 315 doom of many. Everywhere they saw senseless frames stretched along the sward in drunken slumber, chariots up-tilted on the shore, men lying amid wheels and harness, and piles of weapons and pools of wine. First Hyrtacus’ son broke silence : ‘Euryalus, here is need of the unflinching hand : 320 now occasion calls ! By this path our journey lies. Keep thou watch and far-reaching ward, that no hand may be lifted against us from behind. Here I will wreak destruction till a broad highway be made for thy feet.’ So said, he was

- 325 mute : and instant his blade assailed proud Rhamnes, who,
pillowed on high-piled coverlets, lay, with broad chest
heaving to the deep breath of sleep—a kingly augur, best-
beloved of Turnus his brother king : but not all his augury
availed to thwart his doom. Three of his henchmen he slew
by his side, where careless they slumbered amid their arms.
- 330 Remus' armour-bearer he slew, and the charioteer, found
at his horses' feet. He severed their drooping necks with
the steel ; then reft their lord of his head, and left the trunk
spurting blood, while earth and couch streamed with black
gore. Nor less Lamyrus and Lamus fell ; and Serranus, the
335 young, the beautiful, who had played long and deep that
night, and lay with the Wine-god heavy on his limbs—
happy he, had his play outworn the livelong night and
endured to the dawn ! Even so, goaded by hunger's madden-
ing pang, an unfed lion riots through the full folds, gnashing
- 340 his bloody teeth, and mangling and tearing the feeble flock
that is dumb with fear ! Nor less the carnage of Euryalus !
He caught his partner's flame, and, in his infuriate course,
invaded the nameless multitude that lay in his path : Fadus
and Herbesus, Rhoetus and Abaris—unwitting these ; save
- 345 Rhoetus, who with wakeful eyes beheld all, but cowered
behind a great bowl in fear. Thence as he arose, hard at hand
he plunged his sword to the hilt full in his breast, and drew
it back incarnadined with streaming death. Dying, the
Rutulian gasped out his soul, and wine commingled with
- 350 blood : the foe pursued his stealthy massacre. And now he
drew near Messapus' powers. He saw the last fire failing,
and horses, tethered duly, cropping the grass ; when Nisus,
in brief—for he saw him swept away by the reckless lust of
- 355 blood :—' Forbear we : for the unfriendly dawn is nigh !
Of vengeance we have drunken enough ; and a way is cut

through the foe !' Many a warrior's accoutrement, wrought in solid silver, they left behind—with many a bowl, and many a fair coverlet. Euryalus descried the trappings of Rhamnes and his baldrick, gold-embossed—gifts that ere- 360 while, in pledge of amity from the absent, richest Caedicus sent to Tiburtine Remulus, and Remulus, as he lay dying, consigned to his grandchild for his own. These he rent away, and flung them—vain defence !—over his stout limbs ; then donned Messapus' shapely helm with its glancing plumes. 365 This done they issued from the camp and sought less perilous ground.

Meanwhile a vanguard of horse, dispatched from Latinus' town, while the remnant of their host halted on the plains in battle array, came riding with messages to Turnus the king. Three hundred they numbered—all shielded men, 370 Volcens at their head. And now they approached the camp and drew to the walls ; when at distance they descried the two turning aside by the leftward path, and, in the glimmering shadow of night, his helm betrayed the unthinking Euryalus, flashing as it met the lunar ray. Nor did the sight fall on heedless eyes ! From his column Volcens called loudly : 375

'Stand, warriors ! What imports your journey ? Who are ye that travel in arms ? Or whither wend ye ?' No answer they made, but quickened their flight to the wood, and rested their hope on the night. On this hand and that, the horsemen barred the familiar crossways, and the circle of their 380 sentinels beset every passage.—The forest stood wide-spread-ing with horrent thickets and shady holms : serried briars thronged it on every hand, and through the hidden tracks the path gleamed fitfully. Hampered by the gloomy boughs and the burden of his spoil, Euryalus, in fear, strayed from 385 the line that marked his way. Nisus sped thence ; and now,

fusion abated, the whistling spear passed through 'Tagus' either temple and lodged warm in his cloven brain. Volcens raged infuriate, yet nowhere descried the author of the wound, 420 nor where to wreak his flaming vengeance. 'Yet thou, meanwhile, with thy hot blood shalt pay me the penalty for both,' he cried; and with naked brand rushed on Euryalus. Then in truth terror-stricken, sense-bereft, Nisus called aloud; for no longer could he hide himself in darkness—no 425 longer endure that bitter agony: 'On me,—here I stand who did the deed,—on me turn your steel, Rutulians! Mine is all the guilt. He dared not, nor, daring, could have achieved!—Heaven and the conscious stars be witnesses! He loved but 430 his hapless friend too well!' So he pleaded: but the sword, driven by that strong arm, had passed sheer through the ribs and was rending the snowy breast. Euryalus rolled over in death: along his fair limbs blood streamed, and his drooping neck sank on his shoulder—as a purple flower, that the 435 plough has severed, languishes and dies, or as poppies, weighted by random showers, bow laden heads on weary necks. But Nisus rushed into their midst, and sole among all sought Volcens—in Volcens his only care! Around him the clustering foemen closed, and assailed him on every side. 440 Natheless he pressed on, whirling the lightning of his blade, till full in the mouth of the shrieking Rutule he plunged it, and, dying, bereft his enemy of life; then flung his pierced frame on the clay that was his friend, and there at length, in the peace of death, slept well. 445

Happy pair! if aught of power resides in my verse, the years may roll, but shall never efface you from the memory of time, so long as the house of Aeneas shall dwell by the Capitol's unmoved rock and the Father of Rome bear sceptre!

450 Their spoils and booty secured, weeping the victor Rutulians bore Volcens dead to the camp. Nor in that camp was their sorrow less when Rhamnes was found with his life-blood spilt, and Serranus, and Numa, and those many princes fallen in one red burial. To the corpses and the warriors
455 stricken to death—to the ground reeking fresh with carnage and the full-foaming streams of gore—they ran in their multitudes ; and there, each communing with each, they recognized the spoils—Messapus' shining helm and the trappings so hardly regained by the sweat of their brow.

460 And now the early Dawn, rising from Tithonus' couch of saffron, was bespangling earth with her new-tricked beams : the sunlight was streaming in, and day had revealed the world, when Turnus, himself in arms, to arms summoned his warriors. Each captain marshalled his brass-mailed lines, and with motley rumours edged their anger. More, on lifted
465 spears they affixed—O vision of woe !—the heads of Nisus and Euryalus, and followed loud clamouring. On the left portion of the walls—the right was girt by the river—the stout hearts of Troy opposed their battle array, held the
470 broad trenches, and stood on the turret-heights, plunged in gloom and moved by the sight of those upreared heads, that their weeping eyes knew too well, though now they streamed with black and corrupted gore.

Meanwhile, on disaster-laden pinions, Fame flew through the
475 trembling town, and sped to the ears of Euryalus' mother. Instant the warmth abandoned her careworn frame : the shuttle dropped from her hands, and the threads were unrolled. Forth she rushed in her misery, and with a woman's cry of anguish, ran frenzied—her tresses rent—to the walls and the vanward lines, heedless she of the eyes of men, heedless of the
480 peril and hurtling spears; then filled the sky with her plaint :

‘Is it thus, Euryalus, that I see thee again? Couldst thou, the late solace of my years—couldst thou leave me desolate so cruelly? And was permission to speak the last farewell denied to thy hapless mother, when they sent thee into jeopardy? Ay me, on alien soil thou liest, flung forth for the 485 Latin dogs and fowls to tear! Nor might I, who bare thee, give thee burial! I laid thee not out; I closed not thine eyes; I washed not thy wounds; nor shrouded thee in that robe which night and day I hastened to achieve for thee, beguiling with the loom the sorrows of age and womanhood. Whither shall I follow thee? What land now possesses thy 490 mangled limbs, thy dismembered body? Is this all, my child, that returns to me of thyself? Was it this that I followed over earth and ocean? Pierce me, ye Rutulians, if ye know aught of a mother’s love; on me hurl your every spear; here let your steel first drink blood! Or thou, great Father 495 of Heaven—be thou pitiful, and with thy bolt smite this hated life down to hell, since in no wise else can I sever the cruel bonds of being!’ At that wailing cry their spirits faltered; a groan of sorrow ran through their lines, and their broken strength was palsied for battle. Then, as her fire 500 of grief burned fiercer, Idaeus and Actor, at command of Ilioneus and tearful Iulus, seized her and bore her in their arms within.

But on the shrill-tongued brass the distant trumpet rang loud and terrible; a shouting followed and heaven re-echoed. On came the ordered Volscian lines under their driven roof of 505 shields, intent to fill the moat and tear down the palisade. Part, in quest of entrance, assayed to scale the walls with ladders where the beleaguered array was thinnest and light shone through rifts in the serried ring of foemen. In answer, the Teucrians, whom year-long war had inured to defend

510 their battlements, showered omnifarious weapons, and with strong pikes thrust down the assailants. Rocks of fatal weight, moreover, they rolled below, in hope to break the armoured ranks; yet under the firm-locked penthouse the
515 enemy still laughed at peril—but no longer availed! Where the great throng surged imminent, the Teucrians rolled and overthrew a mountainous mass, that laid low the Rutulians far and wide and shattered their encasing steel. And now the stout Rutulians had no more zest to contend in that blind mellay; but with missiles they strove to unman
520 the ramparts. Elsewhere, Mezentius—dread sight!—was brandishing his Etruscan pine and hurling smoky flames; while Messapus, the Neptune-born, tamer of steeds, breached the palisade and called for ladders to the battlements.

525 Thou and thy Sister Nine, Calliope, list to my prayer! Inspire my song—what slaughter, what deaths the brand of Turnus wrought on that day, what warriors each hero consigned to doom—and with me unfold the great scroll of war!

530 Posted on ground of vantage, a tower with lofty gangways loomed high above the view; which all the Italians, with utmost strength, strove to storm, and, with utmost force of their powers, laboured for its overthrow: while the Trojans, responsive, hurled stones in defence, and rained
535 missiles through the hollow loopholes. First Turnus cast a burning brand that lodged flaming in the side, then, fanned by the wind, assailed the planking and fastened with consuming fang on the gateways. Within were confusion and turmoil, and men seeking in vain to escape calamity. For
540 while huddling they shrank backward to the part where destruction was not, under the sudden weight the tower fell, and all the empyrean thundered to the crash. Half-dead

they came to the ground, pierced by their own spears or with breasts impaled on the stubborn wood. Scarce Helenor and Lycus escaped alone—Helenor in the flower of youth, whom, 545 in furtive commerce, a Licymnian slave bore to Lydia's king and dispatched to Troy in forbidden arms, lightly accoutred with sheathless sword and shield unblazoned and unrenowned. He, when he saw himself in the midst of Turnus' thousands with Latium's embattled lines arrayed on this 550 hand and that, like a wild beast that, beset by the serried ring of huntsmen, rages against the steel, flings herself to foreseen death, and is borne at a bound above their spears—so the youth rushed to his doom amid the foe, and, where he saw their lances thickest, thither took his way. But Lycus, 555 far swifter of foot, wound betwixt hostile lines and brands, and, gaining the wall, strove to grasp the lofty battlements and reach the hands of his friends. Whom Turnus, pursuing alike with foot and javelin, thus taunted in triumph : ' Fool, didst thou hope to escape our hand ? ' And with 560 the word, he clutched him as he hung, and tore him down with a great fragment of the wall : even as Jove's armour-bearing bird soars to the height, bearing aloft, in his crooked talons a hare or a snow-white swan ; or as the wolf of Mars snatches from the fold a lamb whose loud-bleating mother recalls it in vain ! On all hands the battle-cry ascended. 565 Charging, they filled the trenches with earth, while their comrades flung lighted brands to the pinnacles.' With a massy rock, huge fragment of some hill, Ilioneus whelmed Lucetius as, flame in hand, he pressed to the gate. Liger 570 slew Emathion, Asilas Corynaeus—skilled, one with the javelin, one with the distant arrow's elusive flight. Before Caeneus Ortygius fell : before Turnus victorious Caeneus. Itys and Clonius, Dioxippus and Promolus bled by Turnus'

575 hand, and Sagaris, and Idas, as he stood advanced on the
 turret-height. Privernus Capys struck down : Themilla's
 spear had first lightly grazed him ; he—fond fool—flung
 away his shield and clapped his hand to the wound. So the
 feathered shaft came fleeting, pinned the hand to his left
 580 side, and, buried within, broke through the lung with mortal
 stroke.—In resplendent arms stood the son of Arcens, lustrous
 in Spanish purple, with needle-broidered scarf—a youth of
 fairest presence, whom Arcens his sire had sent from his
 mother's fostering grove by the waters of Symaethus, where
 585 Palicus' altar stands blessing and blest. But, casting aside
 his lances, Mezentius, with tightened thong, thrice whirled
 the whistling sling round his head ; and the molten lead
 cleft his temples in twain, where he stood adverse, and
 stretched him in all his length on the wide tract of sand.

590 Then, Fame tells, Ascanius first levelled his winged arrow
 in war, wont ere then to pursue the timorous creatures of
 the chase, and laid low the gallant Numanus—Remulus sur-
 named—whom the bridal bed had but now allied to Turnus'
 younger sister. He, with heart puffed at thought of his nas-
 595 cent royalty, strode before the vanward lines, loud-tongued
 and gigantic, clamouring taunts meet and unmeet to record :

‘ Blush ye not, twice-captured Phrygians, again to be pent
 within leaguered ramparts, and again to oppose your walls
 to death? These are they who would wed our maidens at
 600 point of sword ! What god—what madness—drove you to
 Italy? Here are no sons of Atreus, no false-mouthed Ulysses !
 The stubborn race of a stubborn stock, we bear our new-born
 infants down to the river and harden them in the pitiless,
 ice-cold wave. Our boys pass sleepless nights in hunting and
 605 outweary the forest—their only sport to rein the steed and
 dispatch the shaft from the bow : but, patient of toil and

inured to want, our youth tames earth with the hoe or shakes cities in battle. All our life is spent in the service of the steel ; with lance reversed we smite the flanks of our oxen, and tardy age impairs not the strength of our spirit nor quells 610 our vigour. On white hairs we press the helm ; and our delight is ever to drive the new-reft booty and to live by the despoiling hand. But ye—ye are clothed in brodered saffron and shining purple : your heart is set on sloth, your 615 love on the restrainless dance ; and your tunics are sleeved and your turbans beribboned ! Phrygian maids, in sooth !—for Phrygian men ye are not !—get ye over Dindymus' heights where the twin-mouthed pipe makes music to your familiar ears ! The cymbals of Ida's queen are calling—calling, the Berecynthian flute ! Away ! leave arms to men, 620 and resign the steel !'

As so in ominous strain he vaunted, Ascanius brooked him not, but, turning, levelled his shaft from the horse-hair string and took his stand with arms drawn apart, yet stayed to entreat Jove with suppliant vow : ' Jove omnipotent, deign 625 to smile on my bold assay ! Year after year this hand shall bear offerings to thy fane, and before thine altar shall stand a steer with gilded brow, white as the snow, with head borne high as his dam's, his horn already meet for the fray, his hooves already spurning the sand !' The Father heard, and, 630 from an unclouded space of sky, thundered on the left ; while at the same moment rang the fatal bow.

From the drawn string the arrow fled with her song of death and clove the head of Remulus, so that the steel pierced either hollow temple. ' Go now, and mock valour with insult ! Thus twice-captured Phrygia answers Rutulia !' This, and 635 no more, Ascanius. The Teucrians cheered responsive, and, shouting for joy, rose heaven-high in courage.

In that hour, it chanced, fair-tressed Apollo, cloud-throned,
 looked down from the ethereal tract on the Ausonian lines
 640 and the leaguered camp, and thus bespoke the triumphant
 prince: 'Good speed to thy youthful valour, child! So
 shalt thou scale the stars, thou scion of gods, sire of gods
 that shall be! Justly shall all wars fated to come sink to
 peace under Assaracus' race, nor can the bounds of Troy
 645 confine thee!' So saying he shot from the heights of ether,
 parted the breathing gales, and repaired to Ascanius; then
 changed the lineaments of his visage and became ancient
 Butes—Butes, the armour-bearer of Dardan Anchises ere-
 while, and the loyal warder of his gate, till a father's care
 made him Ascanius' henchman. Like to the greybeard in
 650 all Apollo moved,—in voice and in hue, in white locks
 and dread-clanging arms,—and so addressed the hot-souled
 Iulus: 'Be it enough, O seed of Aeneas, that unscathed
 thou hast seen Numanus bleed by thy shaft! This earliest
 655 meed of glory great Apollo vouchsafes to thee, nor envies
 thy bow, unerring, as his! For the rest, my child, refrain from
 the combat!' Thus Apollo began, and, with the words yet
 on his lips, fled from mortal vision and faded from view in
 the substanceless air.

The Dardan princes knew the god, and his celestial arms,
 660 and heard his quiver clash as he went. Therefore, by the
 word and will of Phoebus, they quelled Ascanius' zeal for
 battle, themselves resumed the fray, and flung their lives into
 manifest jeopardy. Along the walls the shout ran from
 battlement to battlement, and men drew their resilient bows
 665 or twisted their javelin thongs. The ground was all strewn
 with spears; shields and hollow helms rang conflicting, and
 the battle rose fierce and high:—wild as the showers, that,
 when the Kids set in rain, travel from the West and scourge

the earth—dense as the hail that the storm-clouds volley on the main, when Jove, glooming amid the southern blasts, 670 hurls the watery tempest and bursts the hollow mists in heaven ! :

Pandarus and Bitias, sprung from Idaean Alcanor's loins, whom silvan Iæra nurtured in the grove of Jupiter—warriors tall as their native pines and hills—flung open the gate, entrusted to them by their captain's charge, and, reliant on 675 their own good swords, invited the foe to enter the walls. Themselves within stood before the towers to right and left, cased in steel, the plumes waving above their stately heads :—even as by the crystalline stream, whether on the banks of Po or nigh to pleasant Athesis, twin oaks rise star-pointing, 680 lifting their unshorn crowns to heaven and nodding with aery crests. In surged the Rutulians, when they saw the entrance clear. On the instant Quercens and Aquiculus, all beautiful in arms, Tmarus of the reckless heart, and Haemon, seed of 685 Mars, turned and fled with all their array, or, turning not, resigned their lives on the threshold's verge. At this, passion flamed higher in their exasperate souls, and now the Trojans mustered their rallied powers, and ventured on closer conflict and longer sallies. 690

While far away Turnus swept raging against the routed columns, news came that the foe, flushed by new bloodshed, had flung his gates wide. Stung with ineffable anger, he abandoned his emprise, and rushed to the Dardan gate and the haughty 695 brethren. And first Antiphates—for first Antiphates came—he slew with hurled javelin, bastard son of great Sarpedon by a mother of Thebê. Through the yielding air flew the Italian cornel, and, lodging in his throat, pierced deep into the breast : the black and cavernous wound disgorged a foaming tide, 700 and the iron grew warm in the cloven lung. Then Meropes

and Erymas, then Aphidnus bled by his hand ; then Bitias fell, flame in his eyes, fury in his soul, but not before the javelin—not to the javelin had he rendered his life ! Loud-
705 screaming came the whirled falaric, driven like the thunder-bolt ; whose stroke not two bull hides, not the staunch corselet with its twin scales of gold, availed to withstand. The giant limbs tottered and fell ; earth groaned, and his massy shield dropped thundering above the dead. So may
710 the rocky pile fall on Baiae's Euboic shore, compact of mountainous blocks, then flung into the main ; so, prone, it descends in ruin, and, dashed into the waves, sinks deep to the appointed place, while the seas are turmoiled and the black sands seethe up—while at the sound the deeps of Prochyta
715 quail, and Inarime's rugged bed, laid by behest of Jove on Typhoeus.

And now Mars armipotent gave new strength and courage to the Latins, and plied his keen goad deep in their hearts, but on the Teucrians sent Flight and sable Fear. From
720 every hand the assailants thronged, now that the battle had ample verge, and the warrior-god possessed each soul. Pandarus, when he saw his brother fallen—saw how fortune stood, and the chance that governed the day—with desperate effort opposed his broad shoulders and swung the gate on
725 the turning hinge, leaving many a comrade shut out from the walls in that fatal fray, but enclosing others with himself as they streamed to shelter. Madman ! who saw not the Rutulian king bursting through in the columns' midst, but with his own hands pent him within the camp, like a grisly
730 tiger amid the helpless cattle ! Incontinent a strange light flashed from his eyes, and his arms clanged fearfully ; on his crest the plumes quivered blood-red, and lightnings shot flickering from his shield. With sudden terror Troy knew

that hated face and titanic frame. Then great Pandarus 735
leapt forth, and, blazing with rage for his brother dead,
cried: 'Not this Amata's bridal palace! Not Ardea's
ancestral walls encircle their Turnus! Thine eyes are on
the foeman's camp, and thy feet shall find no egress!' To
whom Turnus, smiling with heart unruffled: 'Begin, if aught 740
of valour reside in thy spirit, and join encounter! Thou
shalt tell to Priam how here also was found an Achilles!'
He ceased. The other, with might strained to the uttermost,
flung his spear, rugged and knotted with unpeeled bark.
The winds received the blow, Saturnian Juno turned aside 745
the coming wound, and the javelin lodged in the gate.
'But not from this blade, that my strong arm wields, shalt
thou escape: for not such is he that bestows weapon and
wound!' So saying, he rose high to speed his uplifted steel,
clove the forehead midway betwixt either temple, and with 750
ghastly stroke sundered the unbearded cheeks. Loud-
crashing, Pandarus fell; and earth shuddered beneath the
monstrous weight. His sunken limbs, his arms spattered
with the gory brain, rolled to the ground in death, and, to
left and right on either shoulder drooped half a head! 755

In panic haste the Trojans fled routed; and, if instant
thought had come to the conqueror to burst the barriers and
admit his allies through the gates, that day had been the last
both of battle and of Troy! But rage and the mad lust of
slaughter drove him infuriate against the confronting foe. 760
First Phaleris he overtook; then hamstrung Gyges; and,
seizing their spears, hurled them against the backs of the
fugitive mass, while Juno ministered might and courage.
Halys he sent to rejoin them below, and Phegeus, his shield 765
transfixed; then Alcander and Halius, Noëmon and Prytanis,
as on the ramparts unwitting they roused the fray. Calling

on his comrades, Lynceus advanced athwart his way. From the rampart on the right he swept his vibrant sword and
770 caught him. Severed by that single close-dealt blow, head and helmet lay far away! Next Amycus bled, the mighty hunter, whom no man surpassed in skill to anoint the dart and arm the steel with venom; then Clytius, of Aeolus' line; and Cretheus, whom the Muses loved—Cretheus, the
775 Muses' friend, whose delight was ever in song and lyre and numbers strung upon the chord, whose strains were ever of steeds, and battles, and weaponed heroes!

At last, hearing of the slaughter of their men, the captains of Troy, Mnestheus and bold Serestus, hastened together
780 to the scene, and beheld their comrades wavering and the foe within their gates. Then Mnestheus: 'Whither now, whither,' he cried, 'do ye bend your flight? What other walls, what farther city, have ye yet in prospect? Shall it be told, my countrymen, how a single man—and he compassed on every side by your ramparts!—shed torrents of your
785 blood, hurled so many a hero to hell, and paid not the penalty? Recreants, have ye neither pity nor shame for your calamitous motherland, for your ancient gods, and great Aeneas?' His words were flame to their hearts: they rallied and halted in serried array; while, step by step, Turnus
790 receded from the battle towards the river and the part which the waters laved. Emboldened thereby, loud-clamouring the Teucrians pressed on, massing their band—as when a troop of huntsmen assails an angry lion with menacing spears: he, alarmed, retreats exasperate and fierce-eyed; for wrath
795 and courage forbid him to turn and flee, nor yet, despite of his desire, can he charge through the line of lances and men. So Turnus, in doubt, drew back with unhastened step and soul boiling with rage; yet even then twice dashed amid

the enemy, twice drove their routed columns fleeing along 800
the walls. But from the camp the whole host mustered with
speed, and no longer Saturnian Juno dared to supply him
with strength in counterpoise: for Jove had sent Iris, air-
borne, from Heaven, charged with no gentle hest to his
sister, did not Turnus withdraw from the Teucrian towers. 805
Therefore, by bare dint of shield and arm, the hero could
no longer avail; so dense the steely rain that whelmed
him. Round his hollow temples the casque rang with
incessant clash; the solid brass cracked under the hail of
stones; the horse-hair crest was shorn away; and the 810
buckler sufficed not to ward the blows from his head. The
Trojans and Mnestheus himself, thundering in arms,
showered volley on volley of spears. Then from all his body
the sweat poured in clammy stream—for breathing-space
there was none—and sickly gasps racked his weary limbs.
Then at length, in full panoply, he cast himself at a bound 815
sheer into the river. Tiber with his yellow flood received
him as he came, uplifted him on gentle wave, and, purging
the stains of death, restored him in joy to his hosts.

X

MEANWHILE was opened the palace of all-puissant
Olympus, and the Sire of gods and King of men
summoned a council to the starry halls, from whose height
he surveyed the expanse of earth, and the Dardan camp,
and the Latin peoples. In the twin-doored chambers they 5
sate, while their lord began: 'Great sons of Heaven, where-
fore is your sentence reversed, and whence this bitterness
of strife in your discordant souls? My nod forbade that
Italy should close with Troy in the shock of war. What

conflict is this that thwarts my mandate? What terror hath
10 beguiled either these or those to rush to arms and brave the
steel? The rightful day of battle shall dawn—prevent it
not!—when, in years to be, fierce Carthage shall unbar the
Alps and hurl fell destruction upon the towers of Rome.
Then shall be scope for rapine, for hatred and for strife!
15 Now let be, and in cheerfulness assent to the league that
I ordain!’

Thus Jupiter in brief; but not brief the answer of golden
Venus:

‘O Father, sovereign eternal of men and things—for what
20 power else may we yet entreat?—seest thou how the Rutu-
lians triumph, while Turnus, behind his stately steeds,
sweeps through the midmost ranks and rides on the partial
tide of war? Their stony barriers no longer protect my
Teucrians: nay, within the gates—amid the very ramparts—
they join encounter and flood the trenches with gore! And
25 Aeneas, unknowing, is far away! Wilt thou never grant that
the leaguer be raised? Again an enemy threatens the walls of
our infant Troy: a second host is mustered; and once more,
from his Aetolian Arpi, Tydeus’ son arises against Teucer’s
race! For me, I doubt not,—in a little while my wounds
30 shall bleed, and she, who calls thee father, too long delays the
mortal spear! If without thy leave and in despite of thy
deity the Trojans have voyaged to Italy, let them atone their
sins, nor aid thou them with thy succour! But if they are
come obedient to so many an oracle uttered by gods above
and spirits below, why now can any reverse thy command-
35 ment and order the fates anew? What boots it to rehearse
the fleet fired on Eryx’ strand, the storm-king and his
raving gales summoned from Aeolia, and Iris sped from
the clouds? Now even Hell she rouses—sole portion of

Nature yet untried!—and Allecto, unleashed on the upper 40
 air, raves through the Italian towns. The thought of empire
 moves me not; that hope is faded with our fortunes: let
 victory fall where victory thou sendest! If there be no
 region of earth that thy stony-hearted consort will allow to
 my Teucrians, yet, Sire, I beseech thee by the smoke of 45
 fallen Troy:—let me dismiss Ascanius unhurt from arms—
 let the son of my son still live! Aeneas, indeed, may be
 tossed over unknown seas, and follow where Fortune allows
 him way: *him* let me avail to shield and withdraw from the 50
 fatal fray! Amathus is mine, and lofty Paphus, Cythera
 and Idalia's fane: there, the sword resigned, let him live
 his inglorious days! Command, if thou wilt, that the
 sceptred hand of Carthage lie heavy on Ausonia: in him thy
 Tyrian towns shall encounter no stumbling-block! What
 hath it profited him, that he escaped the doom of war, that 55
 he broke through the ring of Argive fires, and drained to the
 lees so many a peril of the main and the desolate earth,
 while his Teucrians sought Latium and a resurgent Perga-
 mus? Were it not better done, to have set him down by the
 last ashes of his country, and the ground where Troy stood— 60
 and fell? Sire, I entreat thee, restore to my disastrous
 people their Xanthus and their Simois: let Teucer's race
 turn once more the wheel of Ilium's fate!'

Then imperial Juno, shot with fierce passion: 'Why con-
 strainest thou me to break my deep silence and to publish my
 hidden grief? Did man or god compel thine Aeneas to 65
 assume the sword and march in enmity on King Latinus?
 Fate-prompted, I grant thee, he sailed to Italy,—overborne
 by Cassandra's frenzy! Yet did we urge him to quit his
 camp? to commit his life to the winds? to entrust his
 battlements and the sum of war to a child? to tamper with 70

Tyrrhene faith and embroil the quiet peoples? What god—
what harsh tyranny of ourself?—drove him to his harm?
Where shalt thou find Juno herein, or Iris sped from the skies?
It is sin to thy sight, that Italy circles thine infant Troy
75 with flames, and that Turnus treads the land of his fathers
—Turnus, whose grandsire is Pilumnus, whose mother divine
Venilia! How thinkest thou, when with murky brands thy
Trojans assail the Latins? when their yoke is set on another's
fields—and they drive the spoil? when they choose whose
children they will wed, and tear the betrothed from her
80 lover's bosom? when their hands proffer peace and their
galleys bristle with spears? Thou hast power to steal Aeneas
from Grecian hands and to offer them mist and substanceless
air for the dastard they seek,—power to translate his barques
into as many nymphs:—is it utter crime that *we* lend our
85 feeble aid to Rutulia? *Aeneas, unwitting, is far away.*
Away and unwitting let him remain! *Paphus is thine*
Idalium and high Cythera. Why meddlest thou with these
rough hearts, this city that teems with war? Is it we that
assay to overthrow from their foundation the tottering
fortunes of thy Phrygia? We?—or he who cast the hapless
90 Trojans to the teeth of Achaea? What cause drove Europe
and Asia to rise to battle? What pilfering hand shattered
their league? Was it I led the Dardan leman to breach
Sparta's walls? Was it I put weapons in his hand, or
woke the war with Cupid's bow? Then was the hour to
fear for thy beloved! Now thou arisest over-late with
95 unjust plaint, and thine insults are bandied in vain!'

Thus Juno pleaded, and all the immortals murmured
assent to one or other:—even as the rising winds murmur,
when caught in the forest, and the obscure sounds roll on,
betraying to the seaman the approaching gale. Then the

all-puissant Sire, prime force of the universe, began : 100
 and, as he spoke, the high house of heaven grew still and
 earth trembled to her base ; silent was the empyrean above ;
 the Zephyrs were hushed, and Ocean calmed his submissive
 waves : ‘ Then take these my words to your hearts, and
 implant them there ! Since it may not be that Ausonia 105
 join alliance with Troy, and your discord admits no term,
 whatever the fortune of each on this day, whatever hope he
 pursue, be he Trojan or be he Rutulian,—all shall be even
 in my sight, whether by Fate’s will the Italian leaguer hems
 the camp, or whether by Troy’s blindness and the sinister 110
 admonishment of prophecy ! Nor do I exempt Rutulia.
 As each hath sown, so shall he reap, in toil or in triumph !
 Jove’s sovereignty is one for all. Destiny shall find her way ! ’
 By the waters of his Stygian brother, by the banks where the
 torrent pitch eddies in black abysm, he nodded confirmation, 115
 and, nodding, shook all Olympus. Thus ended their parle.
 Then from his golden throne Jove arose, and the circle of
 immortals escorted him to the threshold.

Meantime about every gate the Rutules pressed hard,
 intent to slaughter the defenders and engirth the ramparts
 with flame. But the legion of Troy was pent within the 120
 beleaguered walls, and hope of escape was none. Sorrowful
 and powerless they stood on the turret-heights, and their
 thin ring lined the battlements Asi-us, Imbr-asus’ son, and
 Thymoetes, Hicetaon’s child ; the two Assaraci, and Castor,
 with greyheaded Thymbris :—such was the foremost rank,
 while at their side were Clarus and Thaemon, who fared 125
 from the Lycian hills, brothers both of Sarpedon. And
 there—great as Clytius, his sire, or Menestheus, his brother—
 was Lyrnesian Acmon, his whole frame astrain, bearing
 a giant rock scarce less than its native hill. Here with

130 javelins, there with stones, they assayed the defence, launching the firebrand or fitting the shaft to the string. And lo ! in their midst, his fair head unhelmed, was the Dardan boy, Venus' most rightful care,—shining as a solitary gem shines amid the yellow gold bedecking some fair throat or brow ;
 135 or as ivory gleams, set by the artist hand in boxwood or Orician terebinth,—while his loose locks, gathered in a circlet of ductile gold, streamed down his neck of snow. Thee, too, Ismarus, the proud nations saw dealing thine unerring wounds
 140 and arming the reed with venom—Ismarus, noble scion of a Maeonian house, in that land where men till their generous fields and Pactolus waters them with gold. Nor lacked there Mnesteus, whom Turnus, driven erewhile from the rampart, exalted heaven-high in glory ; nor Capys, whose name
 145 yet lives in the name of Campania's city !

So all day long each had coped with other in the close encounter of grim war : and now Aeneas was sailing the midnight seas. For when—Evander left—he entered the Etruscan camp, seeking the king, he announced his name and his race, the boon that he desired and the recompense
 150 that he brought ; instructed him of the powers that Mezentius mustered to his cause, and the violence of Turnus' heart ; then recalled how frail is the hope of our mortal estate, and mingled entreaty with his pleas. Delay was none : on the instant Tarchon united forces and struck alliance. Then,
 155 the ban of Fate removed, the Lydian race embarked—committed by Heaven's mandate to the charge of an alien captain. In the van rode Aeneas' galley ; under whose prow Phrygian lions bore the yoke, while, above, Ida reared her head—fairest of visions to exiled Troy. There the hero sat
 160 pondering the changeful issue of arms ; and fast by his left was Pallas—now asking of the stars, their guidance

in the midnight gloom, anon of all his travails on flood and field.

Now, Muses, open Helicon ! Awake your strains, and sing what powers escorted Aeneas the while from the Tuscan strand, sailing the seas in vessels armed for war ! 165

First Massicus came cleaving the blue in his brazen Tiger—Massicus, whom a thousand banded warriors followed from Clusium's walls and Cosae city ; armed all with arrows, their light quivers and fatal bows slung athwart the shoulder. With him went grim Abas, all his train in dazzling arms, 170 while Apollo shone on his poop in gold. To him Populonia had given six hundred of her sons, all versed in war ; three hundred Ilva sent from her generous isle, where the Chalyb mines yield their undiminished treasure. Third sailed great Asilas, interpreter betwixt gods and men, whom the filaments 175 of sacrifice obeyed, and the stars of heaven, and the tongue of birds, and the thunderbolt's presaging fires. A thousand men he swept to war in serried array of horrent spears, whom Pisa—Alphean town on Etruscan soil—bade follow his banners. Next Astyr came, the fair of face—Astyr, 180 whose trust was in his steed and armour of myriad hues. Three hundred, one in loyalty, swelled his ranks from them whose hearths are in Caere and Minio's plains, in ancient Pyrgi or feverous Graviscae.

And thou, bravest captain of the Ligurians, Cupavo of 185 the poor estate and scanty retinue—unsung I would not leave thee, with thy swan-plumes,—emblem of a father's form—rising from thy crest in token of Love's cruelty. For the tale is told how Cycnus, mourning for his beloved Phaëthon, strove to solace his breaking heart by the Muse's aid, and sang amid the poplar-shades and the leaves of the 190 whilom sisterhood, till, clothed in downy plumage, his form

grew white as eld, and he left the earth, and, singing, soared to the stars. And now his son, sailing with a warrior-band
195 of like years, with straining oars urged onward the giant Centaur, that, looming above the flood, high towering menaced the waves with mighty rock and ploughed the deep with enormous keel.

Nor less from his natal shores, the child of prophetic Manto and the Tuscan river, summoned his host—Ocnus, who gave
200 thee, Mantua, thy battlements and his mother's name; Mantua, of ancestors many, though diverse their blood! Three races there are, and in every race four peoples; while she, the queen of all, draws her strength from Tuscan blood. Hence, also, the hated name of Mezentius armed five hundred
205 men; whom, on hostile pine, Mincius, Benacus' son, crowned with grey flags, led into the main.—Onward, in ponderous course, came Aulestes, his hundred oars lashing the wave, while the waters foamed with surface upchurned. Him the huge Triton conveyed, with shell defying the azure flood:
210 down to the flanks, as he swam, his hispid front announced the man; below, a monstrous fish succeeded, and the whitening billows murmured under the brutish breast.

So many the chosen princes who sailed to the succour of Troy in thrice ten ships, ploughing the briny expanse with brazen stems!

215 And now day had deserted the sky, and gracious Phoebe was spurning the central heaven on her night-wandering car: Aeneas the while—for care denied slumber to his limbs—sat at his post, with his own hand governing the tiller and administering the sails. And lo, midway in his course, a company, that shared his wanderings erewhile, confronted him:
220 for the Nymphs, whom Cybebe's grace had endowed with

deity of the sea and bidden be ships no more, came swimming in even line through the disparting waves—a goddess in lieu of every brass-bound prow that once stood ranged by the strand. From afar they knew their king, and, dancing, encircled him. Then Cymodocea, whose speech was fairest, 225 followed behind, and, grasping the poop with her right, raised her breast; while with the left she parted the silent flood. And now she accosted the wondering prince: ‘Wakest thou, Aeneas, scion of gods? Wake, and fling loose the sheets of thy sails! It is we,—the pines of Ida, from her 230 sacred crown,—now Nymphs of ocean, once thy fleet! When the traitorous Rutulian urged us precipitate with fire and with sword, reluctant we broke thy bonds and are come through the deep in quest of thee. This transmuted form the Great Mother gave us in compassion, and granted us to be goddesses and to live our days beneath the foam. But 235 Ascanius, thy child, is immured within moat and wall, amid the flying spears and Latium’s fiery battle! Even now the Arcadian horse, united with brave Etruria, holds the appointed place; and ‘Turnus’ resolve stands firm—to throw his squadrons between, and disjoin them from the camp. Up, 240 then, and, with the first glimmer of dawn, bid thy allies be summoned to arms, and take that shield which the Lord of Flame himself wrought for thy conquering arm and rimmed the borders with gold! The morrow’s light—if thou deem not my message idly spoken—shall break on mountainous piles of Rutulian dead!’

245

She ceased; and, departing, impelled the tall ship with her right—yet not over great the impulse. Fleeter than javelin or wind-swift arrow it fled through the waves, and the rest in order quickened their course. Lost in amazement, Troy’s hero and Anchises’ son knew not how to think, yet high his

250 heart swelled at the omen. Then, looking to the vault above,
he prayed briefly :

‘ Gracious Mother of Heaven, Ida’s queen, whose delight
is in Dindymus, in tower-crowned cities and lions harnessed
for thy bridle—stand thou at my hand in the van of battle,
bring this presage to the appointed issue, and with propitious
255 foot come, O goddess, to thy Phrygians ! ’

Thus far he said : and meantime the returning day was
rushing on in fullness of light, and the dark was fled.

First he commanded the host to follow his signals, to attune
their spirit to arms, and prepare for the fray. And now, as
260 he stood on the towering poop, he could discern the Teucrians
and his camp ; when, on the instant, he upreared the blazing
shield on his left. From their battlements the Dardans
shouted to heaven ; rekindling hope woke their ire, and the
javelins flew from their hands :—as, when under the sable
265 clouds cranes of Strymon cry their signal, while clamorously
they stem the air, and, with loud note and joyful, flee before
the Southern gales. But to the Rutulian king and the
captains of Ausonia all was strange, till, turning, they descried
the galleys bearing to the strand and all the sea afloat with
270 ships. On the prince’s helm the cone burned red, flame shot
from his crest on high, and torrent fire streamed from the
golden boss : as oft, through the cloudless night, ensanguined
comets glare ruddy and baleful ; or as the splendour of Sirius
—herald of drought and disease to suffering mortality—
275 springs to birth and saddens heaven with malefic beams.

Yet Turnus’ unfearing heart abated not in confidence to
prevent them on the shore and repel the advancing foe from
land. ‘ Ye have prayed and the hour is come : ye may break
them with the sword ! Comrades, the god of battles is in your
280 hand ! Now let every man bethink him of wife and home :

now recall the high deeds that won glory to our sires ! Let us front them, ere they call us, by the wave, while confusion yet reigns and their feet falter still from the deck ! Fortune is ally to the brave.' He said, and pondered with himself 285 whom to lead to the assault, whom to leave in siege of the beleaguered ramparts.

Meanwhile Aeneas landed his crews from the tall ships by gangways. Many there were observed the ebb of the failing sea, and, leaping, braved the shallows : others betook them to the oars. Tarchon, marking a tract on the beach, where 290 no shoals seemed to be and no breakers roared, but with advancing tide the ocean came washing without shock, incontinent turned his prow thither and conjured his men : ' Now, ye chosen, bend to the stout oar ! Up and on with your galleys ; cleave this land of the foeman with your beaks, 295 and let the keel plough herself a furrow ! In such a roadstead I would brook even shipwreck, could I but once gain the land ! ' Thus, and to such purpose, Tarchon ; and his men rose to their oars and urged the foam-dripping barques to the 300 Latin fields, till the prows attained the dry land and every hull came hurtless to rest. But not thy vessel, Tarchon ! For, dashed upon a shoal, she long hung in doubtful balance, buffeting the waves, on the fatal ridge ; then broke and lodged her crew full amid the billows, there to contend with 305 shattered oars and floating thwarts, while the reflux wave sucked back their feet !

No chains of delay held Turnus. Like flame he swept his full array against the Teucrians, and ranged it on the strand in face of the foe. The trumpets sang. And foremost Aeneas, in presage of the issue, assailed the yeoman ranks of 310 Latium and drove them in confusion as Theron bled—a giant among men, who, unchallenged, sought encounter. But

through the quilted brass, through the tunic all stark with gold, the sword drank from his naked side. Then Lichas he
315 smote, who was cut from the womb of a lifeless mother, and consecrated, Phoebus, to thee—though what did it profit him that his infant life escaped the perils of the steel? At brief distance he struck down in death stubborn Cisseus and towering Gyas, whose clubs felled squadrons at once.
320 Vain the arms of Hercules to succour them, vain their mighty hands and Melampus their sire—Melampus who stood by Alcides so long as ever the painful earth yielded him toil and travail! Lo, as Pharus flung his deedless vaunts, he launched his javelin and fixed it full in the clamorous mouth! And
325 thou Cydon, in thy disastrous quest of Clytius, his cheeks scarce touched by the springtide of youth—thou hadst fallen under the Dardan hand and lain in piteous sort, oblivious of all thy loves, had not the serried band of thy brethren advanced to the rescue—all sons of Phorcus, seven their number,
330 seven the spears that they flung! But, of the seven, part glanced defeated from helmet and shield: part, as they grazed the body, gentle Venus turned aside. Instant Aeneas called to loyal Achates:—‘Ply me with weapons; of all that have tasted Grecian flesh on the plains of Ilium, not one shall this hand hurl in vain against Rutulia!’ Then he
335 caught and flung a mighty javelin, that, flying, tore through the brass of Maeon’s shield and shattered breastplate and breast. To his aid ran Alcanor, and with his right upheld his falling brother: piercing the arm, the spear flew onward
340 and held its bloody tenour, while the dying hand hung by the sinews from the shoulder. Then Numitor, tearing the lance from his brother’s corpse, threw at Aeneas; but availed not to transfix the confronting foe, and grazed the thigh of great Achates.

Now Clausus of Cures came reliant on the strength of 345
youth, and at distance struck Dryopes under the chin with
heavy thrust of his stark spear, that, while he assayed to speak,
pierced the throat and bereft him of voice and life together :
but he, his forehead striking on earth, fell with clotted blood
gushing from his lips. Three, too, of Thrace, sprung from 350
Boreas' high lineage, and three whom their father Idas and
their native Ismarus sent, he slew as the chances of battle
willed. To the rescue Halaesus ran with his Auruncan bands ;
nor less Messapus, Neptune's child, came behind his fiery
steeds. Now these, now those, struggled to unlodge the
enemy, and the encounter raged amain on the very threshold 355
of Ausonia.—As oft in the ample heavens conflicting winds
rise to battle with equal fury and equal might ; not they,
not the clouds, not the seas give ground ; the war hangs long
in even scale, and element fronts element at bay :—even so
clashed the ranks of Troy and the ranks of Latium, foot 360
locked to foot and man pitted with man.

But in other quarter, where a torrent had driven abroad
rolling rocks and bushes upturned from the bank, Pallas be-
held his Arcadians—unused to charge in dismounted line—
breaking to flight before pursuant Latium : for the rugged 365
ground had constrained them to resign their steeds. One
hope was left in the hour of need ; and entreating, upbraid-
ing, he fired their valour : ' Friends, whither flee you ? By
your gallant deeds,—by the name of Evander your king—by
the fields where ye fought and conquered—and by my hopes, 370
that now rise aspirant to my father's glory—trust not to the
fugitive foot ! It is the steel that must hew our path through
the foe. Where yon living mass drives thickest, there lies
the way, whereby our peerless motherland calls you—and
Pallas in your van—back to herself ! The hand of deity

375 weighs not on us : mortals, we are pushed by a mortal foe,
and our lives and our hands are many as his ! Lo, Ocean
imprisons us with his great salt barrier ; already earth fails
our flight : shall we seek the main—or Troy ? ' He said,
and burst into the heart of the serried foe.

380 First Lagus met him, drawn to his death by unkind fate.
For, while he tore at a ponderous stone, the Arcadian,
with flung spear, transfixed him where the central spine
ran parting the ribs ; then withdrew the steel as it quivered
amid the bones. Nor could Hisbo—though such his hope—
descend upon him unawares : for as he came, infuriate and
385 reckless for his comrade done to death, Pallas prevented his
onset and buried the sword in the swelling lung. Now
Sthenius he assailed and—scion of Rhoetus' ancient line—
Anchemolus, who dared to profane his stepdame's bed. Ye,
390 too, the brother twins, fell on Rutulia's plains—Larides and
Thymber, children of Daucus, one in semblance, to your
kindred indistinguishable, to your parents a sweet perplexity.
But between you now Pallas made grim distinction ! For
thy head, Thymber, the sword of Evander swept away ; and
395 thy severed hand, Larides, sought, forlorn, for its lord, while
the dying fingers twitched and closed once more on the
brand !

Fired by his rebuke and the sight of his glorious deeds,
Arcadia rushed to the fray, while anger and shame unsheathed
each sword.

Then Pallas pierced Rhoeteus as, charioted, he came fleeing
400 past. This moment of respite—and no more—Illus gained :
for at Illus he had flung from distance the stout spear, which
Rhoeteus, intervening, caught, as he fled from thee, best
Teuthras, and from Tyres thy brother. In death he rolled
from the car, with heels drumming the Rutulian plain !

And as, on a day in summer, when the winds have risen to 405
 his wish, a swain launches his scattered fires among the
 woods, and on the instant all between is caught and an
 unbroken line of red stretches with horrid front over the
 broad fields; he, from his seat, gazes down victorious on the
 triumphant flames:—even so, Pallas, all that was noble in 410
 thy host rallied from every hand to succour thee! But
 Halaesus—grim warrior—advanced on their hostile ranks,
 crouching for the spring behind his arms. Ladon he slew,
 and Pheres with Demodocus; shore away Strymonius' right
 with glittering blade, as he raised it against his throat;
 smote Thoas on the face with a rock, and shivered the bones, 415
 commingled with brain and blood. Halaesus his prophet-
 sire had hidden from Fate in the forest; but when, in the
 fullness of years, his age-worn eyes closed in death, the Sisters
 laid hand upon their victim and doomed him to Evander's
 arms. Him Pallas assailed, first praying: 'Grant, O father 420
 Tiber, to this steel that I poise for the cast, a prosperous
 issue and a path through Halaesus' iron breast! Thine oak
 shall wear his weapons and spoils.' The god heard; and
 Halaesus, while he shielded Imaon, offered—unhappy!—
 his breast defenceless to the Arcadian lance! 425

But Lausus—giant of the war—left not his columns in
 terror at that great death. First, front to front, he slew
 Abas, who stayed the tide of their battle as an oaken
 knot the axe! The youth of Arcadia fell; fell Etruria, and
 ye, Teucer's sons, whom the Grecian sword destroyed not! 430
 Equal in captaincy and equal in power, the armies met.
 The rearmost closed up the ranks, till the throng was such
 that neither arm nor blade had play. Here Pallas drove
 urgent on; there Lausus opposed. Nor they differed in
 years, nor in radiance of beauty; but to both Fortune 435

had denied return to their fatherland. Yet He who reigns in high Olympus suffered them not to meet face to face ; no distant doom awaited them at the hand of a greater foe !

Meantime his gracious sister warned Turnus to come to
440 Lausus' aid, and on fleet chariot he came, cleaving the ranks between. Then, seeing his allies : ' It is time to desist from battle. Alone I encounter Pallas ; alone will I exact my proper due ! Would but that his father were here to see ! ' He said, and his men gave back from the forbidden space.
445 But, as the Rutulians retired, the warrior-youth—surprised by the haughty mandate—gazed in astonishment on Turnus, swept his glance over that giant bulk, and grim-eyed scanned all at distance ; then answered the king, word against word : ' Glory shall soon be mine—whether from a captain slain or
450 an illustrious death ! My sire will smile on either event : then forbear thy threats ! ' So said, he advanced into the mid lists ; while the blood gathered, cold as ice, about every Arcadian heart. Down from his car Turnus leapt, in act to join encounter on foot. And as a lion, observant from
455 above, descries a bull standing on some distant plain intent on battle, then flies to the fray—so seemed the coming of Turnus. But Pallas, when he deemed him within range of a spear-cast, advanced the first, in hope that chance would assist where he dared with unequal arm—and thus called on the majestic heavens : ' By my father's welcome, and the
460 board where thou satest a stranger-guest, I entreat thee, Alcides—be with me in my great emprise ! Let Turnus watch me strip the bloody arms from his expiring limbs, and let his glazing eyes brook the sight of a conqueror ! ' Alcides
465 heard and, stifling a deep sob in his heart of hearts, broke into ineffectual tears. At this with mild accent the Father bespoke his son : ' Each hath his proper day : brief and irre-

parable is the span of life to all : but to enlarge his fame by prowess—this is the brave man's task ! How many a son of the gods fell under Troy-towers ! Nay, did not Sarpedon, 470 our own child, bleed at their side ? On Turnus also his destiny calls, and he nears the goal of his allotted years ! ' He said, and averted his gaze from the Rutulian fields.

But Pallas flung his spear with forceful arm, and plucked the flashing sword from its containing scabbard. Where the 475 summit of the mail rises to guard the shoulder, the flying steel alighted, and, rending a way through the buckler's marge, at last grazed in very deed the mighty frame of Turnus.

Then Turnus, long poising the steel-tipped shaft on 480 Pallas, hurled it and cried : ' See thou whether our weapon pierce not deeper ! ' He ceased : with vibrant shock the point tore through the centre of his shield, through so many a plate of brass and iron, through so many a swathe of encircling bull-hide ; then broke the corselet's resistance and gored the heroic breast within ! In vain he wrenched 485 the warm weapon from the wound : by the selfsame passage blood and sense came ebbing away ! Prone he fell on the wound ; the armour clashed above him, and, dying, he bit with ensanguined mouth at the hostile earth ! Then Turnus, standing above the dead : ' Arcadians,' he cried, ' give heed, 490 and bear this my word back to Evander : as the sire hath merited, such I restore the son ! Whatever honour resides in a tomb, whatever solace in a bier, this freely I give. Full high shall mount the price of Aeneas welcomed ! ' And, so saying, he planted his left foot on the corpse, and tore the 495 ponderous belt away with its figured scene of sin : that youthful band foully slain on one nuptial night, and the chambers red with blood--which Clonus, son of Eurytus, had graven

500 in ample gold. Now Turnus triumphed in the prize and exulted in possession ! Alas, for the spirit of man, blind to Fate and the doom to be, impotent to observe the mean on the wave of prosperity ! An hour shall come for Turnus, when he were fain to have bought Pallas' safety at a great price—when he shall loathe those spoils and that day !—But
505 with many moans and tears, his comrades laid their hero on his shield and bore him away in dense procession. O source of sorrow and greater glory, that returnest to thy sire ! This one day gave thee to war, this one day takes thee hence ; yet vast the piles thou leavest of Rutulian slain !

510 And now no random fame of that dread calamity, but a surer messenger, plied to Aeneas, and told that his troops were wavering a hair's breadth removed from death, and that the moment was come to succour the routed Teucrians. Instant his sword reaped down all that stood to hand, and infuriate he hacked a path through the broad column, while,
515 Turnus, he sought for thee, yet glorying in the new-spilt blood ! Pallas—Evander—all rose before his eyes : the board which on that day first welcomed his errant steps, and the hands outstretched in kindness ! Then four youths, the sons of Sulmo, and as many whom Ufens nurtured, he took
520 alive, to slay in sacrifice to the dead and bedew the funeral flames with their captive blood. Next, from distance, he levelled the hostile lance at Magus : he, while the shuddering steel flew over, ran warily beneath, and, clasping the hero's knee, poured his suppliant accents : ' By the spirit of thy
525 father, by the nascent promise of Iulus, preserve—I beseech thee—this life to my son and my sire ! A princely home is mine, with talents of figured silver buried from day in its vaults, and mine are massy ingots of gold, wrought and unwrought ! Not on me hinges the victory of Troy, nor can

a single life make difference so great !' He paused, and 530
 Aeneas returned : ' Those many talents of silver and gold
 that thou vauntest spare thou for thy sons ! At that hour
 when Pallas bled, Turnus—not I—abolished this thy traffic
 of war ! So deems the ghost of my sire, Anchises, so Iulus !'
 He said ; then, grasping the helmet with his left, bent back 535
 the suppliant's neck and buried the sword hilt-deep within
 him. Nor far thence moved Haemon's son, priest of Phoebus
 and Trivia, his temples wreathed in the fillet's holy riband,
 himself all shining in snowy robe and vestments. Him he
 met and pursued athwart the plain ; then, bestriding the 540
 fallen, slaughtered him and wrapped him in dreadful night ;
 while Serestus stripped his arms and bore them on his
 shoulder, a trophy to thee, O King Gradivus !

Caeculus, born of Vulcan's line, and Umbro, descending
 from his Marsian hills, repaired the ranks. In fury the Dardan
 drove against them. His brand had shorn away Anxur's left, 545
 with all the circle of his shield—Anxur, who had uttered
 some brave vaunt in thought that his hand would avouch his
 word, and, with spirit uplifted heaven-high, had promised
 himself, I ween, white age and venerable years !—when
 Tarquitus, whom Dryope the Nymph had borne to silvan
 Faunus, fronted his flame-like course, proud in refulgent 550
 arms. He, with back-swung lance, fixed his massy buckler
 to the encumbered corselet ; then, amid his idle prayers and
 the thousand pleas that trembled upon his lips, struck his
 head to the sod, and, spurning the warm trunk beneath, 555
 thus called from unpitying heart : ' Lie, now, where thy
 terrors lie ! No kindest mother shall commit thee to earth,
 nor shroud those limbs with the tomb of thy sires ! To the
 vultures shalt thou be left ; or, sunk beneath the flood, the
 wave shall whirl thee and hungry fishes mouth thy wounds !' 560

Unresting, he sped in chase of Antaeus and Lucas—who fought in Turnus' van—of gallant Numa and yellow-haired Camers, scion of noble Volcens, who was richest in land of Ausonia's sons and reigned in mute Amyclae. And as
565 Aegaeon was—who, the tale is told, was lord of a hundred arms and a hundred hands, and flashed fire from fifty mouths and fifty breasts, what time he fronted the bolts of Jove, thundering on fifty levelled shields and waving fifty naked blades—such was Aeneas, as over all the plain he glutted his
570 rage with victory when once his steel grew warm! And now, lo, he swept against the four steeds of Niphaeus' car and their opposing breasts! At sight of his giant stride and the dread menace of his ire, trembling they turned, and, rushing backward, flung forth their charioteer and dashed his chariot to the strand.

575 Meanwhile, behind twin-yoked coursers of snow, Lucagus and Liger, his brother, broke into the midst—fierce Lucagus brandishing his sheathless sword, his brother reining the wheeling steeds! Aeneas brooked not the hot fury of their onslaught, but made in and loomed enormous on their view
580 with adverse spear. To whom Liger: 'Not Diomedes' horses dost thou behold, nor Achilles' car, nor Phrygia's plains! This day shall thy battles and thy life end upon Italian earth!' Thus flew the words of insensate Liger: but not in words Troy's hero couched his response, for he flung
585 his javelin against the foes! And as Lucagus, hanging prone to the stroke, admonished his steeds with the spear, and, advancing his left foot, prepared for the fray, the lance made entry through the lower marge of his shining shield, then gored the leftward groin. Hurlled from the chariot, he rolled
590 dying on the field, while good Aeneas greeted him, bitter-tongued: 'Lucagus, no coward flight of thy coursers hath

betrayed thy car; no vain shadow from the enemy hath turned them: springing from the wheels, thyself thou desertest both!’ So saying, he caught their heads. But, sliding from the selfsame car, the unhappy brother out- 595 stretched his helpless hands: ‘By thyself—by the parents who gave being to such a child—spare this life, O mighty one of Troy, and have mercy on my prayer!’ Farther he had pleaded; but Aeneas: ‘Not such thy words but now! Die, and let brother forsake not brother!’ And with the 600 steel he pierced the breast and unbared the vital seat.—Such the carnage that the Dardan chief wrought along the plains, fierce as the torrent flood or the gloomy whirlwind; till at length his young Ascanius, and the warriors beleaguered in vain, burst forth and left the camp. 605

Meantime Jove unlocked his lips and accosted Juno: ‘Sister and sweetest wife in one, thy thought was truth—thy sentence errs not! It is Venus upholds the Trojan powers—not, methinks, the living valour of their hands, nor their bold spirits unbowed by peril!’ To whom Juno 610 meekly: ‘Why, fairest consort, wilt thou torture this sick heart, that trembles at thy stern accent? Had my love that spell which once it had—and meetly had—not now had thine omnipotence denied me this boon: power to withdraw 615 Turnus from battle, power to preserve him scathless for his father Daunus! Now let him perish and slake the vengeance of Troy with guiltless blood! And yet his name is drawn from our lineage—Pilumnus his sire in the fourth degree—and with generous hand and unstinted gifts full oft 620 has he heaped thy fane!’

To her, in brief response, the king of skiey Olympus: ‘If thy prayer import but a delay of present death,—a respite from thy warrior’s fall,—and so thou apprehend my will,

bear Turnus away in flight, and snatch him from the jaws
625 of fate ! Thus far indulgence hath room. But if thought
of a deeper favour lurks under thy prayer, and thou weenest
that the sum of war may be moved or altered, thou nursest
a barren hope ! ’

And Juno, with falling tears : ‘ What if thy heart should
yield where thy tongue denies, and ‘ Turnus ’ span remain him
630 assured ? Now a heavy doom awaits his innocent life, or my
errant mind is void of truth. Yet, O that rather I were
mocked by lying fears, and that thou—who canst—wouldst
turn thy beginnings to a better end ! ’

So said, she shot incontinent from high heaven, cloud-girt
and driving storm before her through the air, and sought
635 the Ilian lines and the camp of Laurentum. Next from
a hollow cloud (strange vision and miraculous !) the goddess
wrought a phantom, substanceless and powerless, in likeness
of Aeneas ; adorned it with Dardan arms, mimicked the great
shield and the plumes on his godlike head ; then dowered
640 it with vacant speech and senseless utterance, and bade
it move with the hero’s tread :—such, Fame tells, the
shapes that flit when death is past, or the dreams that mock
the slumbering brain ! But exultant the spectre leapt before
the vanward ranks, provoking the foe with weaponed hand
645 and taunting lips. Turnus pressed on, and from distance
hurled his strident spear ; the shadow wheeled round with
retreating step ! Then the Rutulian, when he deemed that
Aeneas turned and fled, and his storm-tossed soul drank in
the fallacious hope : ‘ Whither away, Aeneas ? Forsake not
the plighted nuptial couch : at this hand shalt thou receive
650 the soil thou hast sought across the flood ! ’ So clamouring he
pursued, brandishing his naked blade, nor saw his joy
vanishing with the winds !

Moored, as it chanced, to the ledge of a frowning rock, with ladders flung forth and gangway ready, stood the ship, wherein king Osinius had sailed from the coasts of Clusium. 655 Here, in hot haste, the semblance of fugitive Aeneas flung itself to hiding: nor with less of speed Turnus followed, overbore all hindrance, and sprang across the lofty bridge. Scarce had he touched the prow, when Saturn's child sundered the cable and swept the dissevered barque over 660 the reflux tide. On this the form of shadow sought no farther refuge, but soared sublime and faded in gloom and mist. And while Aeneas was calling his absent foe to battle, and sending down to death warrior on warrior that fronted his path, the winds meantime were whirling Turnus far out 665 to sea!

Witless of the event, thankless for his salvation, he gazed back, with suppliant voice and either hand uplifted to heaven: 'Almighty Sire! and didst thou hold me to have merited such foul reproach? Is this the penalty thou hast willed me to pay? Whither am I borne? Whence am I come? What 670 flight conveys me home?—in what guise conveys me? What of that heroic band, who followed my banner and me? Have I not left them all—accursed thought!—in the jaws of a fearful death? Do I not see them wavering and hear the moans of the fallen? What may I do? How shall earth 675 yawn deep enough for me? Nay, be pitiful, ye winds! Drive this galley on reef or on rock—from Turnus' heart the prayer is uttered! Hurl it upon the quicksand's cruel shoals, where neither Rutulian may follow, nor Rumour blazon my shame!'

So saying, he veered in spirit this way and that. Frenzied 680 for the black dishonour, should he fall upon the sword and drive the bitter steel through his side?—or plunge amid the

brine, swim to the winding beach, and hurl himself again on
685 the Teucrian spears? Thrice he assayed either way : thrice
imperial Juno stayed his hand, and—compassion in her soul—
restrained her warrior. Over the parting deep he sped, con-
voyed by wave and tide, and was borne at length to his father
Daunus' ancient city.

But meanwhile, at behest of Jove, Mezentius, like fire, took
690 up the fray and assailed triumphant Troy. About him
swarmed the Tyrrhene lines—all their hatred, all their
frequent spears, bent against one solitary foe ! As a cliff that
juts into the infinite sea, exposed to the raving winds and
695 fronting the main, endures all the shock and menace of sky
and wave, itself unmoved—so he, unterrified, hurled Hebrus,
Dolichaon's child, to earth, and with him Latagus and fleeing
Palmus : Latagus he caught full in mouth and face with
a huge boulder, rent from some hill ; Palmus, the dastard,
700 he hamstrung and left to roll ; then gave the armour to be
worn on Lausus' shoulders, the plumes to adorn his crest.
Nor less Evanthès, the Phrygian, bled, and Mimas, compeer
of Paris from the birth : for on one same night Theano bore
him to Amycus his sire, and Cisseus' royal daughter gave
705 Paris—that firebrand in her womb—to the day. In his
father's city Paris sleeps ; on the Laurentine shore Mimas
lies unknown ! And as a mighty boar, driven by snarling
hounds from his mountain-top,—whom pine-crowned Vesulus
has sheltered through many a year, and Laurentum's fen
710 pastured in silvan reeds,—when once he is come amid the
toils, turns to bay, fierce-snorting, with bristled shoulders,
and no man's courage mounts to resentment or approach,
but all assail him at distance with darts and riskless clamour,
—even so, among all that hated Mezentius, and hated justly,
715 not one found heart to close with unscabbarded steel, but

from far they plied him with missiles and wide echoing din. But he, unfearing and deliberate, moved hither and thither, gnashing his teeth and shaking the javelins from his shield.

From Corythus' ancient bounds Acron of Greece had come, fleeing his country and an unwed wife. Him when Mezen- 720
tius saw afar, gay in crimson plumes and the purple of his plighted bride, dealing havoc amid the ranks,—as oft a fasting lion, ranging the deep coverts under hunger's maddening impulse, if he chance to descry a timorous roe or stately- 725
antlered stag, opens his cavernous jaws in delight, uprears his mane, and clings couchant above the flesh while foul gore bathes his insatiate lips,—so the Tuscan leapt, all eagerness, against the serried foes. Acron, the ill-fated, fell spurning 730
the blackened ground in his last agony, and encrimsoning the shivered spear. The same arm deigned not to smite Orodes down as he fled, nor to inflict an unseen wound with the flung lance. Face to face and front to front he met him and, man against man, joined encounter, conqueror not by guile 735
but by the steel in a brave man's hand! Then, planting his foot on the prostrate form, and leaning on the spear: 'Warriors,' he cried, 'here lies the great Orodes—no mean pillar of the war!' Shouting, his men took up the exultant paeon. But he, with his latest breath: 'Whosoever thou art, not long shall the victim be unavenged, nor long shall 740
the victor triumph! Thee, also, a like doom marks, and soon thou shalt lie on the selfsame field.' Then Mezentius, anger struggling with his smile: 'Die thou meantime! With me the Sire of gods and King of men may deal.' So saying, he drew his weapon out from the flesh; ungentle rest and iron sleep fell heavy on the glazing eyes, and their 745
lids closed on eternal night.

Now Caedicus slew Alcathous, Sacrator Hydaspes, Rapo

Parthenius and Orses in his stubborn strength. By Messapus
Clonius bled, and Erichaetes, Lycaon's child—one prone on
750 earth, through the stumbling of his unreined steed, the other
on foot. On foot, no less, had Lycian Agis advanced ; yet him
Valerus, heritor of his grandsire's arm and heart, struck down.
Before Salius Thronius fell, and Salius before Nealces, master
of the javelin's cast and the distant shaft's elusive flight.

755 And now with stern hand Mars meted out impartial woe
and mutual death. Victors and vanquished—alike they slew
and alike they fell, and neither these nor those knew thought
of flight. In the halls of Jove immortal eyes looked pityingly
down on the vain fury of either host, and wept for the bitter
760 agony of man. Here Venus, there Saturnian Juno, sate
opposite and gazed ; while pale Tisiphone below raged amid
the thousands.

But Mezentius, shaking his huge spear, moved tempestuous
athwart the plain.—Great as Orion, when, with shoulder
overtopping the waves, he marches on foot through the
765 heart of Nereus' realm, cleaving his path through the mighty
waters, or when, bearing from the mountain-crest some time-
honoured ash, he walks the earth and hides his head among
the clouds,—so strode Mezentius towering in steel !

On the other side Aeneas, descrying him in the long
770 column, prepared for encounter. He, undaunted, held his
ground, awaiting his high-hearted foe, steadfast in massive
strength ; then, with eye measuring the distance that might
suffice his spear : ' Now speed me my right hand—sole deity to
me—and this lance that I poise for the cast ! Clad in spoils
775 reft from yon pirate's carcass, thou shalt stand, my Lausus—
such my vow—a living trophy of Aeneas.' He said, and
from far hurled the whistling steel. Flying, it leapt from the
shield and struck peerless Antores betwixt side and flank—

Antores, Alcides' friend ; who, sent from Argos, had cloven
to Evander's side and found his home in an Italian town. 780
Hapless he fell under an alien wound, and, with gaze turned
heavenward, thought in death on his well-loved Argos.
Then good Aeneas flung his spear : through the sheltering
orb of triple brass, through the linen folds and fabric woven
of three bull-hides, it sped and lodged in the nether groin— 785
yet bore not its strength to the goal. Exultant at sight of
the Tyrrhene blood, Aeneas snatched his sword incontinent
from the thigh, and drove like flame on his bewildered foe.—
Deeply Lausus groaned for love of his dear sire, when he saw
that sight, and the tears rolled down his face. And here— 790
if that old-world day may win credence for thy generous deed
—these strains, at least, shall not pass unsung thy harsh and
disastrous doom, nor thy noble prowess, nor thyself, the
young and glorious ! Useless and encumbered, his foeman's
lance trailing from his shield, the sire withdrew his retreating 795
step ; when forward the son shot, and closed amid the con-
flicting swords. And even as Aeneas rose with right hand in
act to smite, he struck up the blade and gave the slayer
pause. Loud-clamouring his comrades followed, showering
spears, and with missiles confounding the enemy from far,
till the father might retire under shelter of the filial shield. 800
Aeneas raged at bay in his sheath of steel. And as oft when
the storm-clouds descend in volleyed hail, every ploughman,
every husbandman, has fled from the plain, and the traveller
lies hid in safe fortalice—either the river's bank or the arch 805
of some beetling rock—while the rains descend on earth ;
that so, when the sun returns, they may assay the laborious
day again : even so Aeneas, whelmed from this hand and
that under the storm of spears, endured the cloud of war, till
its thunderous fury should be utterly spent, assailing Lausus

810 with rebuke, Lausus with menace : ' Whither hastenest to death, adventurous beyond thy strength? Infatuate ! love hath made thy valour blind ! ' Yet no whit less he charged madly on ; and now the tide of fury surged higher in the Dardan captain's heart, and the Sisters gathered the latest
815 threads of Lausus' span. For Aeneas drove his stout blade sheer through the youth and buried it to the hilt within. Through the buckler—frail armour to second his menace !—through the tunic that his mother wove with flexile gold, the point passed on ; blood filled his breast, and through air
820 the life fled sorrowing, nor knew the body more. But when Anchises' seed beheld the look on that dying face—that face so marvellously pale—heavily he groaned in pity, and stretched forth his hand, while before his soul rose the semblance of his own filial love : ' What now, unhappy boy—what shall
825 good Aeneas give thee for these thy glories? what guerdon worthy of thy great soul? The arms that were thy delight, keep thou for thine own ; and—if that be aught to thee—I restore thee to the spirits and ashes of thy sires. Yet, ill-fated that thou art, one thought shall solace thee for thy
830 piteous doom : thou fallest by great Aeneas' hand ! ' Then, chiding his laggard comrades, he raised their captain from earth, where he lay with his fair-decked tresses blood-befouled.

Meantime, by the wave of Tiber river, the father stanch'd his wounds with water, and rested his reclining frame against
835 a tree-bole. At distance his brazen helm drooped from the boughs and his heavy arms lay in peace upon the sword. About him stood chosen warriors ; he, sick and panting, eased his neck, while the unshorn beard strayed over his breast. And much he asked of Lausus, and full many a man
840 he sent to recall him and convey the mandate of his sad sire.

But Lausus his weeping comrades bore lifeless upon a shield—a mighty man, and slain by a mighty stroke. Far off the disaster-boding soul knew their lamentation. With dust on dust he defiled his white hairs, extended either palm to heaven, and clung to the dead: ‘My child, and was I so 845 chained to love of life, that I suffered thee, blood of my blood, to front the enemy’s hand for me? Am I, thy father, preserved by these wounds of thine? Art thou dead, that I may live? Ay me! now at last the bitterness of death is come: now is the iron within my soul! It was I, my son, 850 who sullied thy name with guilt—I, whom they drove in loathing from sceptre and ancestral throne! Vengeance I owed to my mother-land and the hatred of my people: would but that I had surrendered this sin-stained life by every form of death! And now I live, nor as yet depart 855 from the sight of man and day—but depart I will!’ And, with the word, he raised himself on his stricken thigh, and, though the deep wound crippled his might, yet, with spirit unbowed, bade his charger be brought. This was his glory, this his solace; on this he rode unconquered from every field.—Then, so speaking, he began to the sorrowing creature: 860 ‘Rhaebus, long have we lived, if any thing soever be long to mortal man! This day shalt thou bear away in triumph yon bloody spoils with the head of Aeneas slain, and avenge with me the pangs of Lausus; or, if our strength avail not to find a path, side by side thou shalt bleed with me! For, brave heart, I trow thou wilt not stoop to endure a stranger’s 865 bidding, nor to serve a Teucrian lord!’ So said, he mounted and once more disposed his limbs on their familiar seat, and charged either hand with sharpened javelins, his head resplendent in brass and shaggy with horse-hair plume. So, wind-swift, he galloped into the midst, while in his heart

870 surged the mighty tides of shame and madness wedded to agony.

And now thrice he called in trumpet-tones on Aeneas. And Aeneas knew the call, and prayed with exultant heart : ' So may the great Father of Heaven ordain, so Apollo on
875 high ! Begin, and join encounter.' Thus far he said, and advanced to meet him with menacing spear. But he : ' Fiercest foe, why seekest thou to terrify me, when thou hast robbed me of my son ? There lay the sole path whereby to
880 achieve my ruin : I fear not death : I spare not for thy gods. Cease ; I am riding to my end, yet first I bring thee these gifts ! ' He said, and hurled a javelin at his enemy ; then planted another and yet another, flying in vast circle : but the golden shield sustained them all. Thrice he rode,
885 wheeling to the left, round the foe that fronted him on foot, flinging weapons from his hand : thrice Troy's hero turned, carrying the great forest of steel on his protecting brass. Then, weary of the long-spun delays, weary of plucking forth so many a spear-head, and hard-pressed in the unequal fray,
890 much debating at length he sprang out and cast his lance full between the hollow temples of the war-horse. The steed reared himself upright, with heels lashing the air, flung his rider, came down above him and encumbered him ; then, falling headlong, lay with shoulder oppressing his prostrate
895 form, while Trojans and Latins fired heaven with their cries. Up flew Aeneas, and snatched his sword from the scabbard ; then, standing above : ' Where now is the fierce Mezentius and that wild savagery of soul ? ' To whom the Tuscan, as with upturned gaze he drank in the air of heaven and re-
900 gained his sense : ' Thou bitter foe, why railest thou and threatenest death ? Slay ! It is no crime to slay. I came not to battle in quest of mercy ; nor such the pact that

my Lausus hath made betwixt thee and me ! One sole boon I ask of thee, by whatever grace is due to the vanquished : grant my clay to be laid in earth. I know that the keen-edged anger of my people surrounds me. Shelter me, I pray, 905 from this their fury, and vouchsafe to my son and me the union of a grave !' He said, and, unblenched, received the expected steel in his throat, while the vital stream spread flooding over his armour.

XI

MEANTIME the goddess of morn rose out of Ocean. Aeneas, though duty urged him to allow a space for the burial of his friends, and the fatal field still clouded his soul, yet, with the orient beams, began to pay the conqueror's vows to Heaven. On a mound he reared a giant oak, stripped 5 of its encircling boughs, and clothed it in the lucent arms reft from Mezentius' kingly frame—a trophy to thee, great god of battles. Thereto he affixed the plumes, yet wet with a bloody dew, the warrior's shattered spears, and his corselet stricken and pierced in twice six places ; to the left arm he 10 bound the brazen buckler, and from the neck hung the sword of ivory ; then, with such prelude, exhorted his triumphant bands—for all the serried throng of his captains girt him round :—' Heroes, the greatest deed is done : for what remains, let fear be unknown ! These are the spoils—the 15 first-fruits won from yon proud tyrant—and here is Mezentius as my hands have made him ! Now our march lies to Latium's king and Latium's battlements. Prepare your arms, forestall the battle in spirit and hope, that no delay may impede your ignorance, nor any craven thought retard your timorous steps, so soon as high Heaven shall grant us to uplift our banners and lead forth our chivalry 20

from the camp ! Meanwhile commit we our friends and their tombless bodies to earth—sole tribute that can reach the deeps of Acheron ! Go,' he said, ' grace with the last rites
25 those glorious souls, whose blood hath bought us this second fatherland : and first to Evander's mourning city let Pallas be sent, whose heart sank not when the black day swept him hence and plunged him in all-unripe death.'

So, weeping, he said, and turned his steps to the threshold
30 where grey Acoetes held ward over Pallas' breathless limbs, composed already for the burial :—Acoetes, that bore erewhile Evander's Parrhasian arms ; but now, under less happy star, went forth the appointed guardian to his much-loved foster-child. Around stood all the menial train, and thronging
35 Trojans, and women of Ilium—their mourning tresses unloosed in wonted mode. But when Aeneas entered the lofty portal, they smote upon their breasts and raised the loud wail to the stars ; and the dwelling of the king re-echoed to their ecstasy of woe. He, when he saw the pillowed head of Pallas,
40 and his face white as the snow, and the gash of the Ausonian point wide-yawning in his marble breast, so spoke, while the tears welled up : ' Unhappy boy, and did Fortune, in her radiant coming, grudge thee to me, that thou mightest not behold our kingdom nor ride victorious to the city of thy
45 father ? Not such the parting promise that I gave to Evander thy sire, when he kissed me as I went and sent me with his benison to high sovereignty, yet warned me in fear that fierce were the men and stubborn the race that should front my sword ! And now *he*, perchance, doubly blinded by idle
50 hope, bribes Heaven and piles his altar with gifts : *we*, with the vain tribute of our tears, escort his son's clay that now owes naught to any power soever above us ! Unhappy ! who shalt see thy child thus cruelly done to death ! And is this

our return—our much-hoped triumph? So ends my unfalter- 55
ing pledge? Yet shall thine eyes, Evander, behold no dastard
driven routed with shameful wounds; nor shall the father
pray for that bitterest of deaths—when the son lives, and
lives dishonoured! Ay me, how stout an arm is lost to thee,
Ausonia, and lost, Iulus, to thee!’

His lament so made, he bade them raise the piteous corpse, 60
and sent a thousand men, the chosen of all his host, to attend
the last rite and weep with the weeping father—scant solace
of that great sorrow, but due to the unhappy sire! Others,
unlingering, plaited the wicker-work of a soft bier from shoots
of arbut and oaken twigs, and shadowed the high-piled 65
couch under leafy canopy. Here they laid the youth aloft
on his rustic litter—fair as some blossom culled by a girlish
hand from tender violet or languid hyacinth, whose radiance
and native beauty are not yet fled, though the breast of Earth 70
no longer ministers food and strength! Then Aeneas brought
two robes, stiff-rustling with gold and purple, which, in other
days, Sidonian Dido wrought for him with her (own) queenly
hands—a labour of love—and shot the warp with threading 75
gold. Mournfully he placed the one over the boyish dead
for his latest tribute, and shrouded those locks doomed to
the fire; heaped high the prizes of the Laurentine fray, and
bade the spoils be carried in long-drawn procession; then
added those steeds and arms of which he had despoiled the 80
foe. ‘The victims’ hands he had already bound behind their
backs, ere he would send them as offerings to the nether
shade and sprinkle the flame with their sacrificial blood. And
now he commanded his captains to bear with their own hands
tree-boles accoutred in armour of the foe, with hostile names
affixed. Worn by the load of disastrous years, Acoetes came 85
led along—now marring his breast with clenched hand, now

rending his cheeks, and anon flinging his whole frame prostrate to earth. His chariot, too, they led forth, all flecked with Rutulian blood. Behind marched Aethon, the battle-steed, 90 weeping, while great goutts bathed his face. Others bore his spear and helm ; for the rest was held by conquering Turnus. Then followed a melancholy band—Troy, and all Tuscany, and Arcadia, with arms reversed. Soon, when all the long 95 retinue was past, Aeneas halted, and, with deep sigh, thus resumed : ‘ Us the same fell destiny of war summons hence to other tears. Hail for ever, noble Pallas, and for ever farewell ! ’ Nor farther he said, but turned toward the frowning walls, and bent his steps to the camp.

100 And now an embassy was come from the Latin city, all shrouded with olive-boughs and imploring a boon :—that he would restore the dead, that lay where the sword had strewn them along the plains, and suffer them to enter their earthen tomb. No war, they pleaded, is waged against the vanquished and them that have left the light : let him show 105 mercy to those who were once called his friends and the kindred of his bride ! Whom good Aeneas—for not despicable their prayer !—crowned with his grace, and so pursued : ‘ Men of Latium, what malice of Fortune hath enmeshed you in such bitterness of strife, that ye eschew our amity ? 110 Ye ask me peace for the dead, whom the War-god’s lot hath taken ? Full willingly would I grant it to the living ! I had not come, save Destiny had assigned me a place and habitation here ; nor war I with your people : your king forsook our alliance, and deemed it better to entrust him to Turnus’ 115 spears ! Yet had it been juster that Turnus should face this hazard of death. If he prepares to end the struggle by the strong hand, his part had been to encounter me with this steel ; and he had lived, whom God or his own right arm

had given to live ! Now go, kindle the fire beneath your ill-starred countrymen.' Aeneas ceased : they stood in 120 mute wonder, with eye and countenance turned on each other.

Then Drances, the elder-born, whose hatred and injurious tongue held him ever at enmity with young Turnus, unlocked his lips and thus returned : ' O great in glory, greater in arms—hero of Troy, how may my praises equal thee with 125 the stars ? Shall I first marvel at thy righteousness, or at thy labours in battle ? For us it remains to carry thy response with grateful hearts to our native city, and—if any turn of Fortune shall point a way—to unite thee with Latinus our king. Let Turnus seek him alliance where he will ! Nay, it shall be our delight to raise the massy walls of thy destiny, 130 and bear the rocks of Troy on our Latian shoulders ! ' With this he ceased, and all murmured assent with a single voice. For twelve days the pact was made, and—Peace their mediatrix—Teucrians and intermingled Latins roamed woodland and hill, unharmed and unharmed. The tall ash rang under 135 the two-edged steel ; they laid low the pines that challenged heaven, and unceasingly their wedges clove the oak and fragrant cedar, and their groaning wains transported the mountain-ash.

And now winged Fame, herald of that dire sorrow, filled Evander's ears, and Evander's palace and city-walls, with her 140 tidings—Fame, that but now proclaimed Pallas victor in Latium ! The Arcadians came streaming to the gates, and, after their immemorial wont, seized upon funeral torches, till, parting the dim tract of fields, the road shone with a great line of flame. To meet them came the Phrygian train, and united their lamenting bands. Soon as the matrons 145 saw them entering their streets, with cries they fired the

mourning city. But no constraint could withhold Evander !
Into the midst he rushed, and, when they laid down the bier,
150 fell above Pallas, and clung to him weeping and moaning,
till hardly at long last grief allowed passage to his voice :
' Not such the promise, my Pallas, thou gavest to thy sire !
Ah, how gladly now wouldst thou entrust thee with more of
caution to the cruel War-god's hand !—I knew what potent
155 charm lies in glory won by a maiden sword—how sweet the
laurels of the first field ! Alas for the unhappy firstfruits of
my child, and the harsh prelude that heralds the coming
war ! Alas for my vows and prayers to which no god
hearkened ! And thou, my pure-souled wife—happy thou
in the death that spared thee not for this agony ! But I have
160 lived and defied my fate, only to linger here—a father without
a son ! Would that I had followed Troy's allied arms, and
fallen whelmed under the Rutulian spears ! Would that
I had given mine own life, and this procession were bringing
me—not Pallas—home ! Nor yet, men of Troy, would
I censure you, nor our treaty, nor the hands we clasped in
165 friendship : this lot was foredoomed to fall on my white
head. But if death, ere his prime, awaited my child, yet will
there be comfort in the thought that he fell after slaying his
Volscian thousands, and fell while leading the Teucrians into
Latium ! And, Pallas, I could not grace thee with worthier
170 funeral than this which good Aeneas accords, and the princes
of his Phrygia, and the Tyrrhene captains, and all the Tyr-
rhenian host. Great trophies they bring of those that thine
arm consigned to death. And thou, Turnus—thou, also,
hadst now been standing, a giant trunk encased in steel, were
thine age as his, and the strength of thy years the same !
175 But why, unhappy, withhold I the Teucrians from the
sword ? Go, and forget not to bear this my message to your

king : *If I linger out this hated life now that Pallas is slain, the cause is thy right hand, which—as thine eyes have seen—owes Turnus to sire and to son ! This sole room is left for thy merits and fortune to fill. I ask not for joy in life : in 180 me joy were crime : I ask but to bear this tidings to my son beneath the nether shades.*

Meantime Aurora had lifted her gracious light on high for weary mortality, and returned with the round of task and toil. Already father Aeneas, already Tarchon, had reared the pyres on the winding strand. Hither, as his fathers 185 used, each man brought the bodies of his kindred, and, as the fires were lit beneath, darkness enshrouded the high heavens in gloom. Thrice, girt in resplendent arms, they ran their course round the burning piles ; thrice circled the sad funeral-flame on their steeds, and cried from wailing 190 lips. Their tears rained on earth, rained on their armour, and the shout of men and clang of trumpets surged to the stars. And now part flung on the fires spoils torn from Latian dead, helms and fair-wrought swords, bridles and glowing wheels ; part, the familiar offerings—their friends' own shields 195 and the blades that prospered not. Around, full many a stout ox was slain in sacrifice to Death ; while bristled boars, and cattle harried from every field, were butchered above the flames. Then, over all the strand, they watched their comrades burning, and stood guard above the blacken- 200 ing pyres ; nor could be torn away till dewy Night rolled round the cope of heaven, now gemmed with glittering stars.

Nor less, elsewhere, the stricken Latins built piles innumerable. Part of their many slain they buried beneath the sod ; part they raised and carried to the bordering fields, 205 then sent them homeward to their city : the residue, a great mound of undistinguished carnage, they burned

unnumbered and unhonoured ; till on every hand the broad plains shone emulous with frequent fires. The third morn
210 had withdrawn the chill curtain of shade from heaven, and sadly men were levelling the mounds of ashes, sweeping the mingled bones from the embers, and heaping hillocks of warm soil above them. But in the homes of rich Latinus' city the voice of sorrow was loudest, and greatest the share of
215 that long agony. Here were mothers, and their sons' unhappy brides, and tender-hearted sisters weeping, and boys orphaned of their sires—all cursing the unhallowed war and 'Turnus' hymeneal : he, they cried, he himself should decide the issue by arms and the naked steel, who claimed for himself the empery of Italy and her chiefest honours ! Fierce Drances
220 edged their anger, attesting that Turnus alone was called, Turnus alone defied to the fray. Yet, in other sort, many a sentence, the while, was cast for Turnus in varying phrase ; the shadow of the Queen's great name sheltered him ; and
225 his high fame, broad-based on hard-won trophies, lent him support.

Amid this turmoil, while the flames of faction were hottest, lo !—to fill full the cup—the envoys from Diomedes' great city returned despondent with his message : all their toil had been idly spent ; their gifts, their gold, and their solemn pleas, had nothing availed ; Latium must seek another sword,
230 or sue for peace from the Trojan king ! Even Latinus' royal soul fainted under the burden of sorrow. The celestial anger, and the fresh-made graves before his eyes, warned him that Aeneas was called by Fate and upborne by the manifest will of Heaven. Therefore, by his kingly word, he summoned
235 a high conclave of the princes of his people, and gathered them within his stately portals : and streaming they came to the royal halls through the crowded streets. Eldest in

years and first in dominion, Latinus sat in their midst, but with little joy on his brow. And now he enjoined the embassy, returned from the Aetolian city, to speak and say what message they brought, and bade them rehearse 240 their answer in order and completeness. Then, silence imposed on each tongue, Venulus began, obedient to his word:

‘Citizens, we have looked upon Diomedes and the Argive camp: our journey is achieved, its perils overcome, and we have touched that hand whereby the kingdom of Ilium fell! 245 He, the victory won, was founding his city of Argyripa, named by the name of his father’s race, in the fields of Iapygian Garganus. So soon as we gained ingress, and liberty was accorded to speak before his face, we preferred our gifts and revealed our name and country—who our invaders, what 250 cause had drawn us to Arpi. He lent ear, then so returned with unruffled mien: “O happy races, Saturnian realms, children of time-honoured Ausonia! what spite of Fortune disturbs your peace and lures you to challenge an unknown fray. All we, whose swords profaned Ilium’s holy soil—I pass 255 in silence the lees of war that we drained under those towering walls, the brave whom yon fatal Simois whelms!—all of us throughout all the world, have paid the penalty of our guilt in nameless torment, a band that even Priam might weep to see! Minerva’s fell star be my witness, and the Euboic 260 cliffs, and avenging Caphereus! Driven from that warfare to distant strands, Menelaus, Atreus’ seed, roams exiled to the very columns of Proteus; and Ulysses has looked on the Cyclops of Aetna! Shall I rehearse Neoptolemus’ shattered realm, Idomeneus’ ruined hearth, or the Locrians dwelling 265 on Libya’s shore? He of Mycene, himself, lord of our Argive powers, bled on his threshold’s verge by the hand of his felon spouse: Asia had fallen, the adulterer took up the fray!

Shall I tell how an envious Heaven denied that I should
270 return to my ancestral altars, and see the wife of my yearning,
and my fair Calydon? Even now grim-visaged portents
pursue me : my lost friends have fled into the sky on wings,
and flit as birds about the rivers (oh, the dire punishment
of my people !), while the crags ring to their tearful cries.
275 This—and no less—had I to hope, even from that day when
with frenzied steel I assailed the flesh of deity, and wounded
the hand of Venus with impious stroke ! Nay, urge me not—
urge me not to such combat ! I have no feud with 'Teucer's
280 race since Troy-towers fell ; I have no remembrance and no
joy in those ancient ills. The gifts that ye bring to me from
your native coasts, give ye to Aeneas in my stead. We have
fronted his angry blade ; our hand hath encountered his :
then credit one who has proved how vast his form when he
rises to the shield, how fierce the whirlwind of his flung
285 lance ! If Ida's earth had but borne two others like to him,
Dardanus, unassailed, had come to the cities of Inachus, and
Greece were mourning the fates reversed. Long as we
lingered round the battlements of obdurate Troy, it was
Hector's and Aeneas' hand that halted the victory of Greece
290 and turned back her feet till the tenth year was come. Both
stood high in courage, and both were glorious in arms :
Aeneas was first in piety. Join hand to hand in alliance, as
best ye may : but beware your swords clash not with his ! ”
So, noble king, thou hast heard both the answer of thy
295 brother-king, and his sentence on our great war.’

Scarce had the envoys concluded, when a various murmur
ran along the trembling lips of Ausonia's children : even as,
when impeding rocks check some racing river, the pent
flood begins to murmur and the neighbouring banks echo to
300 the plashing waters. Soon as their minds were calmed, and

the confusion of tongues allayed, the king began from his throne aloft, first invoking Heaven :

‘ Latians, I could have wished (and it had been better so !) to have determined ere this on our estate—not summon our conclave at such an hour, when the foe is seated at the walls. We wage an ill-omened war, my countrymen, with a heaven- 305 descended race and men unconquered, whom the battle never wearies nor defeat constrains to sheathe the sword. If ye have rested any hope in borrowed aid of Aetolian spears, resign it. Himself is each man’s hope : but ye see how slender it is. What universal ruin has stricken the remnant of our 310 prostrate fortunes, is plain to your eyes and the touch of your hands. Yet I censure no man : what the height of valour could do, is done ; we have fought with every sinew of our kingdom. Now I will unfold the judgement, formed in my wavering mind, and expound it in brief if ye lend me 315 heed. An ancient domain is mine, that borders on the Tuscan stream, stretching far toward the set of sun, up to and beyond the Sicanian confines : there Auruncan and Rutulian sow the seed, subdue its stubborn hills with the share, and pasture their roughest slopes. Let the whole of 320 this region, with the pine-clad belt of its high hill, be ceded to the Teucrians’ friendship ; propound we just terms of treaty, and call them to share our realm. If so strong their desire, let them settle and build their city. But if they incline to win another country, another nation, and are free 325 to quit our soil, let us build twice ten ships of Italian oak : or, if they can fill more, all the timber lies by the water-edge. Let their part be to prescribe the number and fashion of their vessels, our to accord the brass, and labouring hands, and docks. More, to convey our word and confirm the 330 treaty, I would that a hundred Latin envoys, sprung from

our best blood, should go with hands proffering the bough of peace, carrying in gift talents of gold and ivory, and the chair and robe, ensigns of our sovereignty.—Give counsel
 335 for the good of all, and succour our fainting fortunes ! ’

Then Drances, bitter as ever, whom Turnus’ renown goaded with the poignant stings of backbiting envy,—lavish of his wealth and ready of tongue, though his hand was cold to battle, deemed no mean counsellor in debate, and power-
 340 ful in faction : his mother’s high birth ennobled a lineage, which, on the father’s side, he professed uncertain :—Drances arose, and piled the fuel of his words on their rising anger :

‘ Gracious king, the theme whereon thou takest our counsel is dark to no man, and needs no word of mine ! All confess
 345 that they know whither the star of our people tends ; but their timorous lips are mute ! Let him give liberty of speech and abate his tempestuous pride, through whose disastrous leadership and sinister soul—for speak I will, though he
 ‘ menace me with arms and death !—so many a sun of battle
 350 is set, and we behold our city plunged in grief, while he, his trust in flight, assails the encampment of Troy and affrights the skies with his clashing steel. Add one gift more to that wealth of treasure thou bidst us send and promise to the Dardans,—but one, O best of kings !—nor let any man’s violence avail to withhold thy paternal hand from yielding
 355 thy daughter to a noble consort, a worthy hymeneal, and confirming this peace by covenant eternal ! But if such extremity of terror possess our minds and hearts, *him* let us entreat, and from *him* implore his gracious assent—that he would deign to give way and restore their just rights to king and
 360 country ! Why fling thine unhappy countrymen so often into the jaws of peril, O fountain-head of Latium’s ills ? In war is no salvation : peace we all ask of thee, Turnus—peace

and the one inviolate sanction of peace ! Lo, foremost of all,
 I, whom thou deemest thy foe,—and I reck not though I be !
 —come suppliant to thy feet. Pity thy kindred ; resign thy 365
 pride ; and, defeated, withdraw ! Routed, we have seen
 enough of death, enough of desolation in our broad fields.
 Or, if Fame spurs thee, if such valiance musters in thy breast,
 if the dowry of a palace touches thee so nearly,—be bold and
 bear an unshrinking heart against the expectant foe ! What ! 370
 shall we, unvalued lives,—a crowd unburied and unwept !—
 fall bleeding upon the plains, that Turnus may wed a royal
 spouse ? Do thou also bear thy burden, and—if any might
 be in thee—if thou hast aught of thy fathers' prowess—dare
 to look on the face of him who calls thee ! ' 375

At these words Turnus' vehemence flamed out ; he groaned,
 and thus the deep-drawn accents broke upon his heart :
 ' Truly, Drances, thy large utterance is never stinted at
 the moment when battle calls for hands ; and when the
 senate is summoned thou art first in the fray ! But our
 conclave needs not to be filled with words—great though 380
 they be, as they fly securely from thy lips, while the mounded
 walls hold back the foe and the moats are not yet running
 blood. Then thunder glibly on—as glibly thou art wont to
 thunder—and let Drances' tongue impeach me of fear, since
 Drances' hand has piled those unnumbered heaps of Teucrian 385
 slain, and studded the frequent fields with the trophies of
 Drances' sword ! What living valour may achieve thou
 mayest try if thou wilt. Nor, in truth, are enemies far to
 seek ; to left and right they encircle our walls ! March
 we to the encounter ? Why lingerest ? Will thy prowess
 reside for ever in thy braggart tongue and those recreant 390
 feet of thine ?—*Defeated ?* I ? And who, foulest liar, may
 justly uphold me defeated, that shall see swollen Tiber

surging high with Ilian blood, and Evander's house and
395 Evander's line fallen in one ruin, and his Arcadians stripped
of their arms? Not so did Bitias and giant Pandarus experi-
ence me, nor those thousand men that in one day this vic-
torious arm hurled to Hell, pent though I was within their
walls and girt by hostile battlements. *In war is no salvation,*
400 Madman, let thy presage fall on the Dardan's head, and on
thine own fortunes! Go on: cease not to confound all by thy
fears,—to extol the might of a twice-conquered people, and,
in counterpoise, to slight the sword of Latinus! Now the
Myrmidon princes quail before Phrygia's arms, and Aufidus'
405 reflux flood flees from the Adriatic wave! Or when this
artist in sin feigns terror for my feud, and edges his calumny
with fear...! Never shalt thou lose such a life as thine—nay,
never blench—by this right hand: let it dwell with thee,
and inhabit that familiar breast!—Now, sire, I return to
410 thee and the grave theme of thy thought. If thou retest no
farther hope on our swords—if our desolation is thus com-
plete—if, our lines once broken, we are fallen for ever, and
Fortune, once fled, can never return—let us sue for peace
and outstretch our craven hands in entreaty! Yet, oh, did
415 some spark of our old-time valour remain! Blest beyond
others in his labours, and heroic of soul, would I esteem the
man who—rather than brook that sight—fell dying and bit
the earth once and for all! But if we still have means, if all
420 our youth be not taken yet, if Italy still hold cities and
peoples to aid us, if their glory has come to the Trojans
through rivers of blood (for they, too, have their deaths,
and the same tempest swept over all!)—why faint we
ignobly upon the threshold? Why do tremors assail our limbs
425 ere the trumpet has sung? Oft Time, and the fickle act of
the capricious years, have changed man's lot for the better:

oft Fortune, in fitful visits, has made him her mock, then established him foursquare. There is no succour for us in the Aetolian and his Arpi : but in Messapus there is, in blest Tolumnius, and in those many captains whom the nations 430 have sent ; nor small shall be the glory, to attend the chosen of Latium and the Laurentine fields. And Camilla we have, of the glorious Volscian race, leading her mounted squadron and troops resplendent in brass. But if it is I alone whom the Teucrians demand for battle,—if such is your will, and I so 435 impede the common good,—Victory has not used to flee with such utter loathing from these hands, that I should shun to adventure any deed with so fair a hope before me ! High of heart I will front him, though he match the great Achilles and accoutre him in harness such as his, wrought by the hands of Vulcan. To you, and to the sire of my bride, have I de- 440 voted this life—I, Turnus, brave as the bravest of my fathers. *Aeneas calls on him alone.* And God send that so he may call ! nor let Drances, in my stead, atone with his blood this wrath of Heaven,—if wrath of Heaven it be,—nor, if valour and glory be all, bear that palm away ! ’

Thus they, in mutual conflict, debated the dubious 445 issue : Aeneas moved his embattled lines from the camp. Suddenly, amid dire confusion, a messenger came running through the royal halls and filled the city with wild alarms : the Teucrians, he cried, and the Tyrrhene host, were drawn in array of battle, and sweeping down from Tiber river over 450 all the plain. Instant all minds were wildered ; the heart of the people was shaken, and their anger roused by no gentle spur. With outstretched hands they clamoured for arms : for arms their youth cried, while the despairing fathers wept and muttered. And now, on all hands, a wild din rose to the 455 heavens in motley notes of discord :—even as when bands

of birds light haply on some towering grove, or when, by Padusa's fish-haunted stream, the hoarse-throated swans give tongue amid the vocal pools. 'Ay, citizens,' cried
460 Turnus, seizing the moment, 'convene your council and sit lauding peace, while they rush on our realm in arms !' Nor farther he said, but leapt up, and rushed, hot-footed, from the high halls. 'Thou, Volusus,' he cried, 'bid the Volscian squadrons arm ; and lead out the Rutulians ! Thou, Messa-
465 pus, and, Coras, thou with thy brother, extend our horse under arms over the spreading plains ! Let part strengthen the approaches of the town and man the towers : the rest of our host charge at my side, where my word shall point the way !'

Straight men ran to the battlements from all the city. Latinus himself, grey-headed king, abandoned his conclave
470 and high designs, and, unmanned by that disastrous hour, deferred them to other season ; and much he accused himself that he gave not unforced welcome to Dardan Aeneas, nor bestowed a bridegroom upon his child, a son upon his city ! Others entrenched the gates, or brought up stakes and stones ; and the raucous clarion sang the murderous note of
475 war. Then mothers and boys—a motley coronal—encircled the walls ; the last agony left none uncalled ! Nor less, amid a matron retinue, the queen moved charioted to Pallas' temple and tower-capped hill, gifts in her hand, and at her side the maid Lavinia,—well-spring of all that woe,—her
480 sweet eyes riveted on earth. Entering, the mothers darkened the shrine with smoking incense, and from the stately threshold poured the voice of lamentation : 'Queen of the sword, arbitress of war, Tritonian maid, break with thine hand the spear of the Phrygian pirate, hurl him prone to
485 earth, and stretch him prostrate beneath our lofty portals !'

—For Turnus, he accoutred him with furious speed for the fray. And now he had donned his red-flashing corselet, and stood horrent in brazen scales, his ankles encased in gold, his brows yet bare, and the sword girded to his side. Glittering he ran, an aureate vision, from the citadel-height, with heart 490 on fire, and in hope already assailed the foe :—even as, when some steed has burst his bonds and fled the stalls, free at length, and master of the open plain, either he races to the pastures and the banded mares, or, wont to bathe in the water of his familiar stream, flashes past and neighs, with 495 head high-tossed in wanton joy, while the mane plays waving over neck and over shoulder !

Face to face Camilla met him, with the Volscian lines behind her, and, fast beneath the gates, leapt queenlike from her charger, while all the observant band quitted the saddle 500 and vaulted to earth. Then she : ‘ Turnus, if the brave may justly rest any faith in themselves, I both dare and promise to front Aeneas’ cavalry and ride alone to encounter the Tyrrhene horse. Grant me to brave the war’s first perils 505 with this hand : do thou, on foot, stay by the walls and guard the town ! ’ To this Turnus, with eyes fixed on the dread maid : ‘ O virgin glory of Italy, what thanks shall I assay to speak or render ? But now, since that soul of thine rises outtopping praise, share thou the toil with me ! Aeneas— 510 thus fame and the scouts I have sent avouch—has dispatched, with felon thought, his light-armed horse in the van, to thunder athwart the plains, while he, scaling the mountain’s desert steep, marches fast upon the town. For him I weave the toils of war in the deep forest-gorge, intent to beset the 515 double pass with men and swords. Do thou, with advancing banners, encounter the Tyrrhene horse. With thee shall ride fierce Messapus, the squadrons of Latium, and Tiburtus’

bands : assume thou, too, a leader's charge !' He said, and
520 with like words spurred Messapus and the allied captains to
battle ; then advanced to meet the foe.

There is a glen with sinuous curve, fit site for the deceits
and wiles of war, confined on either hand by a wall obscure
with serried foliage. Thither a narrow path leads, and
525 a straitened gorge and ungenerous approach give access.
Above, on the towerlike cliffs and the mountain's topmost
crest, lies an unfrequented plain, a retreat sequestered and
secure, whether thou wouldst front the battle to left or
right, or stand hard upon the ridges and roll down the giant
530 rocks. Hither the prince hastened along a familiar line of
road, and, seizing the post of vantage, lay waiting in the
traitorous woods.

Meantime, in the halls of Heaven, Latona's daughter
addressed fleet Opis, one of her maiden sisterhood and sacred
band, and opened her lips in these sad accents :
535 ' Ah, maiden, Camilla is marching to the cruel war, and
vainly she girds our arms upon her,—Camilla, whom I loved
as none besides ! For this is no new love that has come upon
Diana, and stirred her heart with sweet thrill and sudden !
When, driven from his realm through hatred of his tyrant
540 power, Metabus turned from Privernum's immemorial town,
he took with him his infant babe to share his exile, as he fled
through the midmost battles of war, and, from her mother's
name Casmilla, called her—with light change—Camilla. He,
carrying her before him on his breast, sought the long
mountain-ridges of solitary forest, while on every side
545 pressed angry javelins, and hovering clouds of Volscian
soldiery encircled him. And, lo, midway in his flight,
Amasenus was foaming in flood over the summit of his banks :
so fierce a rain had burst from the clouds. He, in act to

breast the stream, was checked by love for his babe and dread for that dear burden. And, as in spirit he pondered every 550 course, suddenly his unwilling resolve was made! In his strong hand haply he bore a huge spear, in warrior mode, all solid with knotted and fire-tempered oak: to this he affixed his child, encased in bark of the forest cork, and bound her fairly to the centre of the shaft; then, poisoning it in his giant 555 hand, thus cried to the heavens: "O gracious queen, dweller in the woods, Latonian maid, this babe a father's voice devotes to thy service! Thine is this earliest weapon she holds, flying—thy suppliant—through the air from the enemy's hand. Goddess, I adjure thee, receive for thine own this little child, whom now I commit to the uncertain 560 breeze!" He said, and, with arm drawn back, launched the whirling lance: the waters shrieked, and over the racing river poor Camilla fled on the strident steel. But Metabus, now that a great band pressed closer upon him, sprang into the stream, and, the victory achieved, plucked spear and 565 maid—his gift to Trivia—from out the green sward. Him no cities received to their hearths, nor to the shelter of their walls; nor would that fierce soul have brooked submission: on the shepherds' lorn hills he lived out his life! There amid brakes and tangled coverts, he nurtured his daughter 570 at the breast of a herded mare on the wild sustenance of her milk, draining the teats into her tender lips. And, soon as she had begun to plant the footsteps of her baby feet, he armed her hands with trenchant javelin, and hung bow and shafts from her infant shoulder. In lieu of gold to bind her 575 tresses, in lieu of the long mantling robe, the skin of a tiger slain drooped from her crown and down her back. Even then she flung her childish spears from that tender hand, whirled the smooth-thonged sling round her head, and struck

580 down the crane of Strymon or the snowy swan. In the
Tyrrhene towns full many a mother has sought her for her
son in vain : content with Diana alone, unsullied she cherishes
the undying love of arms and maidenhood ! I would she had
585 not been swept away in this tide of war, nor striven to smite
the Teucrians : so had she now been dear to me, and one of
my sister-train ! But since the pangs of doom are hard upon
her, go, Nymph of mine, glide from the empyrean, and
repair to the Latin borders, where, under boding star, they
590 join the disastrous fray. Take these, and draw from my
quiver the avenging shaft : by it let the foe—Trojan or
Italian alike—whose wound shall violate that consecrated
flesh, pay me blood for blood ! Then, in sheltering cloud,
I will bear her piteous clay and her unspoiled arms to
595 sepulture and lay her again in her native earth.’ She said,
and Opis shot hurtling down through the light airs of
heaven, the black whirlwind shrouding her form.

But meantime the Trojan powers neared the walls, with the
Etruscan captains and all their mounted array marshalled
into squadrons according to their tale of men. Over all the
600 plain neighed prancing horses, veering hither and thither as
they fought against the tight-drawn rein : the iron field
bristled far and wide with spears, and the champaign blazed
with lifted arms. Nor less, in counter-menace, Messapus
and the fleet Latians, and Coras with his brother, and maid
605 Camilla’s squadron, rose into view upon the plain in adverse
lines, with vibrant javelins and spears far-extended from
backdrawn hands : and the marching of men and the neigh-
ing of steeds grew hot and furious. And now either advancing
host had halted within the cast of a spear : with sudden cry
610 they dashed forth, spurring their frantic chargers ; like snow-
flakes the frequent javelins showered from all hands, and the

heavens were veiled in shade. Instant Tyrrhenus and fierce Aconteus charged with utmost effort of levelled spears, and closed in the first great thunderous crash, so that the chest of either horse broke and shattered on opposing chest. Like 615 bolted thunder or ponderous mass hurled from some engine of war, Aconteus was flung precipitate far away, and scattered his life to the winds.

Straight confusion seized the embattled lines ; the Latins broke, and, throwing their shields behind them, galloped to the city walls. The Trojans gave chase, Asilas leading the 620 vanward bands. And now they approached the gates, when the Latins raised their battle-cry again, and turned their coursers' facile necks, while the pursuers fled, and retreated far as they might, with slackened rein. As when ocean, advancing with alternate flood, now dashes to earth, flings 625 its wave high over the rocks in foam, and drenches the extreme sands with its crested surge ; now flees racing back, drawing the spinning stones in its reabsorbent tide, and with ebbing waters quits the strand :—even so the Tuscans twice drove the routed Rutules to their city ; twice, repelled, 630 glanced back and slung their protecting shields behind them ! But when, closing for the third encounter, their whole hosts stood interlocked and man marked man, then in truth rose the moans of the dying, and arms, and bodies, and stricken horses mingled with butchered riders, weltered in deep pools 635 of blood ; and the bitter fray surged high. Orsilochus flung his lance at Remulus' steed—its lord he quailed to face !—and left the steel lodged beneath the ear. At the blow the charger reared frantic, and, under the intolerable wound, lifted his chest and flung his feet high : Remulus, unseated, 640 rolled on earth. Catillus brought low Iollas, and Herminius, giant in courage, giant in body and arms :—bare that head

with the yellow hair, bare those shoulders (wounds had no terrors !), and bare the great frame that challenged the steel ! Through his ample shoulders the driven spear came quivering, 645 and, piercing through, bent him double with agony. Everywhere the red blood flowed ; conflicting swords dealt slaughter, and men sought a glorious death by wounds !

But amid the thickest carnage, fierce as the Amazon, raged Camilla, the quiver at her back and one breast bared for the 650 fray ; and now the tough javelins rained from her hand, now, with unwearied arm, she snatched a mighty twy-bill ; while from her shoulder rang the bow—Diana's armament. Nay, were she ever driven back in retreat, she turned her bow, and, fugitive, yet sped her shafts ! Around stood her chosen 655 friends, maiden Larina, and Tulla, and Tarpeia shaking her brazen axe—Italians all, whom high-souled Camilla herself chose, to add lustre to her glory, true servants in peace and war. Such the Amazons of Thrace, when they spurn Thermo- 660 don's icy stream and war in painted arms, or round Hippolyte or when grim Penthesilea returns in her car ; and, amid wild tumultuous shrieks, the women-warriors rave exultant with crescent-shields !

Whom first, whom last, dread maid, did thy steel lay low ? 665 How many a bleeding frame didst thou stretch dying on earth ? First Euneus, Clytius' son ; for, as he fronted her, she gored his unharnessed breast with the long spear of pine ! Vomiting streams of blood he fell, bit the ensanguined earth, and, dying, writhed upon his wound. Then Liris, 670 and Pagasus above him. Headlong and side by side they fell, —the one, while, flung from his stabbed horse, he gathered up the reins ; the other, while he came to the rescue and stretched a weaponless hand to his falling friend. Amastrus, Hippotas' son, she sent to crown the tale ; then, pressing on

the rout, overtook with distant spear both Tereus and Harpalycus, Demophoon and Chromis; while, for every 675 hurtling dart sped from her maiden hand, a warrior of Phrygia bled. At distance Ornytus, mighty hunter, rode, strangely dight, on Apulian steed: the hide stripped from a bullock draped his broad shoulders in the fray, a wolf's 680 wide-grinning jaws and white fangs decked his head, and a rustic pike armed his hand; himself he moved in the midmost throng, a full head taller than all. Him she caught,—a light task, when the column fled,—pierced him, and thus, with fierce heart, taunted the fallen: 'Tuscan, and didst 685 thou dream thou wert chasing wild-beasts in thy forests? The day is come that shall refute Etruria's vaunts by a woman's sword. Yet shalt thou carry no slight renown to the shades of thy fathers—that thou didst fall under Camilla's steel!'

Followed Orsilochns and Butes, two Teucrians of giant 690 mould! But Butes she transfixd from the rear, between corselet and helm, where his neck gleamed white as he sat in the saddle, and the shield hung on his left arm. Orsilochns she fled, and, wheeling in wide orbit, baffled him, took the inner 695 circle, and pursued the pursuer; then, rising to greater height, drove her strong axe with reiterate blow through armour and through bone, though he pleaded mercy with many a prayer: and the warm brain gushed down his face from the wound! Now crossed her path—and paused in terror at the sudden vision!—the warrior son of Aunus of the Apennine, 700 not meanest in Liguria, while Fate allowed him to deceive! He, when he saw that by no speed of foot could he escape the conflict, nor turn aside the pursuant queen, assayed to spin his toils by policy and craft, and so began: 'What unwonted chivalry is thine, if—woman though thou art— 705 thou trustest in thy gallant horse? Resign that means of

flight; dare to front me hand to hand on the impartial earth, and gird thee for battle on foot: full soon shalt thou know on whom the penalty of vain-glory shall fall!’ He said; but she, flaming infuriate with fierce resentment, 710 passed her horse to a comrade, and stood facing him in equal arms, unterrified and on foot, with naked sword and maiden shield. But the youth, deeming his wiles had conquered, fled on the instant and galloped fugitive away, with rein reversed, and iron heel goring his fleet charger. ‘False 715 Ligurian, vainly elated with misproud heart, bootlessly has thy trickster brain had recourse to thy native arts; nor shall thy fraud convey thee unscathed to lying Aunus!’ Thus the maiden, and with fire-swift feet ran crossing the horse; then, seizing the bridle, met him face to face, and exacted 720 vengeance from her enemy’s blood:—lightly as the falcon, bird of prophecy, stoops from a towering cliff, and overtakes on the wing some dove, high-soaring amid the clouds, then holds her in the clutch and tears out her heart with crooked 725 talons, while blood and rent plumage come falling from the sky.

But not with unseeing eye the Sire of gods and men sat viewing the scene, high-throned on Olympus’ summit: he roused Tyrrhenian Tarchon to the fierce fray, and woke his ire by no gentle stings! Therefore, amid the carnage and 730 wavering columns, Tarchon spurred, and goaded his ranks with manifold rebuke, calling each warrior by his name and rallying the routed to battle:

‘O hearts that will never feel—men that are ever sluggards!—Etruscans, what panic, what utter cowardice has come upon your souls? A woman drives you in disarray, and breaks 735 these ranks! To what end bear we the steel? or why these futile blades in our right hands? But no laggards ye in

love's midnight fray, nor when the curved pipe has proclaimed the Bacchic rout ! Look to the feast and the cups on the laden board (this your passion, this your delight !), till the seer's auspicious voice announce the sacrifice and the 740 fat victim call you to the deep groves !' So saying, he spurred his charger into the throng, ready himself to bleed, and dashed storm-like upon Venulus, gripped the foe with his right, tore him from his steed, and bore him off before his saddle bow with fiery speed and giant strength ! A shout went up to heaven, and all the Latins turned their eyes. 745 Like fire Tarchon flew over the plain, the arms and the man within his grasp ; then broke the steel from the head of his enemy's lance, and searched the unguarded flesh where he might implant the fatal stroke : he, in counter-struggle, held the hand from off his throat, and foiled force by strength. 750 And as when a tawny eagle, high-soaring, flies with a captured serpent, and her feet bind it fast, and her talons cling firm-fixed ; but the wounded snake rolls his sinuous coils, horrent with erected scales, and hisses from his mouth, rising and towering ; she, undismayed, presses her reluctant foe with 755 crooked beak, while her pinions beat the air :—even so Tarchon bore his prey in triumph from out the Tiburtian line ! Fired by their captain's example and success, the sons of Lydia charged. Then Arruns, the claimed of Fate, circled in the van of fleet Camilla with javelin and deep- 760 pondered guile, and explored how occasion might most lightly be won. Wherever the infuriate maid rode amid the ranks, there Arruns crept up, and silently tracked her steps : wherever she returned in triumph and withdrew from out the foe, there stealthily he bent his rapid reins. Now this 765 approach he assayed, now that, traversed the whole circuit on every hand, and, remorseless, shook his destined spear.

It chanced that Chloereus—priest, once, and holy, on
Cybelus' peaks—glittered, far-resplendent in Phrygian arms,
770 and spurred his foaming charger, which a gold-clasped skin
covered with feathery brazen scales. Himself he shone in
foreign purple of darkened hue, and from Lycian horn sped
his Cretan shafts : a golden bow was on his shoulders,
775 a golden helm on his sacred head : his saffron scarf and its
rustling folds of linen were gathered into a knot by yellow
gold ; and his tunic and barbaric hose were broidered by the
needle. Him,—whether in hope to affix his Trojan arms to
her temple-gates, or to follow the chase, dight in his captive
780 gold,—the maiden, with unforeseeing heart, pursued alone
out of all the conflicting war, and swept, reckless, throughout
the ranks, flaming with a woman's passion for prey and spoils :
when, the moment gained at last, Arruns sped his lance from
the ambush, and thus prayed aloud to Heaven : ' Apollo,
785 highest of gods, guardian of holy Soracte,—in whose worship
we are first, in whose honour the blazing heap of pine is fed,
while we, thy votaries, walk faith-supported through the fire
amid many a living ember !—grant, Sire omnipotent, that
my steel may cancel this our shame ! I seek no prize of war,
790 no trophy from the defeated maid, nor any spoils : exploits to
come shall bring me fame. Let but this dire scourge fall
vanquished beneath my stroke, and inglorious I will return
to the cities of my fathers ! '

Phoebus heard, and in thought vouchsafed that half his vow
795 should prosper : half he scattered to the fleet winds. That
he should overthrow Camilla and strike her down in sudden
death, he yielded to his prayer : that his high motherland
should view his return, he granted not ; and the storm
merged his accents in the southern gales. Thus, when, sped
from his hand, the lance hurtled through the air, each eager

Volscian mind, each eye, was turned upon the queen. She 800
alone heeded neither air, nor sound, nor weapon descending
from the skies, till the spear winged its way, and, fixed
beneath the bare breast, drank, deep-driven, her maiden
blood. In wildered haste her companions ran and lifted their 805
falling queen. More terrified than all, Arruns fled, fear
mingling with his joy; and no more he dared to trust his
lance, nor to front the maiden's arms. And as the felon
wolf—when he has slain a shepherd or great steer—ere the
hostile steel takes up the pursuit, plunges incontinent into 810
the shelter of the high hills, afar from the ways of men, and
knows the boldness of his deed, and, drooping his craven tail,
whips it beneath his belly, and races to the woods:—even so
Arruns rushed, unmanned, from the view, and, contented
to escape, was lost amid the weaponed throng! She, with 815
dying hand, strained at the spear: but, lodged by her ribs,
the pointed steel stood between the bones, deep within the
wound. Bloodless she sank; her eyes sank, chill in death;
and the once radiant hue deserted her cheeks. Then, as her
life ebbed, she turned to Acca, one of her maiden company 820
and loyal above the rest, sole participant in Camilla's cares,
then so spoke: 'Thus far, sister Acca, have I availed: now
the cruel wound undoes me, and all grows dim and dark
around. Hie thee hence, and bear my latest message to 825
Turnus: let him replace me in the fray and ward the Trojans
from the town. And now, fare thee well!' And, with
these words, she dropped the reins, and sank perforce to
earth. Then, as she grew chill in death, little by little she
freed herself from all the burden of her clay, drooping her
languid neck and that head which Fate had touched: the 830
steel fell from her grasp, and, moaning, the indignant life
fled beneath the gloom!—Then, in truth, an infinite clamour

rose striking the golden stars : on Camilla's fall the fray
waxed hotter, and in serried battalions there charged at once
the full Teucrian powers, and the Tyrrhene captains, and
835 Evander's Arcadian horse.

But Opis, Trivia's sentinel, had long sat high-throned on
the mountain-crests, and, unterrified, surveyed the battle.
And when from far she discerned Camilla, thus ruthlessly
done to death amid the din of raging combatants, she sighed
840 and so spoke from the depths of her heart : ' Alas, poor girl !
too, too cruel the penalty thou hast paid for assaying to attack
the Teucrians with the sword ! And naught has it availed
thee, in thy day of desolation, to have served Dian in the
woods and borne our quiver upon thy shoulder ! Yet not,
845 in this last hour of death, has thy queen left thee unhonoured ;
nor shall thy doom be unsung on earth, nor thyself brook
the fame of the unavenged. For be he who it may, whose
wound has profaned thy flesh,—his guilty blood shall pay the
forfeit ! ' Under the mountain-height stood a vast tomb of
mounded earth, embosomed in shadowing oaks, where
850 Dercennus slept, Laurentum's whilom king. Here first, on
rapid pinion, the goddess alighted, all beautiful, and gazed
from the hillock's summit in quest of Arruns. Then, as she
beheld him refulgent in arms and puffed with vanity :
855 ' Why,' she cried, ' wilt thou stray so far ? Turn thy step
hither—come hither to thy doom, and receive the overdue
reward for Camilla slain ! Shall even such as thou bleed by
Dian's shafts ? '—Thus she of Thrace, and drew the fleet
arrow from her golden quiver, stretched the bow with grim
860 intent, and drew it afar, till the curving ends met each with
other, and at length, with levelled hands, she touched the
pointed steel with her left, her breast with her right and
the string. Straight, at one and the selfsame moment, Arruns

heard the whistling of the dart and the rustling of the air, and the iron lodged in his breast. Him, gasping and moaning 865 his last, his oblivious comrades left on the unknown dust of the plain, while Opis winged her departure to Olympus the skies !

First, their mistress reft, fled Camilla's light-accoutred horse : the Rutulians fled in rout, bold Atinas fled, and scattered captains and devastated troops sought safety, and 870 turning their chargers, raced to the walls. Not a man availed to sustain in arms the death-dealing onslaught of Troy or to abide the brunt, but, on languid shoulders, retreating they bore their slackened bows, and galloping hooves of four-footed steeds shook the crumbling champaign. Dust rolled 875 to the ramparts in black and turbulent clouds, and, from their watch-towers, matrons with beaten breasts uplifted the cry of women to the stars of the firmament. On those, who, at full speed, first broke through the opening gates, followed multitudinous foes, mingling with their ranks : nor 880 might they escape a piteous death ; but, on verge of the threshold, within their ancestral walls, and amid the shelter of their homes, they were pierced, and sobbed away their lives. Part closed the gates, nor dared to open to their comrades, nor to receive the suppliants within the town : and a woeful carnage arose, of them that guarded the entry in 885 arms, and them that dashed upon their arms ! Shut out before eye and visage of their weeping parents, part rolled headlong into the moats before the pursuant ruin : part, with frantic rein, charged blindly against the gates and the firm-barred doorways. Even the matrons on the walls, in 890 hot rivalry—true love of country their guide, Camilla before their eyes !—hurled down spears from eager hands, and, in fiery haste, did the work of the steel with poles of stubborn

895 oak and seared stakes, and burned to be first to die for their city!

Meantime the bitter tidings filled Turnus' ear in the woods, and Acca brought to the prince her tale of giant turmoil :—the Volscian lines destroyed, Camilla fallen, the enemy pressing his assault, sweeping all before him in victorious war, and panic already driving to the walls. He, infuriate—and thus the stern will of Jove required!—abandoned the ambuscaded hills and quitted the rough woods. Scarce had he passed from view and issued upon the plain, when father Aeneas entered the unwatched defile, surmounted
905 the ridge, and marched out from the shadowy forest. Thus both at speed hastened with their full powers to the ramparts, not long the distance between : and at one moment Aeneas descried afar the dust-smoking plains, and saw the Laurentine
910 hosts, and Turnus was ware of dread Aeneas in arms, and heard the coming of their feet and the snorting of their steeds. And in that hour they had begun the fray and tried the issue of battle, had not roseate Phoebus begun to lave his weary coursers in the Iberian flood, and to restore the night in place of the waning day.—Thus they encamped
915 before the town, and fortified their ramparts.

XII

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins broken and fainting in War's adversity, saw his promise now claimed, and himself the cynosure of all eyes, he burned with heart yet more implacable, and his pride surged yet higher. As, in
5 Punic fields, the lion, whose breast the hunters have stricken with heavy wound, rallies at last to battle, and, exultant, bids the hirsute muscles start from his neck, snaps unterrified the

brigand's implanted spear, and roars from lips incarnadined :
—even so, as Turnus kindled, his vehemence grew ! Then
thus he bespoke the king, and, storm-like, began : ' In ¹⁰
Turnus lies no impediment ! it needs not that craven Troy
should retract her word and renounce her pact : I go
to the encounter ! Bring the vessels, sire, and solemnize
the terms of truce. Either with this arm I will hurl the
Dardan renegade from Asia down to hell—let Latium sit by ¹⁵
and watch !—and with unaided sword cancel our nation's
shame, or let him rule where he has conquered, and Lavinia's
hand be his ! '

To whom Latinus, with soul unruffled : ' Great-hearted
prince, the higher thy fierce courage towers, the more heed-
fully it befits that I should counsel and anxiously balance ²⁰
every chance ! Thou hast the realms of Daunus thy sire, thou
hast many a town that thy hand has captured, and Latinus
has gold and a generous heart. There are unwed maidens
else in Latium and our Laurentine fields, and they of no
unhonoured line. Grant me—the mask removed—to make ²⁵
this ungente saying plain ; and take this to thy thought no
less : Without sin I might not ally mychild to any of her old-
time wooers—so sang the inspired voice of both gods and
men ! Conquered by my love for thee, conquered by our
kindred blood, and the tears of my mourning queen, I severed ³⁰
all bonds, snatched the betrothed from her bridegroom, and
drew the unrighteous sword ! From that day, Turnus, thou
seest what perils, what wars, pursue me—what calamities
thyself art first to suffer. Twice vanquished in the stricken
field, hardly we protect the hopes of Italy behind our battle-
ments : the streams of Tiber are yet warm with our blood, ³⁵
and the far-spread plains yet white with our bones. Why do
I drift with every wind ? What madness works on my brain ?

If, with Turnus dead, I stand prepared to welcome their alliance, why do I not annul the conflict while Turnus lives?
40 What shall our Rutulian kin, what the rest of Italy, say, if (Fortune refute my word!) I betray thee to death, while thou suest for my daughter and our espousals? Bethink thee of war's inconstancy: pity thy white-haired father, who now sits sorrowing in his native Ardea, far-estranged from thee!'
45 But not all his words could assuage Turnus' passion: it swelled yet higher, and the leech's touch lent fury to the fever! Soon as he found voice, he thus began: 'The care, gracious sire, which thou bearest for me, for me—I entreat thee—resign, and suffer me to purchase honour, though it be
50 at the price of death. We, too, my king, scatter spears and no weakling steel from our right hand; and blood flows when our sword, too, has smitten! No goddess-mother will be at his side to enshroud in mist her fugitive son with woman's wile, and conceal herself in traitorous shadows!'

But the queen, dismayed by the new terms of conflict,
55 wept, and clung to her fiery son, resolved to die: 'Turnus, by these my tears, by any reverence for Amata that yet may touch thy soul—thou art now our only hope, the solace of my joyless years—the honour and sovereignty of Latinus are in thy hands, and on thy shoulders rests all the incumbent
60 weight of our sinking house,—one-guerdon I entreat: forbear to join encounter with Troy! Whatever hazards await thee in this thy conflict, await me also, Turnus: with thee I will quit this hated day, nor look—a captive queen—on Aeneas wedded to my child!' With burning cheeks bathed in tears,
65 Lavinia heard her mother's voice; deep blushes kindled their fires, and mantled in her glowing face. As when the artist has stained ivory of Ind with sanguine purple, or white lilies are red with many an intermingled rose—such the hues that

her maiden countenance revealed ! He, lost in love's turmoil, 70
fixed his gaze upon her, then, fired yet more for the fray,
shortly addressed Amata : ' Mother mine, give me not tears,
I pray thee, nor thus sad omens, to attend me as I march to
the strife of relentless war : for Turnus is not free to delay his
doom. Idmon, be thou my herald, and bear to the Phrygian 75
tyrant this message that shall like him not : So soon as the
morrow's Dawn shall ride blushing through the skies above
her encrimsoned wheels, let him forbear to urge the Teucrians
against the Rutules : Rutulia and Troy—let their swords
have peace ; with our own blood let us decide the war, and
Lavinia be wooed and won in yonder lists ! 80

So said, he rushed within the palace ; then called for his
steeds, and with quickening joy surveyed them, as they
neighed before his face—those steeds that Orithyia herself
gave in guerdon to Pylumus, to outshine the snows and
outstrip the winds. Around stood the eager charioteers, 85
caressing their breasts with hollowed palms and combing
their flowing manes. Next he threw upon his shoulders the
hauberk rugged in golden scales and pallid orichalc, and,
with the act, adjusted his blade and buckler and the horns
of his ruddy crest :—that blade the celestial Lord of Fire had 90
himself wrought for his father Daunus and dipped glowing
in the Stygian wave. Then—where, leaning on a giant
column, it stood in his central halls—he seized with strong
hand his mighty spear, the spoil of Auruncan Actor, and
shook it quivering, while he cried : ' O thou, my lance, never 95
false to my call, now—now—is the hour come ! Once greatest
Actor bore thee, as now the hand of Turnus bears : grant
that I may smite down the body of the Phrygian—the woman-
man !—that I may tear his corslet and rend it away in this
strong hand, and defile in dust his love-locks, curled by the

100 warm iron and dank with myrrh !' Such the frenzy that
spurred him on : sparks flashed from all his blazing visage,
and flame shot from his angry eyes :—even as a bull, ere the
fray begins, raises dread bellowings, and, dashing against
some forest-bole, instructs his horn to anger, while his blows
105 defy the gales, or with scattered sand he marks the prelude
of battle !

Nor less, meantime, Aeneas, grim in the arms his mother
gave, edged his valour and roused himself with the whips of
anger, rejoicing that offer of truce abridged the war ; then
110 solaced his comrades and the fears of mourning Iulus, ex-
pounded the decrees of Fate, and bade an embassy convey
his settled answer to king Latinus, and announce the terms
of peace.

The risen morn was scarce sprinkling the mountain-peaks
115 with light, what time the coursers of the Sun first rise from
the unfathomed flood, and breathe the day from uplifted
nostrils, when already Teucrians and Rutulians were pre-
paring the measured plain for conflict beneath the stately
city's walls, with hearths in the midst, and turf-clad altars to
their common deities. Others were bringing water from
120 the fount and fire, draped in the ritual apron, and with brows
wreathed in vervain. Forth marched Ausonia's array, and
bands of pikemen came streaming through the crowded gates.
From other quarter rushed all the Teucrian and Tyrrhene
host, accoutred in steel, as though War's stern encounter
125 called them. Nor less, amid their thousands, the captains
glanced here and there in the splendour of gold and purple :
Mnestheus of Assaracus' line, gallant Asilas, and Messapus, the
tamer of steeds, the Neptune-born. So soon as, at given signal,
each had retired to his own ground, they planted their spears
130 in earth and reclined their shields against them. Matrons,

eager and uncontained, the old and feeble, and the un-
 weaponed vulgar, took their posts on tower and roof, while
 yet others stood by the frowning gates.

But Juno, gazing forth from the summit of that eminence
 which is now styled *Alban*,—then a hill unnamed, unhonoured 135
 and inglorious,—viewed the plain, and the twin hosts of
 Laurentum and Troy, and Latinus' town. Instant, goddess
 to goddess, she spoke to Turnus' sister, mistress of lakes
 and sounding rivers—such honour Jove, throned in the 140
 empyrean, made consecrate to her, in recompense for her
 reft maidenhood: 'Nymph, glory of the stream, best-
 beloved of our heart, thou knowest how I have preferred thee
 alone before all that ever ascended to the ingrate couch of
 high-souled Jove, and how full willingly I have yielded 145
 thee a place in Heaven: learn, Juturna, what sorrow is thine
 —nor censure me! Where Fortune seemed to permit, and
 the Three allowed the star of Latium to prosper, I have
 shielded Turnus and thy city: now I behold the prince
 ranged against a destiny that is greater than his; and the
 hour of fate and the enemy's stroke draw nigh. This battle, 150
 this truce, mine eyes cannot brook. Do thou, if thou darest
 aught of avail for thy brother's sake, proceed: it is thy part.
 Perchance a kindlier lot may yet attend the unhappy!
 Scarce had she said, when the tears gushed from Juturna's
 eyes, and thrice and four times she smote on her fair breast. 155
 'This is no season for tears,' cried Saturn's daughter;
 'hasten, and—if any mode be found—snatch thy brother
 from death; or wake the battle again, and strike the com-
 pacted league from their grasp. It is I that warrant thee to
 dare!' Thus having counselled, she left her wavering and
 stricken in soul by the cruel wound. 160

Meantime the kings came forth:—Latinus' ample frame

drawn in four-horse car, his brows resplendent in a diadem
of twice six golden rays, emblem of his ancestral sun ;
while Turnus rode behind a snowy pair, waving in his hand
165 two spears pointed with broad steel. On the other hand
came father Aeneas, source of the Roman line, flaming in
starry shield and celestial arms, and at his side Ascanius,
second hope of queenly Rome, moving from the camp ;
while the white-stoled priest had brought the young of
170 a bristled boar with an unshorn ewe of two summers, and set
his flock by the burning altars. With gaze turned to the
orient sun, they sprinkled the salted corn from their hand,
marked the foreheads of the cattle with the knife, and from
goblets poured libation on the altar-stones.

175 Then, with drawn brand, good Aeneas preferred his
prayer : ‘ Now be the Sun witness to my call, and this Earth.
for whose sake I have availed to support such weight of woe,
and the almighty Sire, and thou his consort, Saturnian queen
(now—my prayer is—now at last of kindlier soul !) ; and
180 thou, famed Mavors, who governest all battles under thy
lordly sway ; and the Fountains and Rivers I invoke, and the
deity of the high Empyrean, and the powers that tenant the
azure sea :—if chance will that victory shall fall to Ausonian
Turnus, we assent that the vanquished shall retire to Evander’s
185 city ; Iulus shall quit your soil, not ever in days to come
shall the people of Aeneas return in rebellious arms, or assail
this realm with the sword. But if Victory shall make the
field our own—as I rather deem, and as I pray the heavenly
will may rather confirm !—I shall not bid Italy stoop beneath
the Teucrian sway, nor seek I the crown for my head : under
190 equal law let each unconquered nation enter on everlasting
league ! I will prescribe but the gods and their worship :
my father Latinus shall bear the sword, and bear his wonted

sceptre. For me, the Trojans shall raise my city-walls, and Lavinia lend her name to the town ! ’

Thus first Aeneas : and thus Latinus followed in order, 195
with eyes uplifted to heaven, and hand outstretched to the stars : ‘ By the same powers I swear, Aeneas—by Earth, and Sea, and Stars, and Leto’s twin progeny, by Janus of the double face, by the might of the nether gods, and the shrines of cruel Dis : may the Father hear my words, whose bolted 200
thunder sanctions treaty ! I touch the altars, I attest the flames and sacred powers betwixt me and thee : on the part of Italy no lapse of time shall break this peace and this league, let the issue fall as it may ; nor shall any violence bow my will, not though, in universal deluge, it spill earth into 205
ocean and blend heaven with hell,—even as this sceptre ’ (for a sceptre by chance his right hand bore) ‘ shall never again be dressed in light foliage and put forth branch and shade, since once in the forest it was hewn from the nether stem, and, motherless, resigned its verdant sprays beneath the steel—once a tree : now the workman’s hand has sheathed 210
it in fair bronze and given it to the Latin sires to bear ! ’ With such interchange of pledges they confirmed the treaty, full in view of the princes : then slew the doomed creatures above the flame, tore out the entrails while they still breathed, and piled the altars with laden trenchers. 215

But to the Rutulians the battle had long seemed unequal, and their breasts throbbed with conflicting impulse : and now all the more, when they beheld the combatants at closer view. Their mood was quickened by Turnus, as he advanced with quiet step and humbly adored the altar with downcast 220
eye,—quickened by his wasted cheeks, and the pallor of his youthful frame ! Soon as his sister Juturna marked that these whispers spread and the hearts of the multitude were

wavering and hesitant, into the midmost ranks, in feigned
225 semblance of Camers—great his ancestral house, lustrous the
renown of his father's worth, and dauntless himself in arms!
—into the midmost ranks she flung herself, with no dubious
intent, sowed a motley harvest of rumour, and so cried:

Think ye not shame, Rutulians, to hazard a single life for
230 thus many and thus brave? In numbers—or in might?—are
we less than their peers? Behold, ail 'Troy is here with
Arcady, and Etruria's fated powers, bent upon 'Turnus'
doom. If but the half of us charge, scarce may each man
find a foe! He, indeed, shall ascend on the wings of fame
to that Heaven for whose altars he vows himself to the
235 death, and shall live and move on the lips of men: we, our
country lost, shall obey perforce our haughty lords—we, who
on this day sat listless upon the field!'

More and yet more her words incensed the warriors'
resolve, and a murmur crept along their lines. Even the
240 Laurentines, even the Latians, felt that change; and they
who of late hoped only repose from battle and safety
for their fortunes, now yearned for the sword, prayed that
the league might be annulled, and pitied 'Turnus' unjust
fate! To these Juturna added another, and more potent,
245 pur: in the heights of heaven she gave a sign, than which
none more powerful blinded their Italian hearts with lying
miracle. For, winging the crimson sky, Jove's golden-hued
bird was chasing the fowls of the strand and the noisy rout
of their plumed array, when, suddenly stooping to the waves,
250 he bore off in felon claws a swan, passing fair. The Italians
stood alert, and—wondrous to see!—all the birds turned
clamorously from flight, their pinions obscuring heaven, and
in massed cloud pursued their foe through the air, till, over-
borne by their assault and overweighted by his prey, he

yielded the struggle, flung the victim from his eagle-talons 255
into the stream, and fled far within the clouds !

Then, in truth, the Rutulians hailed the omen with acclaim,
and threw up their hands. And first Tolumnius, the augur :
' This it was, this,' he cried, ' that my vows so often have
sought ! I receive the sign, and acknowledge the hand of
Heaven. With me—even me—at your head, grip the steel, 260
oh hapless people, whom yon rapacious alien affrights with
his battle like weakling birds, and by the strong hand harries
your coasts. He, too, will take to flight and spread his sails
far out to the deep. Do ye, with single soul, close your
squadrons, and defend with the sword your ravished king !' 265
He said, and, running forward, cast his spear against the
confronting foe : the strident cornel sped hurtling on, and
cleft the air in no dubious course. Instant upon the deed
followed a wild clamour, and all their ranks were disarrayed,
and the tumult fired their hearts. The spear flew on, where 270
it chanced that nine brothers of goodly frame stood opposite
—those nine, whom one faithful Tuscan wife had borne to
Arcadian Gylippus. On one of these—a comely youth in
shining arm—it lit, hard by the waist, where the sewn belt
chafes upon the belly and the clasp bites the juncture of
either side. Through his ribs it drove, and flung him prone 276
on the yellow sand ! But his brethren—a gallant band, and
kindled by grief—drew their blades or snatched at the missile
steel, and rushed blindly on. In counter-charge ran the Lau-
rentine columns ; while, in adverse tide, streamed Trojans, 280
and men from Agylla's town, and Arcadians with painted
shields. Thus fierce the one passion in every breast—to
decide the issue by the sword ! Incontinent they stripped
the altars ; the storm of weapons passed glooming over all
the sky, and the iron rain fell fast. Altar-fires and wine-

285 bowls were swept away ; and Latinus himself fled, bearing back his defeated gods from the barren league. Others reined their cars, or flung themselves at a bound upon their steeds, and made in with unsheathed brands.

Messapus, aflame to break the truce, spurred with threatening mien full against Tuscan Aulestes, a king and wearing the
290 ensign of a king : he, in precipitate retreat, stumbled—luckless wight !—amid the altars that stood in his path behind, and fell upon head and shoulders. Lance in hand, Messapus flew up like fire, and, towering on his charger,
295 smote heavily down with the beaming spear, as he pleaded and pleaded again ; then cried : ‘ The blow has sped : the high gods have gained a better victim ! The Italians ran swarming round, and stripped his warm limbs.—As Ebysus came, in act to wound, Corynaeus fronted him, snatched a smouldering brand from the altar, and dashed the
300 flames in his face : the great beard caught the blaze, and a stench of burning arose. Then, pursuing his blow, he grasped the hair of the bewildered foe in his left, bent him to earth by the pressure of his knee, and so struck him in the side with stark blade. Podalirius, in chase of shepherd Alsus,
305 as he rushed through a rain of darts in the van, was hard upon him with imminent, naked steel ; when he, swinging back his axe, sundered brow and chin full in front, and bathed the armour in broad streams of gushing blood. Ungentle rest and iron sleep sank heavily on his eyes, and
310 his lids closed to eternal night.

But good Aeneas stood with weaponless hand outstretched and head unhelmed, calling loudly on his host : ‘ Whither will ye rush ? What means this swelling tide of discord ? Oh, bridle your ire ! Truce is already sealed, and all its
315 terms fixed : the right of combat is mine alone. Give me

way, and resign your terrors ; this hand shall confirm the league ; these rites even now make Turnus mine ! ' While yet he spoke, while the accents were still on his lips, lo, an arrow came flying to him on strident wing—by what hand driven, in what blast sped, none knows, nor who (whether 320 chance or deity !) conferred that glory on Rutulia : the lustre of that high deed is dark, and no man made his vaunt in the wounding of Aeneas !

When Turnus descried Aeneas withdrawing from the lines, and the captains in confusion, he burned with sudden hope 325 and ardent, called for his steeds and called for his arms, leapt agile and triumphant into the car, and set his hand to the reins. Many a stout warrior-frame he consigned to doom or his flying course, many a man he left rolling in the throes of death, crushing their ranks beneath his wheels, or flinging 330 their captured spears on the fugitive rout. Even as, when he whirls along the stream of icy Hebrus, red Mavors thunders on his shield and gives rein to his frantic steeds, waking War : they, on the open plain, fly before the South-wind and the Zephyr, while farthest Thrace moans under the trampling of their feet, and around him whirl the faces of black 335 Fear, and Anger, and Treachery, attendant on the god :—such was Turnus, as eagerly through the mid fray he urged his smoking coursers, spurning—woeful sight—the hostile slain, while the racing hooves scattered bloody dew, and trampled on gore and commingled sand ! And now he had 340 delivered Sthenelus to death, and Thamyrus and Pholus, that and this in close encounter, the first from far ; and from far the two Imbrasidae, Glaucus and Lades, whom Imbrassus himself had nurtured in Lycia and equipped in equal arms, whether to join battle hand against hand, or, mounted, to 345 outstrip the winds.

Elsewhere Eumedes rushed into the midmost battle, Eumedes, the war-famed scion of ancient Dolon,—in name his grandsire come again, in heart and hand his sire of old, 350 who dared to claim the chariot of Peleus' son for his guerdon, did he approach the Danaan camp as spy : but with far other guerdon the seed of Tydeus requited his emprise, and now his hope aspires no more to Achilles' steeds ! Him when Turnus descried from far on the open plain, first hurling his fleet javelin in pursuit through the void expanse, he stayed 355 his twin coursers, leapt down from the car, and descended on the fallen, dying man ; then, with foot planted on his neck, wrenched the blade from his right, dyed its lustrous edge deep in his throat, and with such taunt crowned his blow : ' Lie, Trojan !—lie and measure those fields and that Hesperia which 360 thou soughtest in war : such the meed that falls to them who dare to tempt me with the sword ; thus do they found their city-walls.' With flung spear he sent Asbytes to join him in death, and Chloreus, and Sybaris, and Dares, and Thersilochus, and Thymoetes, flung over the neck of his 365 stumbling horse. And as the blast of the Edonian North sounds on the deep Aegean, chasing the rollers to the beach, and the clouds flee through heaven before the incumbent gales : so, where Turnus cleft his path, the columns yielded and the battled lines turned to flight : the impulse bore him 370 on, and the breeze that met the car shook his streaming plume. Phegeus brooked not his onset, nor the fury of his pride : he flung himself before the chariot and with his right hand swung aside the jaws of the careering steeds, as they foamed upon the bit. While he was dragged pendent from the yoke, 375 the broad lance found his unguarded frame, pierced, implanted, the double corselet, and grazed the surface of his flesh with slight wound. Yet he, with opposing buckler,

turned and made upon his foe, seeking succour from the naked blade; when the wheel and the axle, spinning in forward course, flung him headlong and rolled him on the plain, and 380 Turnus, with following sword, severed his head betwixt the nethermost helm and the breastplate's upper marge, and left the trunk to cumber the sand.

And while 'Turnus' conquering hand thus spread death upon the plains, Mnestheus, meanwhile, and loyal Achates, with Ascanius at their side, lodged Aeneas within the camp, 385 bleeding and with alternate step supported on his tall lance. Raging, he strove to pluck forth the dart with its broken shaft, and demanded the speediest mode of cure, bidding them cut the wound with broad sword, tear apart the weapon's ambuscade to its depths, and send him again to 390 battle! And now Iapyx, Iasus' son, was come, dearest of men to Phoebus; to whom once, under the poignant spell of love, Apollo offered his own arts, his own powers—his augury, his lyre, and his fleet arrows. He, to prolong the 395 span of his sire who lay sick to death, chose rather to know the virtue of herbs and the practice of healing, and to meditate inglorious a silent art! Bitterly impatient, Aeneas stood propped on his mighty lance, with a great concourse of warriors and weeping Iulus at his side, himself unmoved 400 by their tears. The aged man, his robe rolled back and girt high in the Healer's mode, strove much with the leechcraft of his hand and the potent herbs of Phoebus—in vain: in vain his hand assayed the dart and his gripping pincers grasped at the steel! No fortune guided his course, Apollo lent nor 405 counsel nor aid: and higher and higher the dread alarm surged over the plains, and disaster stood nearer now. Already they saw heaven beset with dust: the horsemen came riding up, and shafts were falling thickly in the midst of the

camp ; while starward rose the woeful clamour of battling
410 men and men that fell under the iron doom of War.

In that hour, Venus, heart-stricken by her son's unmerited
anguish, plucked with maternal hand dittany from Cretan
Ida, a stem with downy leaves and crowned by a lustrous
flower ; not strange that herb to the wild goat when the fleet
415 arrows have pierced his flank ! This Venus brought to earth,
her face veiled in obscure halo : this, secretly infused, she
steeped in the river-water outpoured in the ewer's glittering
brim, then sprinkled the healthful juices of ambrosia and
420 fragrant panacea. With that water ancient Iapyx laved the
wound, nor knew what he did : and suddenly all pain fled
from the body, and the blood was stanch'd deep in the wound.
And now, obsequious to his hand, the shaft fell out under
no constraint, and the hero's new-born strength returned
425 to its whilom vigour. ' Bring him arms with instant speed !
Why linger ye ? ' cried Iapyx, foremost to incense their spirit
against the enemy. ' This comes not by mortal aid nor by
my preceptress art : not this the hand that preserves thee,
Aeneas ! A greater god works herein, and restores thee to
430 greater deeds.' He, thirsting for battle, had enclosed his
thighs in the circling gold, and, loathing delays, stood
brandishing his spear. Soon as the shield was adjusted to his
side and the corselet to his back, he clasped Ascanius in armed
embrace, and, but touching his lips through the helm, thus
435 said : ' Learn valour and true endurance from me, my child,
—fortune from others ! Now my right hand shall hold thee
secure in war, and lead thee through the paths where high
honour may be won : thy care be it to remember this, when
soon thy years shall have grown to ripeness ; and, while thy
soul dwells on the example of thy kindred, let Aeneas and
440 Hector—sire and uncle—wake thy prowess ! '

So said, he passed through the gates—a mighty man shaking a massy spear. With him Antheus and Mnestheus rushed in serried array, and all the host streamed from the forlorn camp. The plain was a turmoil of blinding dust, and the startled earth quaked under their trampling feet. From 445 an opposing mound Turnus saw their coming : the Ausonians saw, and a chill tremor ran through their very marrow. Before all the Latians else, Juturna heard and knew the sound, and quailed and fled. The prince flew on, and swept his dusk column athwart the open champaign. As when a storm- 450 cloud bursts from the stars and sweeps to earth over the mid seas—ay me, the swain's prescient heart trembles from far : for it shall wreak ruin on his trees and destruction on his crops, and all things shall be whelmed both far and near !—and in its van fly the winds, wafting the roar to the strand :—such 455 was the Rhoeteian chief as he urged his squadrons full on the foe, and, one and all, they closed their battalions and gathered thickly to his side ! Thymbraeus smote ponderous Osiris with the sword, Mnestheus Arcetius : Epulo Achates slew, Ufens Gyas ; and Tolumnius himself, the augur, bled, who 460 had first hurled his lance on the enemy's line. The din rose up to heaven, and, routed in turn, the Rutulians gave back in flight along the plain amid clouds of dust. Himself he deigned not to strike the fugitives down in death, nor assailed those who met him fairly upon foot, nor them that bore the 465 lance : Turnus alone he tracked and sought through the gathered gloom—Turnus alone he claimed for battle !

Heart-stricken by such terror, Juturna—warrior-maid—hurled Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer, full betwixt the reins, and left him at distance, fallen from the pole : herself she 470 took his seat and with her own hands guided the flowing reins, wearing all that Metiscus wore—his voice, his frame,

and his arms. As a black swallow flits through the ample
halls of some wealthy lord and wings her way round his
475 stately courts, gathering her tiny crumbs of food to regale
the twitterers in her nest ; and now her pinions sound in the
vacant colonnades, now round the water-ponds :—such was
Juturna, as she whirled behind her steeds through the enemy's
midst, and flew over all with racing chariot, and now here,
now there, displayed her brother in triumph,—yet suffered
480 him not to close in battle, but shot far away ! Nor less, while
he sought encounter, Aeneas threaded the mazy circle, track-
ing his steps and calling him with mighty voice across the
shattered squadrons. But often as his glance was cast on his
foe and his foot assayed to match the flight of those winged
485 steeds, so often Juturna swerved with retreating car. Alas,
what might he do ? Vainly he tossed on inconstant tide, and
discordant cares racked his breast with call and counter-call.
On him Messapus—whose left hand haply bore two stout
shafts tipped with steel—levelled and flung the one with
490 nimble charge and unerring stroke. Aeneas halted, and,
sinking on his knee, crouched behind his arms : yet the rapid
spear bore his helmet's peak away and smote the topmost
plumes from the summit. Then in truth his wrath surged
high ; and, patience overborne by treachery, he watched
495 steeds and chariot vanish in retreat, then—much adjuring
Jove and the altars of the broken truce—plunged at last into
their midmost ranks, and, clothed in terrors, moved under
the War-god's smile, wreaking a fierce promiscuous carnage
and casting loose all reins of passion.

500 And now what god shall hymn me those woeful deeds,
that counterchange of slaughter, and the death of the
captains, whom Turnus now—now Troy's hero—drove in
their turn over all the plain ? King of Heaven, and was

it thy will that in thus ruinous shock two nations should close, destined to dwell in endless peace? Aeneas, met by the Rutule Sucro (that fray first stayed the Teucrian onslaught !), 505 caught him in the side after brief delay, and, where death comes speediest, drove the stark sword through his ribs and the fabric of his chest. Turnus, in foot-encounter, smote Amycus, hurled from his horse, and his brother Dioreas—this with long spear as he rushed on, this with the sword-edge— 510 then hung each severed head from his car, and bore them off dripping with sanguine dews. The one sent Talors and Tanais and brave Cethegus down to death, three met at once, and sad Onites, Peridia's child, of the Echionian name : his 515 foe the brothers sent from Lycia and Apollo's fields, and young Menoetes of Arcadia, who shrank from war in vain : round the streams of fish-haunted Lerna, where his cottage stood, he had plied his art, unversed in the employments of the great, while his father sowed on hired soil. And as fires 520 let loose from diverse quarters on a parched forest and rustling thickets of bay ; or as foaming rivers, when, in dizzy career, roaring they descend from the mountain-tops and race to the plain, each in its own wide-wasting path :—with equal fury Aeneas and Turnus alike rushed through the battle: 525 now, now the tide of wrath seethed within them ; their unvanquished hearts were strained to breaking ; now with utmost force they dashed upon wounds !

This hurled Murranus from his chariot and flung him prone to earth with the whirling stone of a vast rock, Murranus, whose loud tongue vaunted the immemorial names 530 of grandsires and grandsires' sires, and all his long line descending through so many a Latian king ! Under rein and yoke the wheels rolled him forward, and he lay trampled beneath the quick-beating hooves of galloping steeds that

535 forgot their lord. That met Hyllus, charging in giant
fury, and flung the spear at his gold-bound forehead ; and,
piercing the helm, the point stood fixed in his brain. Nor,
Cretheus, bravest of the Greeks, could thy strong hand
deliver thee from Turnus ! nor did Cupencus' deities shield
540 their worshipper when Aeneas came : he laid his breast bare
to the steel, and his buckler's brazen rampart availed not the
victim. Thee, too, Aeolus, the Laurentine plains saw bleed,
covering supine a great breadth of earth. Fallen thou wert
laid whom neither Argos' legions nor Achilles, the destroyer of
545 Priam's realm, could overthrow ! Here didst thou find thy
mortal goal : thy stately home stood under Ida,—at Lyrnesus
thy stately home, on Laurentine soil thy sepulchre ! The
whole lines were flung into utter turmoil, and all Latium
and all Troy—Mnestheus and bold Serestus ; Messapus,
550 tamer of steeds, and stout Asilas ; and the Tuscan phalanx,
and Evander's Arcadian horse—fought every man for his own
hand with utmost effort of their powers. Nor rest nor
respite : they strained in titanic struggle !

And now his fairest mother inspired Aeneas to march on
555 the walls, fling his column swiftly against the town, and
confound the Latins with unhoped blow. While he, tracking
Turnus through the diverse ranks, swept his glance to left
and right, he descried the city immune from the raging war,
560 quiet and unamerced. Incontinent the vision of a greater
battle fired him ; he summoned his captains, Mnestheus
and Sergestus and gallant Serestus, and ascended a mound,
round which the rest of the Teucrian host came thronging in
serried array, yet resigned not shield or spear. Then, standing
in their midst on the earthen eminence, he spoke : ' Let no
565 delay retard my command :—Jove fights with us. Nor let
any advance more slowly because the emprise is sudden.

To-day—save they agree to admit our yoke, and, conquered, to obey their conquerors—I will raze this town, the well-spring of the war, the very seat of Latinus' empire, and lay its smoking roofs level with the ground ! What, shall I delay 570 till it be Turnus' pleasure to brook our sword and the vanquished again find heart to abide the encounter? Men of my country, this is the head, this the sum, of the accursed war ! Bring torches with hot speed, and with fire reclaim the treaty !' He ceased ; and all, their hearts kindling with equal zeal, formed a wedge and poured in serried mass to 575 the walls. Ladders and unexpected flames rose into sudden view : part ran to the various gates and slew the foremost sentinels ; part hurled the steel and overshadowed the sky with javelins. Himself in the van, Aeneas uplifted his hand to the city-walls, and loudly impeached Latinus, calling 580 heaven to witness that he was again driven into battle—that Italy was twice his foe, and this treaty broken as the first ! Among the bewildered citizens faction rose high : some bade unbar the city and fling the gates wide for the Dardans, and dragged their king himself to the battlements : some brought 585 arms, and assayed to defend the ramparts. As when some swain has discovered bees in covert of the rock, and filled their hive with bitter smoke ; they within, alarmed for their estate, flit scattering through the waxen fortalice, and edge their anger with loud hummings : the black fume rolls 590 through their chambers, the inner rocks sound with murmurous confusion, and the vapours mount to the void air !

And now this last blow fell on weary Latium, shaking the whole city to her base with woe. For when, from her palace, the queen saw the enemy's advance, the walls assaulted, and 595 fires flying to the roofs, yet nowhere Rutulia's opposing spears, nor any lines of Turnus, she deemed (unhappy !) her prince

dead in combat, and—her brain reeling under the sudden
600 agony—cried out that she was the cause, the guilt-stained
fountain-head of ill ; then, with many a brain-sick utterance
of her melancholy frenzy, rent, death-resolved, her purple
robes, and from lofty beams hung the knot of a ghastly death.
Soon as the sad Latian dames learned that calamity, first her
605 child Lavinia,—her flowery tresses and roseate cheeks all
torn,—then the rest of their throng around her, broke into
wild sorrow ; while the halls rang far and wide with lamenta-
tion. Thence the disastrous rumour was noised through the
town : hearts sank, and Latinus, his robes rent, went thunder-
610 blasted by the doom of his consort and the ruin of his city,
defiling his white hairs with showers of unclean dust !

Meanwhile Turnus, warring on the extreme plain, pur-
615 sued the scant stragglers, slacker now, and less and less exult-
ing in his steeds' victorious course. To him the air bore
that cry blended with unknown terrors, and on his eager
ears smote the sound of the stricken city and its joyless
620 murmur. 'Alas, why are the walls a turmoil of loud
sorrow ? Or what this great cry ringing from the distant
town ? ' He said ; and, distraught, halted with drawn reins.
Then his sister,—as, changed to the semblance of Metiscus
the charioteer, she governed car and steeds and reins,—thus
625 met his doubt : ' Turnus, pursue we the sons of Troy by this
path where victory first opens way : there are others whose
hand can guard their homes ! Aeneas assails the Italians in
mingled mellay : let our sword, no less, wreak dread carnage
630 on his Teucrians ! Neither in number of the slain nor in
honours of the fray shall he surpass thee when thou retirest ! '
To this Turnus : ' Sister, I both knew thee long ago, when
thy arts first shattered the truce and thou didst fling thee into
this war, and now vainly thou wouldst hide thy deity ! But

who willed thee to descend from Olympus and endure these 635
 toils? Was it that thou mightest view thy brother's cruel
 death? For what may I do? or what chance can now give
 me hope of safety? Before these eyes I beheld Murranus—
 none dearer left to me!—fall, a great man conquered by
 a great wound, while his voice called on me! Unhappy 640
 Ufens has bled, that he might not behold our shame: the
 Teucrians hold his corpse and arms! Shall I suffer their
 homes to be razed to earth—the last drop to fill the cup!—
 nor refute Drances' taunts with this right hand? Shall I turn
 my back, and shall this earth see Turnus in flight? Is it so 645
 hard a thing to die? Be kind to me, ye powers below, for they
 above regard me not. A stainless soul, ignorant of that guilt,
 I will descend to you—I whom no day shall have argued
 unworthy of my great forefathers!'

Scarce had he spoken, when, lo, Saces came spurring 650
 through the enemy's throng on foam-covered horse,—the
 front of his face bleeding from an arrow,—and rushed on,
 imploring Turnus by his name: 'Turnus, our last hope is
 stayed on thee: pity thou thy people! Aeneas thunders in
 arms, and threatens to hurl down Italy's topmost towers and 655
 give them to destruction: even now brands are flying to the
 roofs. To thee Latium turns—to thee with look and eye!
 Even Latium's king mutters doubt—whom he shall bid
 to his daughter's hand, or to which alliance he shall incline!
 More, the queen—thy surest trust—has fallen by her own 660
 hand and fled in terror from the day. Alone before the gates
 Messapus and gallant Atinas uphold our battle. Around
 these, on each side, throng serried legions, and the iron
 harvest stands horrent with naked blades: and thou wheelst
 thy car over the deserted sward!' Aghast, and bewildered 665
 by the changing picture, Turnus stood in mute gaze: in his

one heart surged the great tides of shame, grief mixed with madness, love stung by fury, and conscious valour !
Soon as the shadows were banished and light dawned again
670 on his mind, storm-tossed he turned his blazing orbs to the battlements and looked back from his car to the spacious city.

But, lo, a fiery crest, flame-rolled betwixt the storeys, was flickering to heaven and preying upon a turret—a turret which himself had built of compacted beams and set on
675 wheels, and overlaid with lofty bridges. ‘Now, now, my sister, fate proves too potent : forbear thy delays ; let us follow where God and Fortune’s stern dictates call ! My purpose stands to join encounter with Aeneas : it stands to endure in death whatever bitterness resides therein ; and no longer, my sister, shalt thou view me disgraced ! Yet
680 suffer me first, I pray, to be mad with this madness.’ He said ; and leapt quickly from his car to the ground, rushed through foes and through spears, and, leaving his sister to her sorrow, broke in swift course through the midmost lines. And as a rock falls precipitate from some mountain-crest,
685 torn thence by the wind, or washed forth by the swollen rains, or loosened by the stealthy lapse of years ; under mighty impulse the destroying cliff crashes in abrupt descent and bounds over earth, involving in its train forests and herds and men :—so, through the cloven ranks, Turnus rushed to the
690 city-walls, where the ground was deepest-dyed with spilt blood and the air hissed with spears ; then, with a gesture of his hand, began in loud tones : ‘Desist now, Rutulians ; and, ye Latians, check your darts ! Whatever fortune comes is mine. It is juster that I alone should expiate the broken
695 truce in your stead, and decide the issue by the steel !’ All that intervened gave ground, and yielded him space.

But father Aeneas, when he heard Turnus’ name, aban-

doned the walls and abandoned the battlements' height, cast all delays aside, broke off all his toils, and—his heart leaping with joy—rang dread thunder on his arms : great as Athos, 700 great as Eryx, or great as Father Apenninus himself, when he roars with quivering holms and exultant lifts his snowy head in air. And now, indeed, Rutulians and Trojans and every Italian turned their gaze upon them, and undid the armour 705 from their shoulders ;—both they who manned the ramparts on high and they whose ram battered the walls below. Even Latinus marvelled to see those mighty men, born in distant regions of earth, met each with other and ridding their quarrel by the steel. And they, when the lists were clear in 710 the deserted plain, ran forward with swift pace, first flinging their spears from distance, and rushed on the fray with shields and sounding brass. Earth moaned ; their sword showered recurrent blows, and chance and valour were blended in one. And as, in great Sila or upon Taburnus' 715 crown, when two bulls dash to mortal encounter with adverse front, the timorous hinds withdraw, the whole herd stands mute with dread, and the heifers mutter doubt—who shall be the forest-lord, whom all their bands shall follow : they, with vehement fury, deal promiscuous wounds, infix 720 their conflicting horns, and bathe neck and shoulders in streaming blood, while the moaning wood bellows again :—even so Aeneas of Troy and Daunias' hero met under shield, and the ruinous crash filled heaven ! Jove himself upheld two scales in levelled balance and imposed the diverse fates 725 of both,—whom the struggle should doom, and on which side the weight of death should sink.

And now Turnus, deeming himself immune, shot forward, rose with all his frame to the uplifted sword, and smote. Trojans and expectant Latins cried loud, and the ranks of 730

either host held their breath. But the traitorous blade shivered, and forsook its fiery lord in the mid stroke—did not flight come to his succour. Swifter than the East he fled, when he descried a strange hilt in his unweaponed hand.

735 Fame tells that in headlong haste, when he mounted his yoked steeds for the first affray, he left his father's brand behind, and seized the steel of Metiscus his charioteer ; and for long that sufficed, while the Teucrians were turning their recreant backs : but, when it came to the divine Vulcanian

740 arms, the mortal glaive flew apart at the blow like brittle ice, and the fragments lay shining on the yellow sand. Sensebereft, therefore, Turnus fled afar over the plain, wheeling in aimless circle, now hither, now thither : for on all hands the serried ring of Teucrians enclosed him, and here the great

745 morass, there the frowning battlements confined him.

Nor less Aeneas,—though his knees, retarded yet by the arrow wound, impeded him at whiles and denied him their speed,—still pursued, and pressed him with foot hard upon racing foot. As when the hunter has caught a stag, shut in

750 by some stream or pent within the feather-hung line of scarlet, and chases him with running, barking hound : he, in dread of the toils and lofty banks, flees a thousand ways, and fleeing returns ; but the quick Umbrian clings open-mouthed to his trail, and now—now—he seems to hold him,

755 and, as though he held, snaps his jaws, and baffled bites at nothingness ! Then, in truth, the clamour rose loud : the encircling banks and lakes gave answer, and all heaven thundered with the tumult. The one, even in act of flight, upbraided his Rutulians all, invoking each by name and demanding his wonted sword. Aeneas, in countermand,

760 threatened death and instant doom, should any approach ; terrified their trembling hearts with menace of destruction

to the city ; and, despite his wound, pressed on. Round five full circles they raced, and unthreaded as many more, this way and that ; for they sought no light or sportive meed, but ran for Turnus' life and blood !

765

Here, it chanced, a wild olive of bitter leaf had stood, consecrate to Faunus, a venerable bole erewhile in the mariner's sight ; whereon, preserved from the wave, they were wont to affix their gifts to the Laurentine god and suspend their votive weeds : but the Teucrians, with unregarding zeal, 770 had hewn down its sacred stem, that the combatants might encounter in clear lists. There the spear of Aeneas stood : thither its force had borne and lodged it, and now held it in the tough root. Bending, the Dardan assayed to pluck the steel forth in his hand, and pursue with javelin-cast him whom 775 his speed availed not to reach. Then Turnus, distraught with fear : ' Faunus,' he cried, ' have pity, I pray thee ; and thou, gracious Earth, hold the iron fast, if always I have observed your honours, which Aeneas' people, in other sort, have made profane with war ! ' He said ; and called the 780 celestial aid to no unavailing vow. For, though he struggled long, and lingered over the stubborn trunk, by no effort could Aeneas unlock the biting timber. While fiercely he strove and strained, the Daunian goddess, changed again to semblance of Metiscus the charioteer, ran forward and 785 restored the blade to her brother. Then Venus, indignant that such licence was granted the bold Nymph, approached and plucked the spear again from the deep root. Towering in arms and refreshed in spirit,—this reliant on his sword, that fierce and erect with spear in hand,—the champions stood fronting War's breathless strife !

790

Meanwhile the King of all-puissant Olympus bespoke Juno, as from a lurid cloud she surveyed the battle : ' What

now shall be the end, my consort? What remains at the last?
Thou knowest—self-avowed thy knowledge!—that the skies
795 claim Aeneas, as hero made divine, and the Fates exalt him
to the stars. What devising, or what hoping, lingerest thou
in the chill clouds? Was it meet that mortal wound should
profane a god? or that his reft blade—for without thee what
could Juturna avail?—should be restored to Turnus, and
800 might rise high in the vanquished? Cease at long last, and
bow to our entreaty, that thy great sorrow may no longer
prey on thee in silence, nor gloomy cares come coursing on
me so oft from thy sweet lips! The bourne is reached.
Power has been thine to toss the Trojans over land or sea, to
805 kindle an unblest war, to dress a palace in mourning, and to
dissolve a bridal in tears: farther to attempt I forbid!
Thus Jupiter spoke; and thus, with downcast look, Saturn's
goddess-child returned: 'In truth, great Jove, because thy
pleasure was known to me, unwillingly I abandoned both
810 Turnus and the earth: nor else wouldst thou behold me
now alone on my aery seat, enduring fair and foul; but flame-
girt would I stand even by their embattled lines, dragging
the Teucrians to the fatal fray. That I counselled Juturna
to succour her hapless brother I confess, and sanctioned her
815 to dare yet more in the cause of life,—but sanctioned not
the levelled shaft nor the drawn bow! Thus much I swear
by the implacable fount of the Stygian wave—that awful
name which alone may bind the upper gods! And now
I yield and with loathing resign the war. One guerdon—
820 banned by no fatal law—I entreat from thee, for Latium's
sake and the majesty of thy kindred: when soon they
establish peace with a happy bridal (so be it for me!), when
they shall unite in law and league, command not the native
Latins to change their name, to become Trojans, or to bear
825 the Teucrian style,—command them not to change their

tongue nor to resign their garb : let there be a Latium still, let there be kings at Alba throughout the ages, let there be a Roman race strong in Italian valour ! Troy lies fallen, and fallen let her lie—herself and her name ! ’

To her—with a smile—the author of men and things : ‘ True sister of Jove thou art, and Saturn’s other seed : so 830 fiercely the waves of passion roll in thy breast ! But come, allay thy fury conceived in vain : I grant thy wish, and, submissive and unreluctant, surrender to thee ! Ausonia’s sons shall preserve their ancestral speech and customs ; and as their name is, so it shall be : the Teucrians shall but mingle 835 and merge in the body of their realm. Myself will assign the mode and ritual of their worship, and I will make them all *Latins* of one speech. Thence thou shalt see a race arise from admixture of Ausonian blood, surpassing men and surpassing gods in piety ; nor shall any people celebrate thy 840 honours with equal zeal ! ’ Juno yielded assent, and with new-born joy reversed her purpose.—Meanwhile she departed from the sky and abandoned her cloudy throne.

This sped, the Sire revolved other purpose in his breast, and prepared to withdraw Juturna’s succour from her brother’s sword. There are twin fiends,—*Furies* styled,—whom, with 845 hellish Megaera, Midnight bore in one and the selfsame travail, and swathed them in viperous coils, and gave them wind-swift wings. Before Jove’s throne and the threshold of the grim King they start to view, whetting the terrors of suffering 850 men, what time Heaven’s monarch plies pestilence and dreadful death, or affrights guilty towns with war. The one of these Jove sent swiftly down from the empyreal height, and bade her confront Juturna, charged with his omen. Forth she flew, borne earthward in rushing whirlwind. Even as 855 a cloud-piercing arrow launched from the string—an arrow which Parthian (Parthian or Cydonian) has armed with

gall of deadly venom and shot, a leech-proof shaft—leaps
whistling and unseen through the fleeting shades :—so sped
860 the daughter of Night, as she hied to earth ! Soon as she
discerned the Ilian lines and Turnus' array, shrinking with
sudden change to the form of that little bird which oft,
perched at night on tomb or deserted roof, sings, with boding
voice, her belated descant through the dusk,—in such trans-
865 muted semblance the fiend passed and repassed, rustling before
Turnus' face, and beat his buckler with her wings. A strange
palsy unstrung his limbs with fear ; his hair rose with horror,
and the voice clove to his throat.

But when from far Juturna knew the Fury's strident
870 pinions, she rent—hapless maid !—her dishevelled tresses,
and, sister-like, tore her cheeks and smote her breast :
' What succour, my Turnus, can thy sister now lend ? What
more is left to me—cruel that I am ? What art of mine may
prolong thy day ? Can I front that presence of dread ?
875 Now, now, I quit the field. Ye hellish birds, forbear to appal
my quaking heart : I know the beating of your wings and
their sound fraught with death—I hear the haughty mandate
of great-souled Jove. Is it thus he requites my maidenhood
reft ? Why gave he eternal life ? Why lost I the mortal's
880 privilege ? Then, certes, at this hour I might annul my
anguish, and journey through the shadows at the side of my
poor brother ? Immortal—I ? Can aught that is mine be
sweet to me without thee, my brother ? O what earth may
yawn deep enough for me and send me down—a goddess to
885 the nethermost shades ? ' So far she spoke ; then shrouded
her head in the grey robe, and, with many a moan, plunged
her celestial frame into the river's depth !

Against his foe pressed Aeneas, brandishing his vast tree-
like spear, and thus spoke from unpitying heart : ' What now
for thy next delay ? Turnus, why shrinkest thou still ? Not

with swift foot, but hand to hand with fatal steel must this 890
contest be waged ! Turn thee into all shapes soever, and
muster all thy powers whether of courage or art : choose,
if thou wilt, to wing thy flight to the exalted stars, or to hide
thee in shelter of the cavernous earth !' He, with shaken
head : ' Thy fiery words dismay me not, fierce as thou art : 895
the gods dismay me, and Jove my foe !' And, without
further parle, he looked round on a mighty rock, a mighty
rock and ancient, which haply lay on the plain, set there as
landmark to ward dispute from the fields. Scarce twice six
chosen men could uplift it on their shoulders,—men of such 900
mould as earth produces in these days :—then the hero
caught it with hasty hand and hurled it against the foe,
rising to his height and running at speed. But he knew not
himself as he ran, nor as he moved, nor as he raised his hand,
nor as he stirred the gigantic rock : his knees tottered, and 905
his chill blood froze as ice. The very stone that he flung
whirled through the void inane ; but traversed not all the
space, nor bore the stroke to its goal. And even as in dreams,
when languid sleep has oppressed our eyes, we seem to strive
in vain to extend our eager course, and, in the mid effort, 910
sink swooning down ; our tongue is palsied, our wonted
strength of limb avails not, and voice and word obey not our
summons :—so to Turnus, with whatever valour he sought
the means, the dire fiend denied the issue ! And now vague
phantasies whirled through his soul : he looked to his Rutu- 915
lians and the town ; he wavered in fear, and trembled at
death's pursuant step, but saw not whither he might escape,
nor how nerved he might advance against the foe, nor any-
where his car, nor his sister that drove the car !

As he wavered, Aeneas brandished the fate-charged spear,
choosing occasion with alert eye, and hurled it from far with
all the might of his frame. Never stone sped from mural 920

engine, so roars : never crash follows so loud on the rending thunderbolt ! Like sable whirlwind flew the lance on its dread errand of doom, and opened the corselet's edge and the extreme orb of the sevenfold shield ; then, singing, 925 pierced full through the thigh. Smitten by that blow, Turnus, with doubled knee, fell to earth in his mighty stature. Groaning the Rutulians rose as a man, and all the mountain round re-echoed, and far and near the forests profound flung back the cry. He, in humble supplication, 930 raised his eyes and beseeching hand : ' I have merited,' he said, ' and I cry not mercy : use thy fortune to the full ! Yet, if any thought of a father's misery can touch thee—in Anchises thou, too, hadst such a sire !—pity, O pity, Daunus' white hairs, and restore to my kindred me, or, if so 935 thou wilt, my breathless clay ! Thou hast conquered, and, conquered, the Ausonians have seen me outstretch these palms. Lavinia is thine to wed : strain not thy hatred farther ! ' Rolling his eyes, Aeneas stood grim in arms, and refrained his hand. And more, and yet more, that speech 940 had begun to sway his hesitant resolve, when the ill-starred belt met the view high on his shoulder, and the baldrick of youthful Pallas flashed with the familiar studs,—Pallas, whom Turnus had vanquished and laid bleeding on earth, and now bore on his shoulders the ensign of his foe. He—soon as his 945 eyes drank in the memorials of his cruel grief and those ravished spoils—incensed with fury and terrible in his wrath : ' And shalt thou, clothed in the trophies of my friend, escape me hence ? It is Pallas—Pallas immolates thee with this wound and exacts vengeance from thy guilty blood ! ' So 950 saying, like fire he buried the steel full in his breast. The chilling limbs relaxed, and the indignant life fled moaning beneath the shades.

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